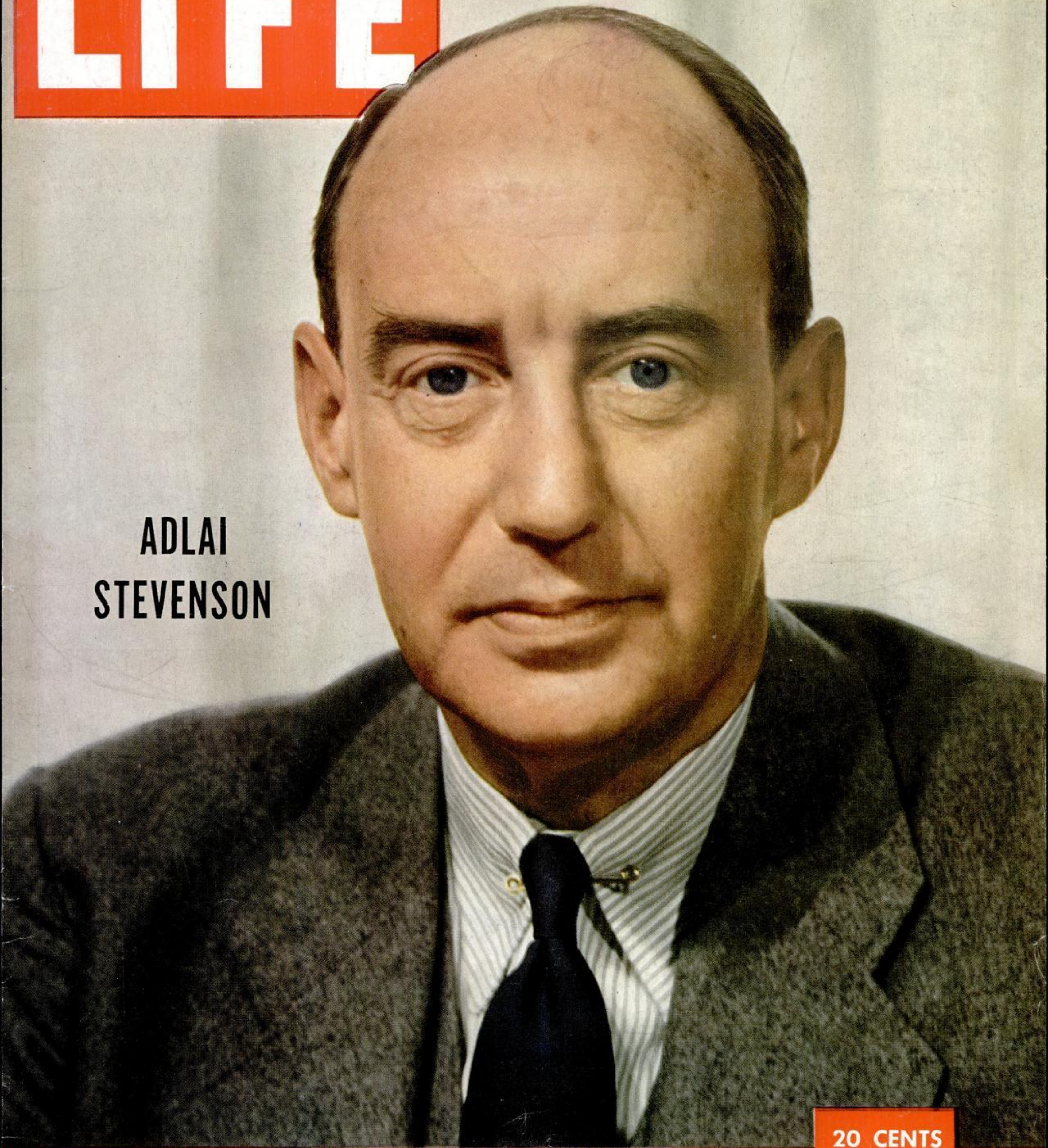


LIFE

**ADLAI
STEVENSON**



20 CENTS

AUGUST 4, 1952

FIRST THIS...



THEN THIS...



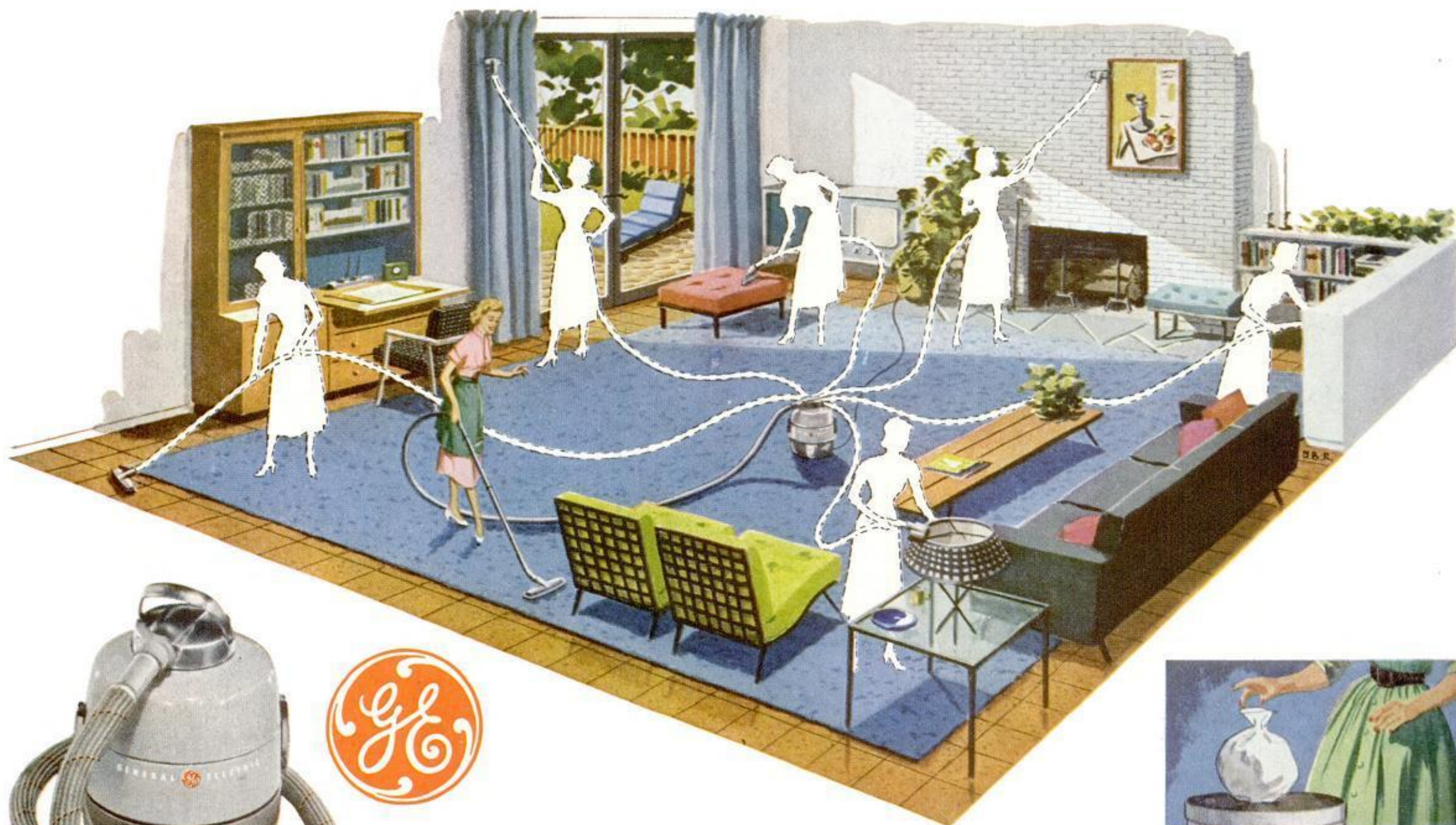
THEN THIS...



THEN THIS...



AND NOW! "REACH-EASY" CLEANING!



\$99⁹⁵ Model AVC-815 complete with caddy and *all 10* attachments. Price and specifications subject to change without notice.

It's possible that your G-E dealer may not have these new cleaners in stock. If so, please be patient. You'll find it, we honestly believe, the finest cleaner made—well worth a short wait. General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

HONESTLY, ma'am—house-cleaning was never like this before! Never as quick, easy and thorough as it is now with this wonderful new General Electric Vacuum Cleaner!

The *only* cleaner in the world to bring you "Reach-easy" cleaning! Thanks to its new swivel-top, you just sit it in the middle of an average room and clean the whole room—corner to corner and floor to ceiling—without even moving the cleaner! The top rotates—as you go around the room, it swings around with you. And this is only *one* of the wonderful features of this completely new vacuum cleaner . . .

No "drop off" in suction power as the bag fills

At last here's a cleaner that *keeps its power up* right up till the bag is ready for emptying. No need to empty it until it's full! Special engineering by G.E. prevents the dirt from clogging the suction-openings—so (unlike many cleaners) *G-E pick-up power stays strong and steady!* It's a feature you don't actually *see*, but are *mighty glad* to have!

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Large "Throw-Away" bag! Replace it only a *few* times a year—it's *that* big! Then just toss the bag away! You never see or touch the dirt.



Now, a quiet cleaner—and one with a *gentle* air exhaust. Motor is mounted in *live* rubber, cushioned with spun glass. No radio or TV interference!



Ten "non-scratch" attachments. This great new G-E Cleaner is as handsome and *practical* an appliance as ever wore the G-E monogram!

Rather dream about romance . . .

. . . OR LIVE IT?

So much depends on you . . .

Sometimes one little improvement in personality, looks or grooming can alter a girl's entire life . . . make it a thing of joy and beauty. Take Mary, for example. Mary was a successful business woman . . . attractive and well dressed. But, somehow, she simply didn't click with men. More than all else, she wanted marriage. But, here she was, without a single prospect.

Then quite by chance, she overheard a conversation that revealed the truth about her. She lost no time in doing something about it! Today her good-looking husband thinks she's the sweetest girl in the world . . . and she is . . . now!

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

DON'T take chances with halitosis (bad breath). Don't offend needlessly. Your best friend in breath control is Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* precaution that countless popular people rely on to keep them on the pleasing, agreeable side.

Clinically Proven Four Times Better

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and oral bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

A nationally known, independent research labo-

ratory reports: Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes . . . stopped bad breath up to six hours and more. That is, up to three to four times longer than any of the tooth paste or chlorophyll products by actual test!

No chlorophyll, no tooth paste kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind

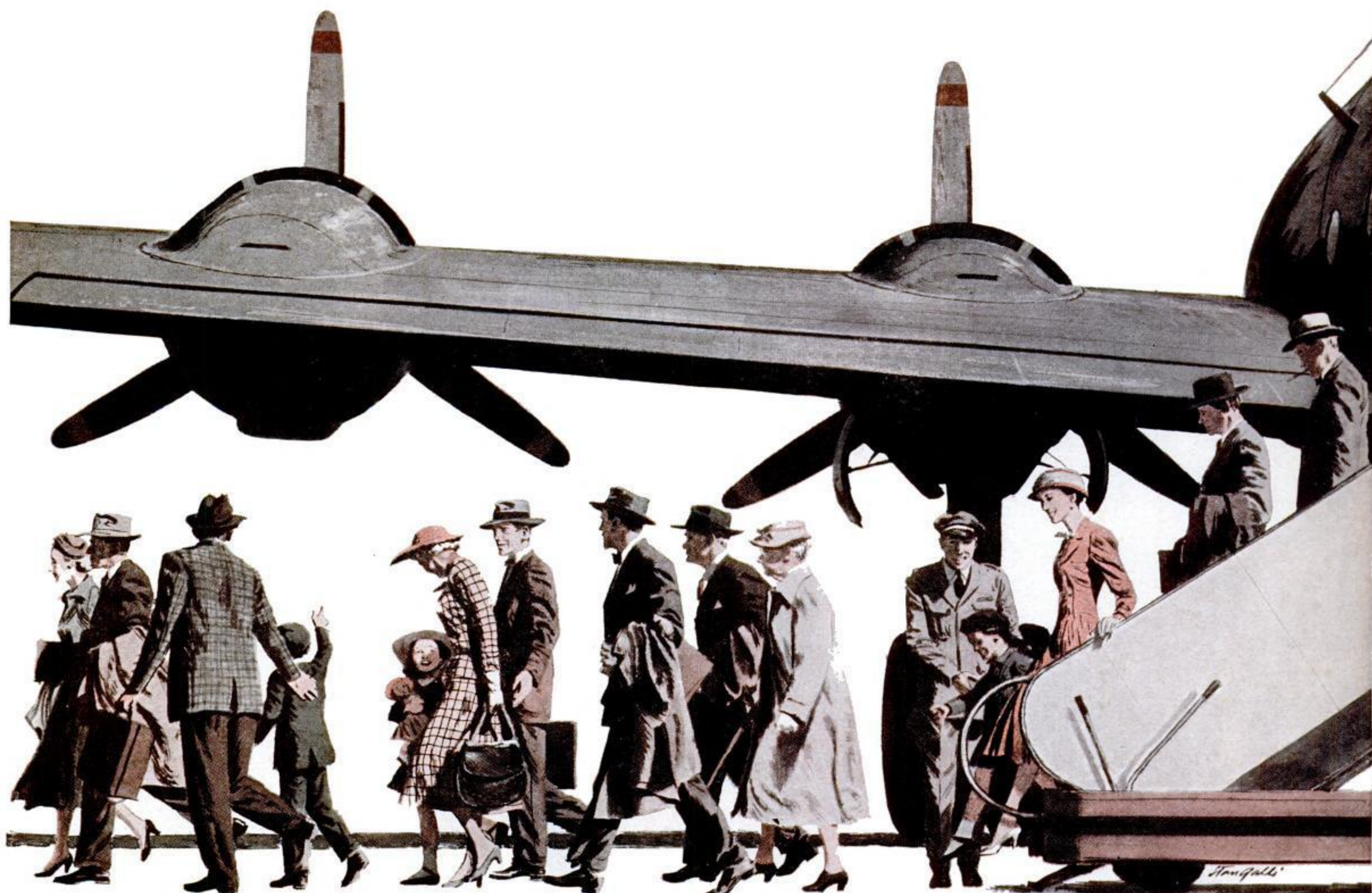
that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth. No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So, when you want that *extra assurance* about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date.

Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Mo.



THE EXTRA-CAREFUL PRECAUTION AGAINST BAD BREATH . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



When You Ride These Airlines—You Ride With Dependable

If you are the kind of motorist who places a premium on performance and dependability—then here is significant news for you.

Today, Champion Spark Plugs are used by every major airline in the U. S. and by most overseas operators. In fact, the majority use Champions exclusively. And the airlines, as a group, are unquestionably the world's most exacting spark plug buyers.

Traditionally, ALL types of Champion Spark Plugs are built to the same high standard of excellence—in quality, value and performance. This means that when you buy Champions for your car, or for your truck, tractor, boat or private airplane—regardless of its make—you will enjoy the best and most dependable performance its engine is capable of delivering.

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

DEMAND CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

FUMBLE PARTY

Sirs:

Your magazine has been a source of enjoyment in our family for several years. During that time you have depicted life with gusto. Naturally some of it has been great and some questionable. But you really hit rock bottom when you portrayed the new game of "fumble" ("LIFE Goes to a Fumble Party," July 14).

MRS. PAUL EWING

Dallas, Texas

Sirs:

For the promotion of American dignity at home and abroad you win the limburger Oscar for that story. The thing hits a new low. . . .

HUBERT E. LELAND

Dunedin, Fla.

Sirs:

I write this letter as a teacher in the American public school system. When a magazine read by thousands of teen-agers publishes such an article I feel helplessly inadequate in the job I have chosen to do.

MRS. BERNARD BAYUK

Dayton, Ohio

Sirs:

Are you proud of that article?

MRS. LEONARD SWARTZ

Indianapolis, Ind.

Sirs:

We think that LIFE fumbled.

NAT HELLMAN III

New York, N.Y.

● LIFE agrees that it did indeed fumble in publishing the story. The intent was to report an item of the American scene. The editors apologize to those readers who were offended.—ED.

MEXICAN PRIEST

Sirs:

I was deeply touched by your very vivid description of the life and duties of the priest you photographed in central Mexico ("A Priest to the Campesinos," LIFE, July 14).

CAROLYN R. BASSILL

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sirs:

Unquestionably the opening photo of Father Enrique Salazar is the finest you have ever reproduced. In his way, truly, Photographer Wayne Miller is a modern El Greco. . . .

EDWARD LENNON

West Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

I would like to help Father Salazar buy chocolates for his "shoeless children."

Could you send me his address?

BARBARA DAMONTE

San Francisco, Calif.

● Gifts or money orders may be sent to the Rev. Father Enrique Salazar at Zaragoza No. 18, Tulancingo, State of Hidalgo, Mexico.—ED.

Sirs:

Those tropical rains are bad enough while driving; they must be a lot worse riding on a mule.

F. PONCE DE LEON

Chicago, Ill.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Rita Hayworth's Back!



Read about
"AFFAIR IN TRINIDAD"
on page 91

Copyrighted material

My druggist says
"Use Ace Comb care—
Won't scratch your scalp
Or tear your hair"

—that's because Ace Combs
are made only of genuine
Ace Hard Rubber. Every
tooth-end rounded on all
sides . . . every edge satiny
smooth. So for safety, always
use Ace—and "do" your hair
with more perfection besides.
Individually packaged. Mod-
erately priced. Many styles.
American Hard Rubber Company, N. Y. 13.



ACE
HARD RUBBER
COMBS

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
LAXATIVE
SO GENTLE
SO THOROUGH
FOR CHILDREN - ADULTS

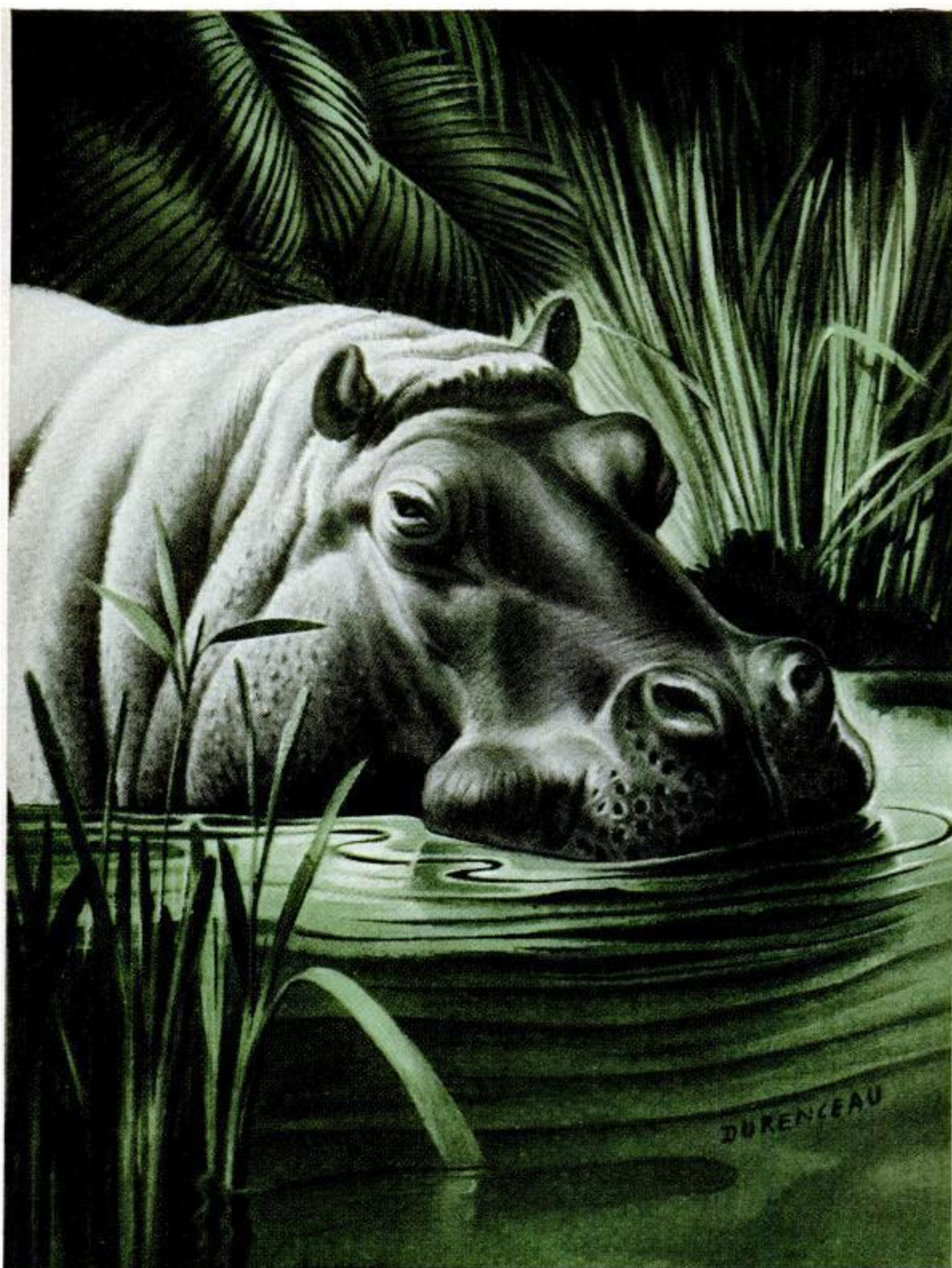
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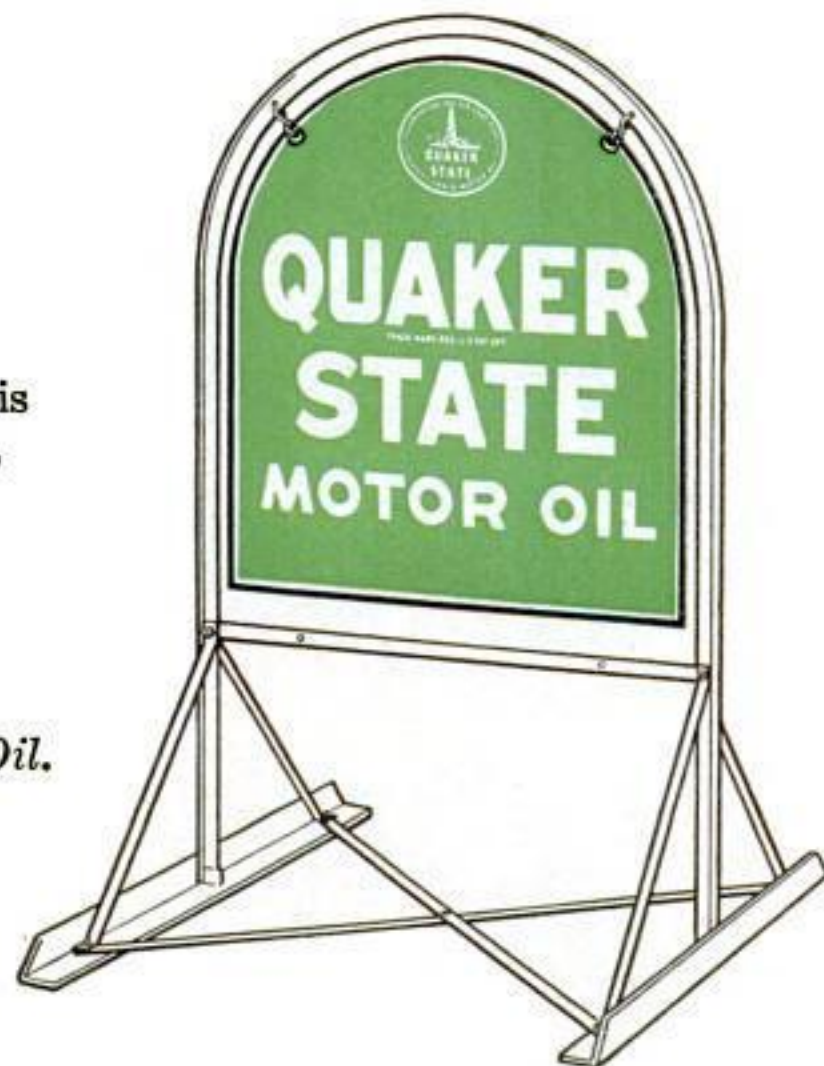


Spending much of his time in muddy rivers, the HIPPOPOTAMUS keeps his skin cool and tough. In this condition it affords him protection from enemies.

For full Protection

(KEEPS YOUR ENGINE **COOL**, TOO!)

The special cooling properties of Quaker State Motor Oil afford your engine the *extra* protection it needs during these summer months of hot, punishing driving. Whether your car is showroom new or a seasoned veteran, switch to Quaker State *now*. We believe that Quaker State is the finest motor oil you can buy! If the manufacturer of your car recommends Heavy Duty Oil with detergency, ask for Quaker State HD Oil.



QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

THE HANGOVER

Sirs:

"The Hangover: A Scientific Analysis" (LIFE, July 14) should be required reading for all those who abuse the right to drink. It was coldly accurate and objective. It's time that some of the blame should be shifted from alcohol to the people who misuse it.

ROBERT MARTIN

Tiffin, Ohio

Sirs:

Thank God for the hangover. The fear of a hangover is the only curb that acts upon some.

Thank God for the hangover. It is a natural retribution for lustful sin.

We should augment its miseries rather than reduce them. Maybe then we could see a reduction in highway carnage, broken homes and misery.

TED O. BADGER

Burleson, Texas

Sirs:

I await my next hangover eagerly to see if the pain is lessened by the knowledge that I'm not digging my grave with a shot glass.

From Life's book of tears and laughter I've gained this little bit of lore:
I'd rather have a morning after
Than never have a night before.

HAZELLE BEAVER

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Your scientific analysis of the hangover is the very best article of its kind I have ever read. It so clearly and so vividly proves that it pays many times over to leave Dick Red-eye and his many relatives alone.

CHARLES DOESCHER

Waterbury, Conn.

Sirs:

Your cartoon cover is of special interest to Navy men. Cartoonist Osborn's humorous drawings were used extensively throughout the last war to illustrate safety booklets and posters prepared for naval aviators. His famous "Dilbert" character lightened many training films and was responsible for saving many pilots' lives.

CMDR. THOMAS HORGAN, U.S.N.R.
Boston, Mass.



OSBORN'S DILBERT

Sirs:

Writers Barnett and Clark state, "Abstinence is not the answer. . . ." Why not? I've never experienced the horrors of a hangover in my life—I don't drink. It's as simple as that.

RUTH J. WIGGINS

Westmont, N. J.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

LIBBY'S PINEAPPLE JUICE

comes only
from Hawaii
-from fruit
picked ripe
on LIBBY'S
own plantations



Get
LIBBY'S
for your
family today!

Callouses

Pain, Tenderness, Burning Are Quickly Relieved

You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, burning or tenderness on the bottom of your feet, when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Thin, soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning, protective. Separate Medications included for quickly removing callouses. Try them!



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



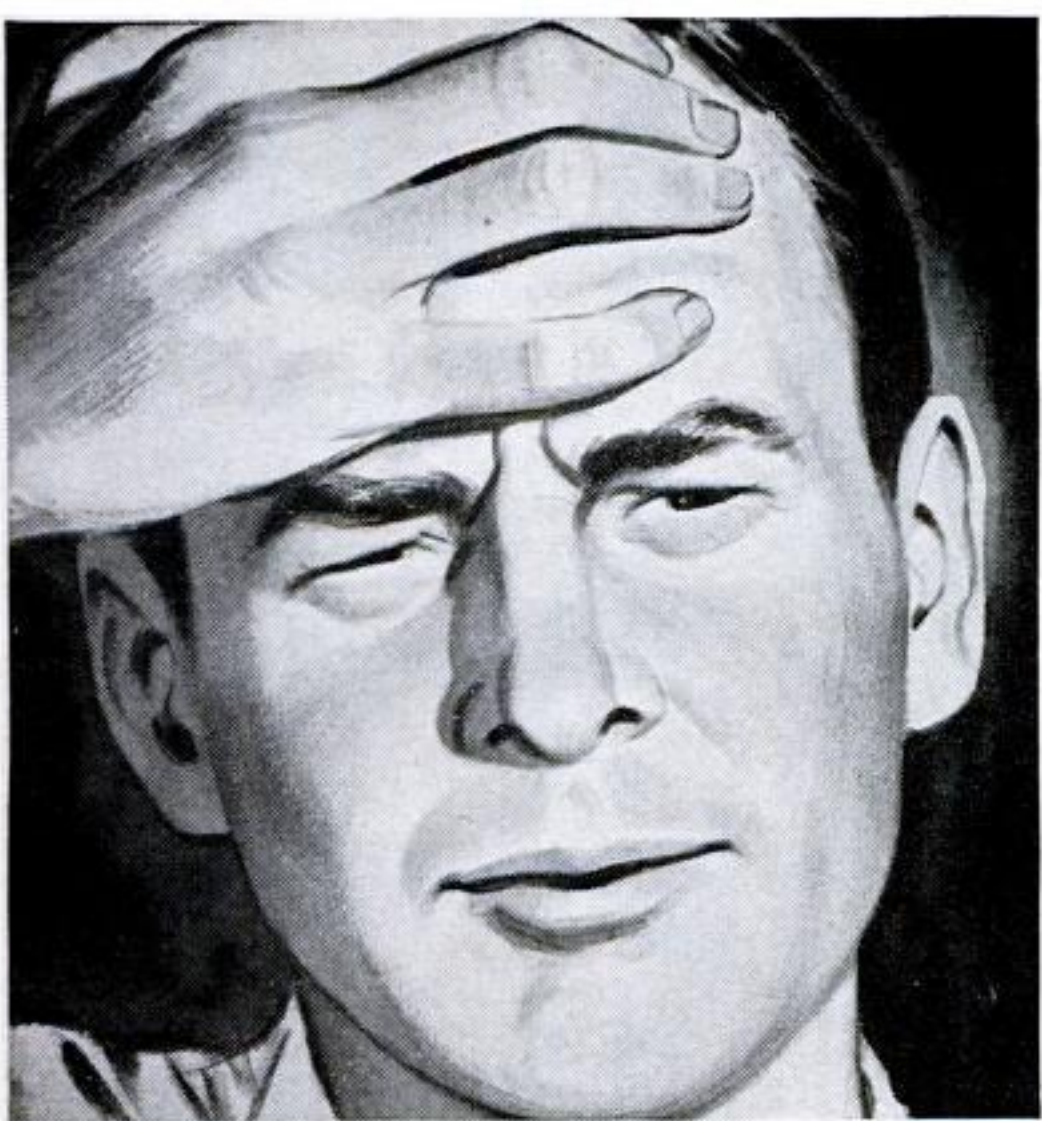
FOR DRY, PARCHED

Sun-chapped Lips

FLEET'S ChapStick

THE ANTISEPTIC LIP BALM

• New way to get fast pain relief!



Bufferin

TRADE-MARK

Acts twice as fast as aspirin!

Doesn't upset the stomach!

1 Here's why Bufferin does everything aspirin does and does it faster and better!

2 Before any product can relieve pain, the pain-relieving ingredients must get out of the stomach and into the bloodstream.

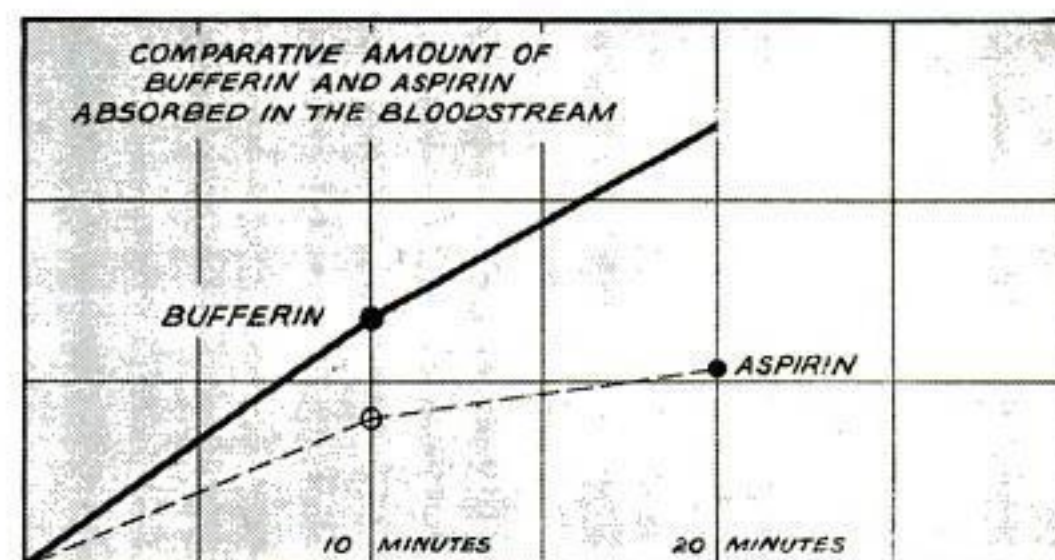
3 Bufferin, being antacid, opens trap door of the stomach, gets into the bloodstream twice as fast as aspirin.

4 That's why Bufferin relieves your pain twice as fast as aspirin, doesn't upset the stomach!



No tablet or powder can give you relief from pain until the pain-relieving ingredient enters the bloodstream. Bufferin, being antacid, opens the stomach valve *speedily*, gets *into* the bloodstream *twice as fast* as aspirin! Therefore Bufferin acts *twice as fast* to relieve pain.

And Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does, because Bufferin is antacid.



Clinical studies prove that people who took Bufferin had more pain-relieving ingredient *actually in the bloodstream* in ten minutes than those people who took aspirin had in twenty minutes. That's why Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain.



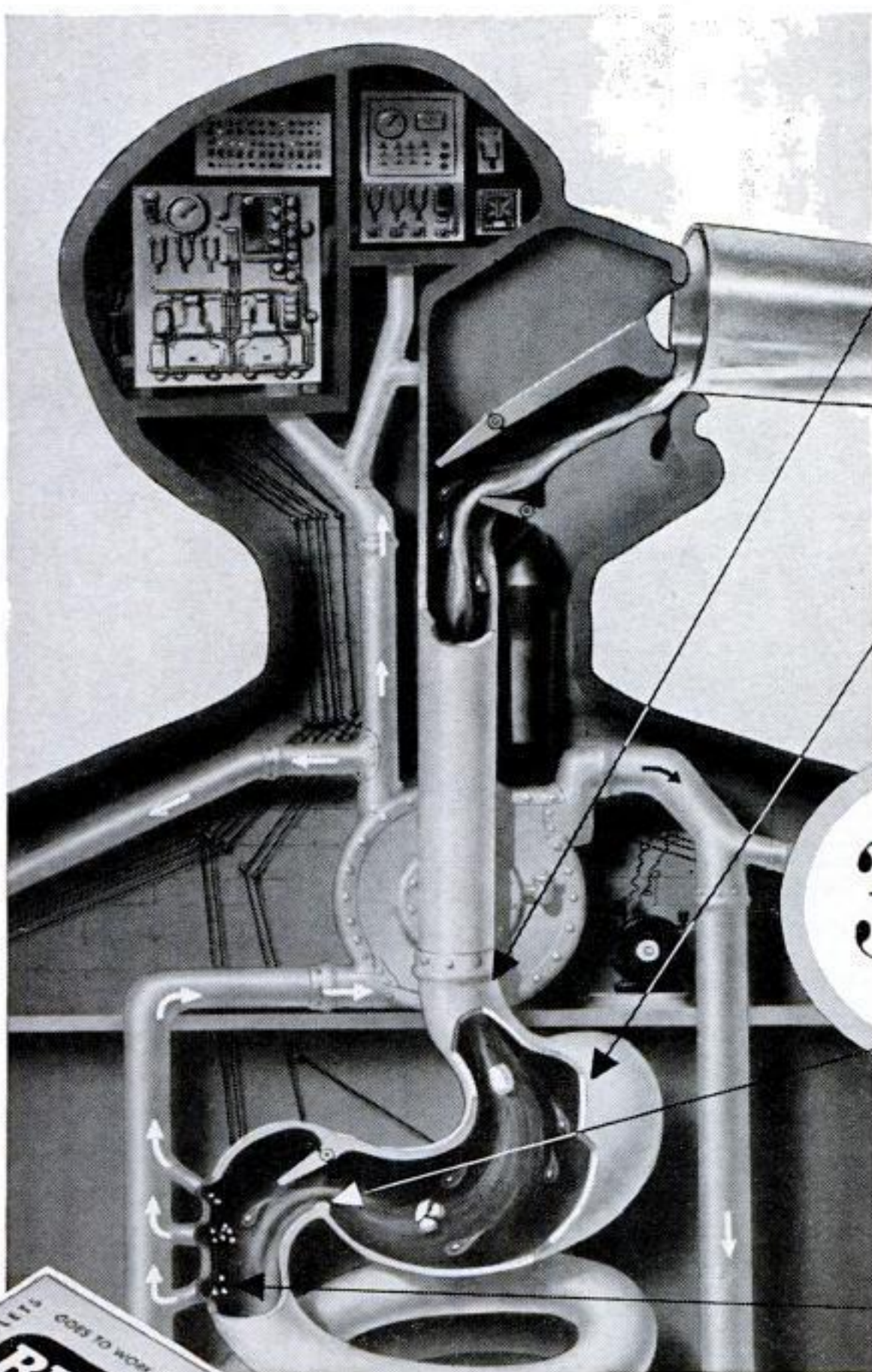
For headaches, neuralgia, and ordinary muscular aches and pains, remember Bufferin for fast pain relief! Ask your physician or dentist about Bufferin. Get Bufferin from your druggist. Carry the 12-tablet, pocket-size package. Keep the economical 36- or 100-tablet package in your medicine chest. Bufferin is also available in Canada.

This One



CG13-R5W-GARY

Copyrighted material



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Because Bufferin does not upset the stomach as aspirin often does, many doctors recommend Bufferin for prolonged, as well as occasional, dosage.

Bufferin is scored for easy breaking—particularly for children.



IF YOU SUFFER FROM ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

NO OTHER HAIR TONIC GIVES YOU KREML'S "ONE-TWO" ACTION



1
GROOMING
AGENT

2
CONDITIONING
AGENT

The new improved **KREML**
gives you two distinct actions

1 PROVIDES PERFECT GROOMING—

An ample quantity of the golden grooming agent controls your hair better than ever. Brush and comb your hair exactly as you want it... and it stays perfectly groomed all day long!

2 CONDITIONS HAIR AND SCALP—

The crystal-clear conditioning agent helps cleanse the scalp, gives it that "waked-up," fresh, stimulated feeling; removes loose dandruff flakes.

When shaken, BOTH these beneficial agents flow out as one in perfect balance. Each does its job as thoroughly as if applied separately.

That's the secret of Kreml's "One-Two" Action that keeps your hair naturally well-groomed. That's the new exclusive Kreml formula that brings you good looks. Be sure you use Kreml.

Buy... **KREML**®

© THE J. B. W. CO.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

GOLDEN TROUT

Sirs:

Your article "The Golden Trout" (LIFE, July 14) was a true masterpiece. I have fished many times for this wonderful specimen. Thanks a million for showing others just what a real sport is.

LYMAN KRAFT

Sparta, Ill.

Sirs:

Some years ago the golden trout was transplanted from the Sierra Nevada to the Wind River Range in Wyoming. In these high Wyoming lakes this fish has grown larger and heavier than in its native habitat in California. Moreover many lakes in which this fish was planted have never been fished. There should be a big bonus of golden trout awaiting some energetic fisherman.

M. LOWRY ALLEN, M.D.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Sirs:

Your article said that golden trout exist in lakes a mile or more above sea level. But Lake Sunapee, here in New Hampshire, only 1,100 feet high, has plenty of golden trout. The record catch, made last summer, was a fish 30 inches long, weighing 10½ pounds.

MRS. VINCENT ADAMS

Georges Mills, N.H.

● Similar in size and equally rare, the Sunapee trout (*Salvelinus au-reolus*) is one of a different group of trout called "charrs." LIFE's story concerned the true golden trout of the West, *Salmo roosevelti* (named for Theodore Roosevelt).—ED.

COLOR LITHOGRAPHS

Sirs:

I was greatly interested in the illustrations of modern color lithographs ("Art Bargains in Color Lithographs," LIFE, July 14).

I have found your sections on art to be consistently excellent. . . .

WHITMAN SYMMES JR.

Kellogg, Idaho

Sirs:

These monstrosities that you call "art bargains" by top artists are a disgrace to any self-respecting, half-intelligent human.

J. MILTON MAPES

Hayward, Calif.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

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FIGHT HEARTBURN, ACID INDIGESTION 3 WAYS

AT THE
SAME
TIME



Here's why you feel fine so quickly when you take Tums for gas, heartburn, acid indigestion:

1. Tums neutralize excess stomach acid fast.
2. Tums relieve the pain of heartburn, gas without over-alkalizing.
3. Tums soothe and settle upset stomach.

Get Tums today. Still only 10¢ a roll; 3-roll box 25¢.



✓ TRY ONE OR TWO TUMS AFTER BREAKFAST
SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER



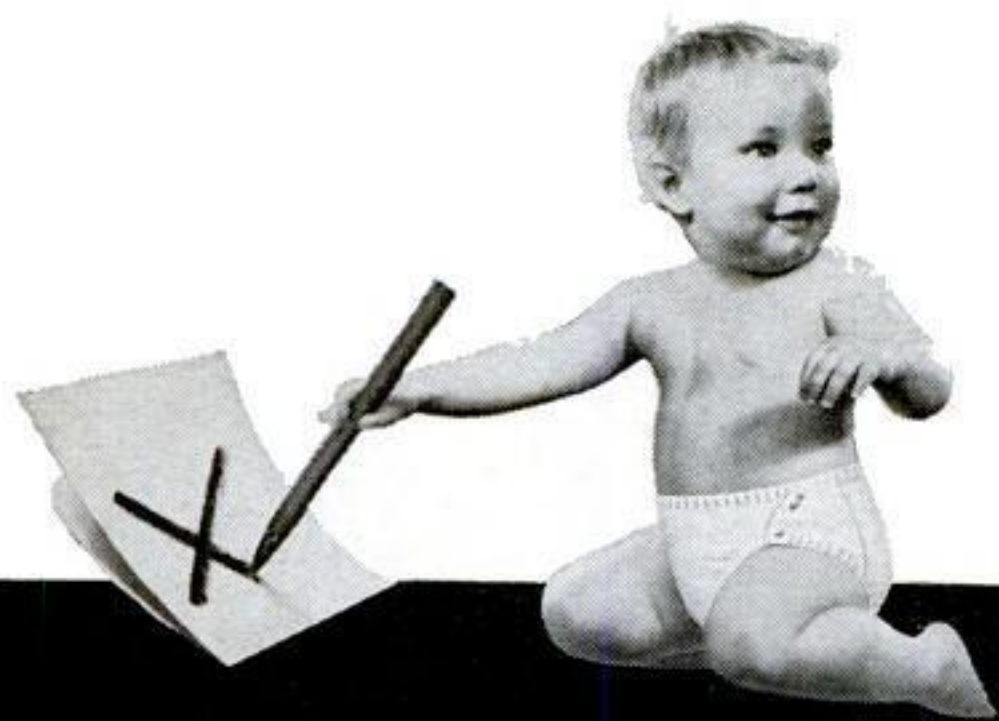
**THE BEST
PAINT THINNER
EVER DISCOVERED**

NO SUBSTITUTE
CAN MAKE THIS CLAIM!



WHO wants to risk paint failure to save pennies? Gum Turpentine is the oldest and most dependable paint thinner ever discovered. Yet, it costs less than 2¢ out of the paint job dollar. Don't risk costly paint jobs with turpentine substitutes. Insist upon Gum Turpentine. Use it to thin oil paints, varnishes and enamels, and to clean paint brushes.

AMERICAN TURPENTINE FARMERS
ASSOCIATION
General Offices: Valdosta, Georgia



Baby votes the DRY ticket!

Quick—from Wet to Dryper!



For a Cool, Dry Summer...

Playtex® Dryper®

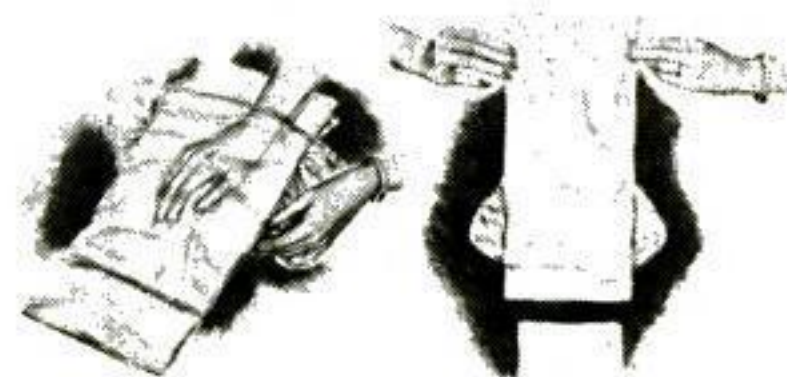
keeps your baby sweet and clean...comfortable and protected
—as no ordinary diapering does

Discover how happy and care-free your precious baby is...in wonderful PLAYTEX Dryper. Here's the modern pad-in-panty diapering that frees your baby from the soggy discomfort of old-fashioned bulky diapers...makes changes faster...easier...and safer, and as frequently as needed. Dryper brings your baby a whole new world of cloud-soft comfort...helps to protect baby from diaper rash and chafing, diaper-wet irritations. Dryper pads simply flush away when soiled. No more soiled diapers...no more diaper odors. With day and night protection—Dryper keeps your baby "socially acceptable"* always. Start diapering your baby in Dryper—today.

Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.

Playtex for the nicest things next to baby

DRYPER PANTIES SHEETS BIBS OIL POWDER CREAM



FLUSHAWAY PAD
INSIDE WATERPROOF PANTY
—THAT'S PLAYTEX DRYPER!

Revolutionary pad-in-panty diapering method. For clean, dry change simply slip fresh Dryper Pad under soft nylon-web lining of waterproof Dryper Panty. Flush away soiled Pads. Made of cloud-soft Cellulose,* amazing stitchless, threadless, non-woven material that soaks up 8 times its own weight in moisture. Pads fit snugly, neatly. Far more absorbent than ordinary diapers. Dryper Panty's top and bottom flaps confine wetness to panty area; keep clothes and bedding dry. Saves money on baby care, too.



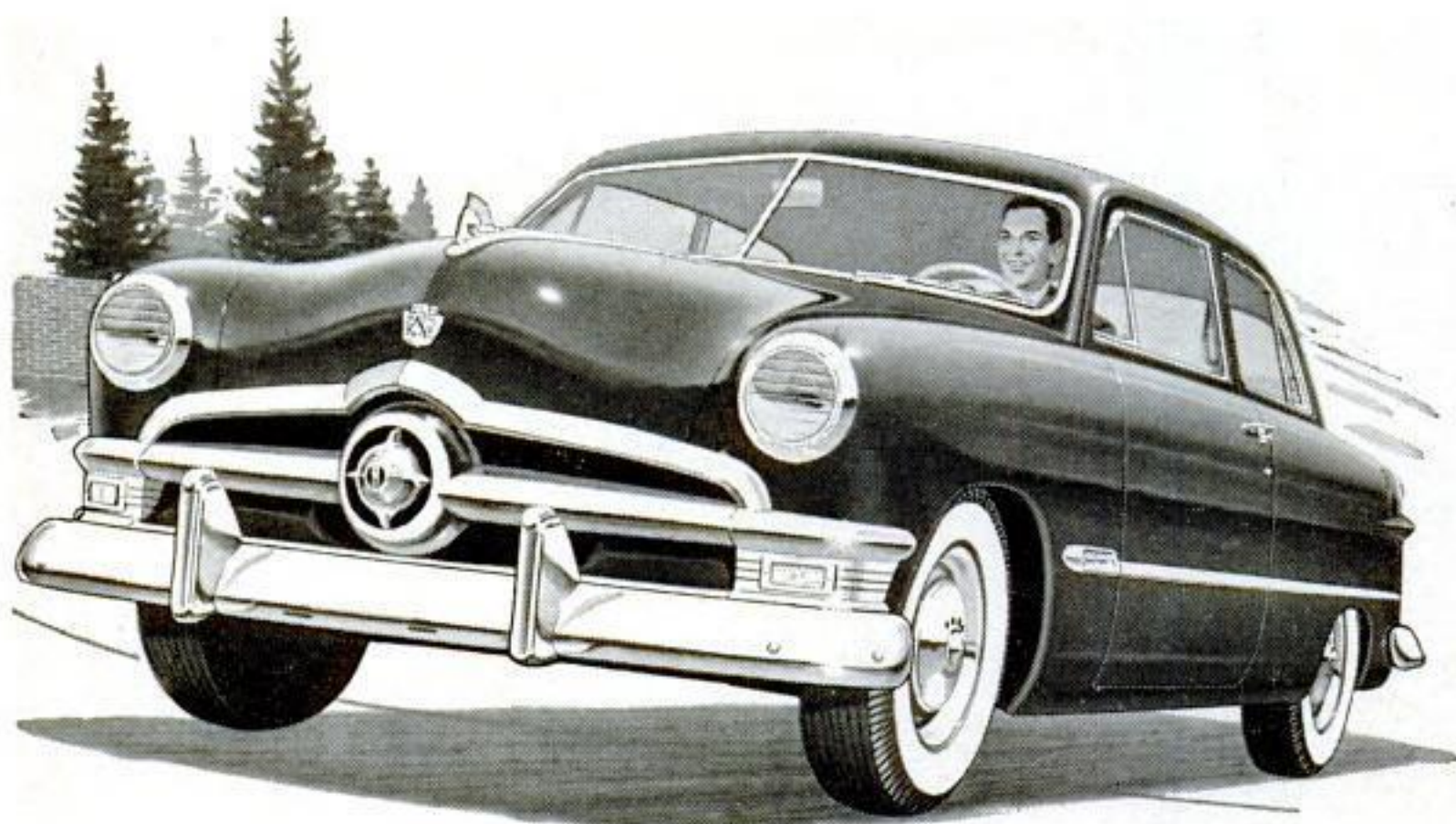
PLAYTEX® DRYPER® PADS box of 100 \$1.29 and \$1.49
PLAYTEX® DRYPER® PANTY each \$1.49
... and worth far more in safeguarding baby's health and comfort.
Small=12 to 18 lbs. Medium=18 to 24 lbs. Large=24 to 36 lbs. Extra-Large=36 lbs. and up

*TRADE MARK

P.S. For a Sweet and Lovely Baby...

Playtex Baby Powder 29¢ & 39¢
Playtex Baby Oil . . . 49¢ & 69¢
Playtex Baby Cream .49¢ & 69¢
...guaranteed to prevent diaper rash or your money back.

YOU SAVE
time...money...annoyance
with **GENUINE**
FORD PARTS
because...



**Genuine Ford Parts are
made right to fit right
to last longer—and
TRACK TESTED
TO PROVE IT!**

You're smart to make sure that replacement parts used in your Ford are Genuine Ford Parts. They're made exactly to Ford specifications. They're tested and proved in grueling tests on the Ford test tracks by the men who built your Ford. No other replacement parts can offer you all these advantages. It pays to keep your Ford all Ford.



Available at
all Ford Dealers and
selected independent
garages.
Look for this sign.



Drive in where you
see this sign

**LET'S
GET
ACQUAINTED**

**LETTERS
TO THE EDITORS**
CONTINUED

THE LION'S TONGUE?

Sirs:

You showed a lion with his mouth open ("Hot and Buggy," LIFE, July 7). But where is the rest of the lion's tongue? Did he eat it? Or did the flies eat it?

SONYA HAMILTON

Eustis, Fla.



TIKE'S TORN TONGUE

Sirs:

This is how Tike lost the tip of that tongue.

Tike was born in 1943, one of twin cubs; the other died. His mother, like many lionesses, didn't nurse him properly so I took him home and put him on a bottle. The picture (below) shows him at this time. After six weeks he went on a diet of ground horse meat, milk and eggs, and he tied into this tasty mixture so ferociously that he bit off a corner of his own tongue. . . .

Our big cats have showers and electric fans in hot spells. Flies, however, are still a problem—as they are to most of us.

WILLIAM T. A. CULLY
Director

Swope Park Zoo
Kansas City, Mo.



BABY TIKE

PADUCAH

Sirs:

The citizens of Paducah, Ky. certainly have changed their way of life ("Paducah Changes its Way of Life," LIFE, July 14), what with increased population and conditions that accompany a so-called "boom town." But, confound it, we have not been asleep for the past 25 years!

WALLACE O. UEBELIN

Paducah, Ky.

2 SECRETS
for a better
hamburger!



1. Mix with a dash of cold water for extra juiciness. 2. Season generously with Lea & Perrins Worcestershire to bring out the true beef flavor. Meats, fish, poultry are all improved by the hearty tang of this famous sauce. Keep a bottle handy in the kitchen . . . in the dining room.

salt & pepper are
not enough...add

LEA & PERRINS
THE ORIGINAL
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

FREE Recipe Book with 196 easy ways to
exciting flavor! Write Lea & Perrins,
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Kool-Aid

In the ICE BOX by the
Pitcher
Full



BUY 6 Pkgs.
and **SAVE**
On Soft Drinks!

Six packages of Kool-Aid make 12 quarts of cold, delicious beverage. At 5¢ a package, think of the big savings in soft drinks! Don't run out; when you get down to 2 packages, Buy Six and SAVE! Six refreshing flavors.

AT GROCERS

5¢



"Kool-Aid"® PERKINS PRODUCTS CO. © 1952 P.P.CO.

SAVE during August

REXALL

Drug Stores Everywhere



QUICK RELIEF FROM Hay Fever Symptoms

REXALL ANTIHISTAMINE



15's **39¢**

Gives prompt relief from the symptomatic sneezes, sniffles and miseries of Hay Fever and common head colds.

Economy size of 50, only .98¢

EVERYDAY NEEDS

- Klearite Combs, plastic all-purpose and pocket styles 5¢
- Elkay's White Shoe Cleaner & Polish, cleans as it polishes, won't rub off, 6 oz. 21¢
- Elkay's Insecticide, 5% DDT, full pint. 39¢
- Kantleek Deluxe Fountain Syringe, 2 qt., carries 5-year Universal guarantee. \$3.50
- Rexall Stork Nurser, 8-oz. bottle, nipple and protecting cap, complete. 3 for \$1.00
- Adrienne Professional Style Hair Brush. 98¢
- Maximum Hard Rubber Pocket Comb, 5 inch. 19¢
- Deluxe Hy-Da-Way Folding Fountain Syringe, \$5.50

MEDICINE CHEST NEEDS

- Rexall Gypsy Cream, soothing, greaseless lotion, relieves sunburn, insect bites, etc., 8 oz. 59¢
- Rexall Foot Powder, relieves burning, 4 oz. 33¢
- Glycerin Suppositories, adult or infant, 12's, 43¢
- Rex-Eme, greaseless, stainless, medicated cream for skin irritations, 5½-oz. jar 49¢
- Rexall Milk of Magnesia, pure, mild and creamy-smooth, less "earthy" taste, pint 39¢
- Rexall Hygienic Powder, dissolves in water for use in spray, gargle, syringe, 6 oz. 65¢
- Rexall Boric Acid, powder or crystals, 4 oz. 33¢
- Rexall Corn Solvent, painless, ½ oz. 29¢
- Monacet APC Tablets, relieve pain, 25's. 29¢
- Eudicalma Lotion, eases chafing, heat rash, insect bites, sunburn, 8-oz. bottle 57¢

REXALL REMEDIES

- Fungi-Rex Greaseless, effective relief from discomforts of Athlete's Foot, 1½ oz. 63¢
- Rexall Prickly Heat Powder, 4 oz. 29¢
- Rex-Rub, quick relief for muscular aches and pains due to exertion, 6 oz. 89¢
- Rex-Seltzer, effervescent alkalizer and pain-reliever, 25-tablet bottle 54¢
- Bisma-Rex Mates, easy-to-take, pleasant-tasting antacid tablets; individually sealed and packed in flat tin, ideal for pocket or purse, 75's. 69¢

- KLENZO ANTISEPTIC, ruby-red, cinnamon flavor mouthwash and gargle, full pint 79¢
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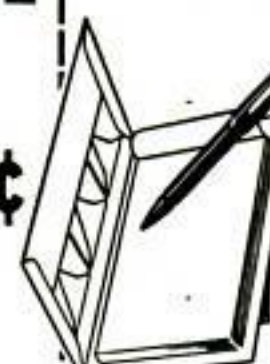


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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

Venice's pampered pigeons boondoggle a square meal out of municipal handout

Pigeons as a class never had it so good as in Venice where they have enjoyed special privilege ever since they were imported from Constantinople about 1,200 years ago. For a time the birds were put to work as military messengers, but 80 years ago their life became all play and no work when the city began providing pigeon provender from a special fund. Now a city employe, Emilio Zangrando, feeds them twice a day in the Piazza San Marco.

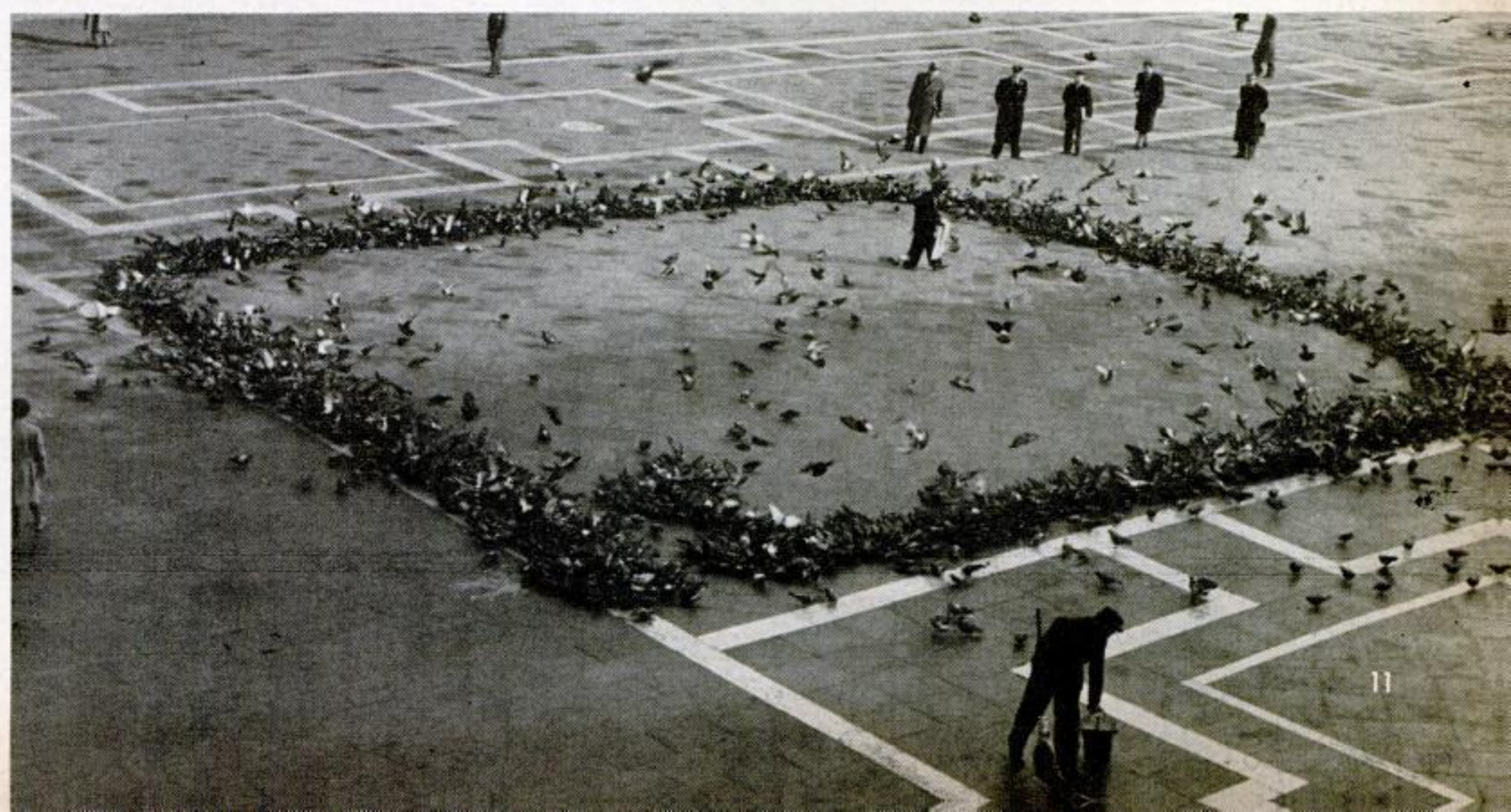
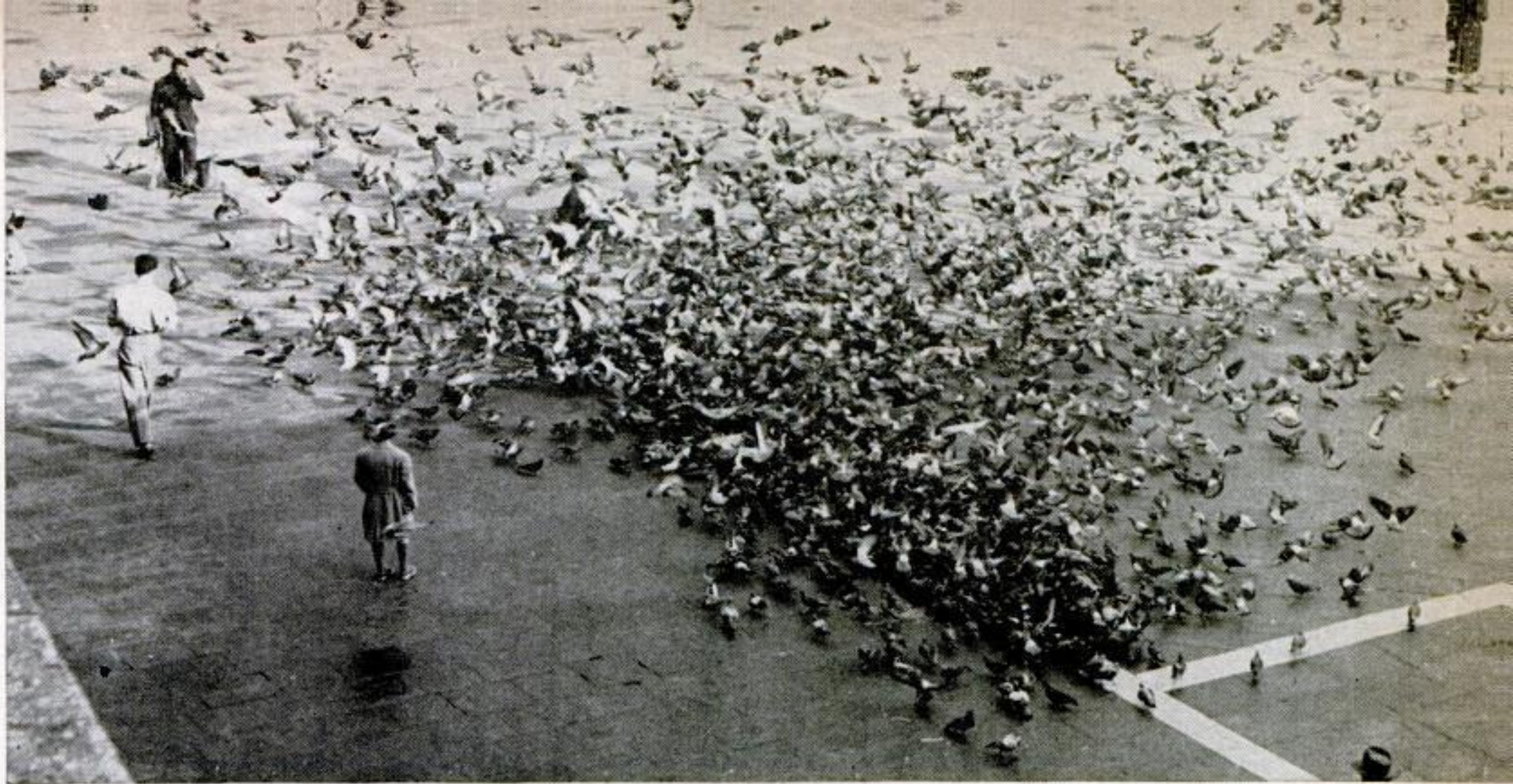
When Zangrando appears the pigeons flutter about him greedily (*opposite page*) and almost smother him in their wings. To get the birds out of his hair and order into the meal Zangrando adopts a strict procedure. He walks around in a square, dropping the 22 pounds of grain. The pigeons settle behind him, forming the patterns at right. Then, because no pigeon is ever fully satisfied, the birds return to their regular pursuit of panhandling from tourists.



PIGEON FEEDER Zangrando, grain sack beside him, waits for the birds to assemble for breakfast.

PIGEON PATTERN emerges as the hungry birds form square in trail of free fodder. →

← **PIGEON WINGS** almost hide Zangrando under feathery cloud at St. Mark's Cathedral.





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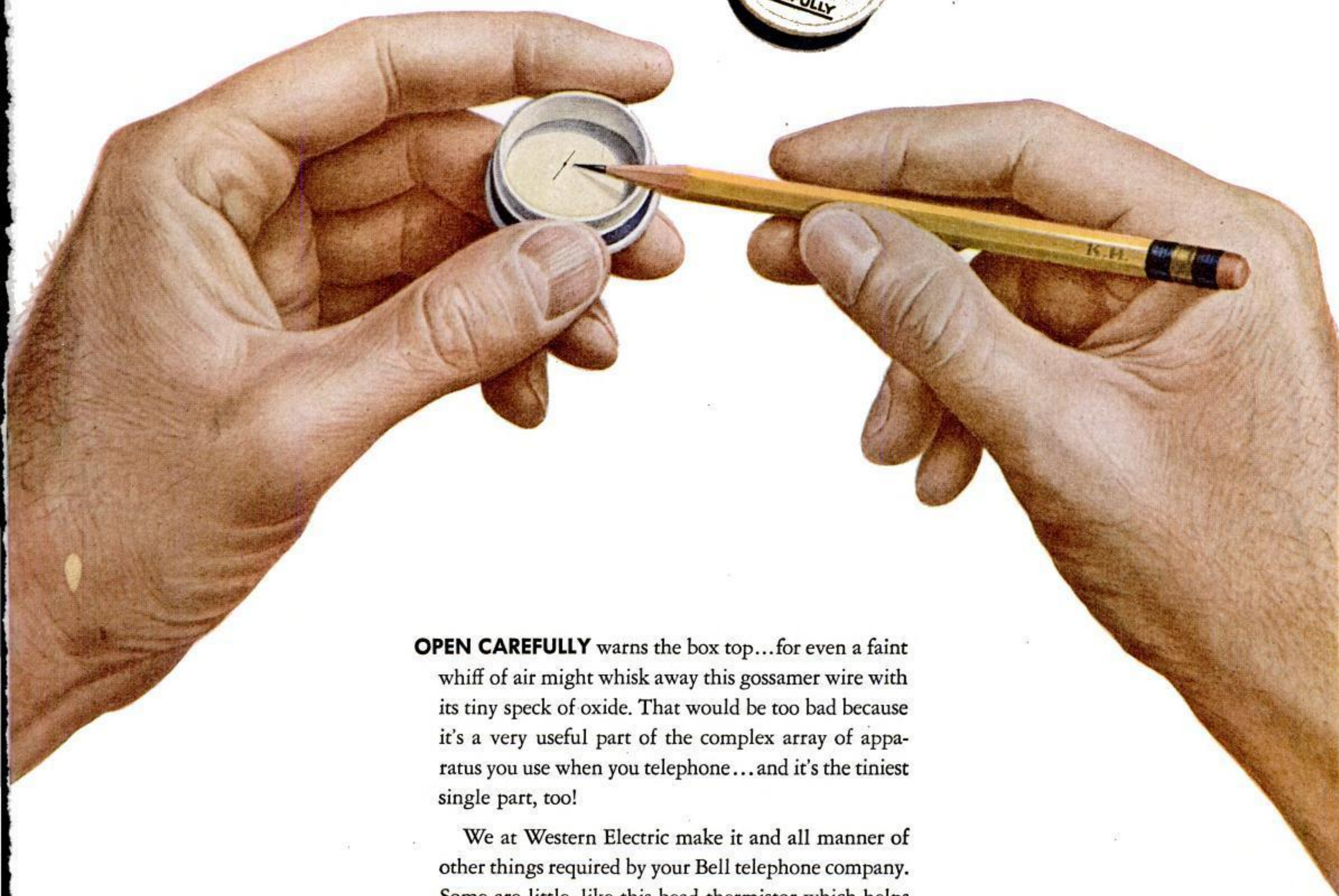
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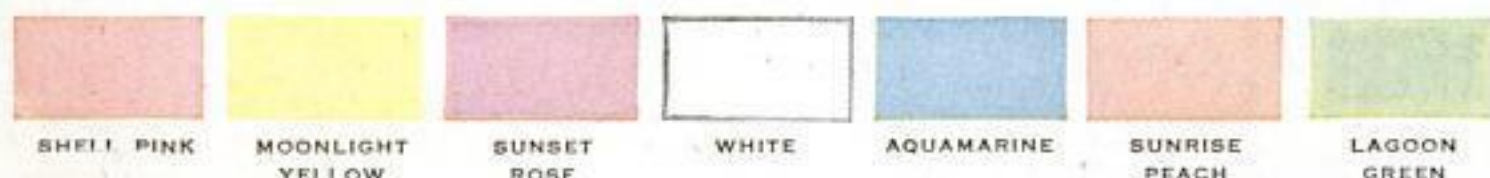


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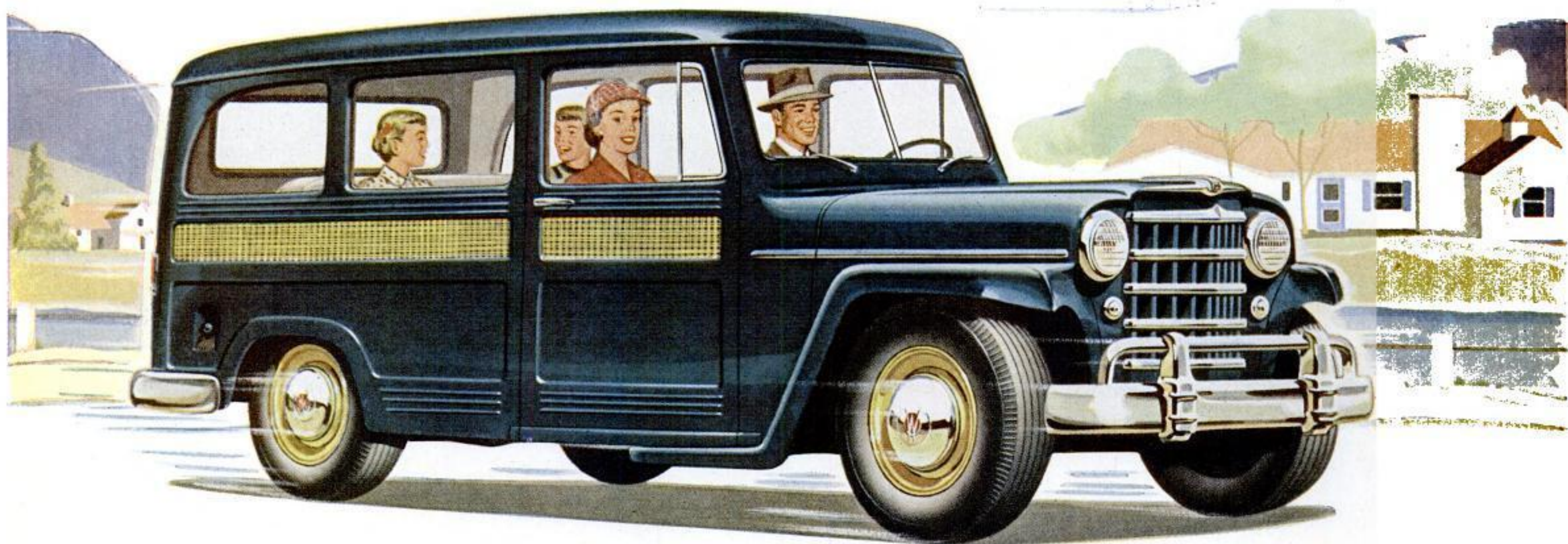
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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

THE DEMOCRATS DEBATE. LOUD IN ZEAL AND ANGER.....	18
TWO TOTS IN A TUB RECOVER FROM POLIO.....	31
LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD.....	32
TRUMAN'S "OR ELSE" ENDS STEEL STRIKE.....	37
RADAR TRACKS "SOMETHINGS" OVER WASHINGTON.....	39
SUMMER COLOR AT REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.....	43

EDITORIALS.....

SALUTE, GOVERNOR
WHITE SUPREMACY
ANTI-TRUMANISM

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAYS

THE ZONE OF SILENCE.....	73
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN	
THE SHORES OF MAINE.....	59
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY LAURENCE LOWRY	

ARTICLE

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF HENRY GREEN, by NIGEL DENNIS.....	83
--	----

THEATER

EARTHA KITT.....	45
------------------	----

FASHION

SUMMER SHAWLS.....	53
--------------------	----

SPORTS

U.S. AND U.S.S.R. FIGHT IT OUT AT OLYMPICS.....	65
---	----

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.....	3
SPEAKING OF PICTURES: VENICE'S PAMPERED PIGEONS BOONDOGGLE A SQUARE MEAL OUT OF MUNICIPAL HANDOUT... 10	
LIFE VISITS CUB CAMPERS.....	96
MISCELLANY: METERED MARE.....	102

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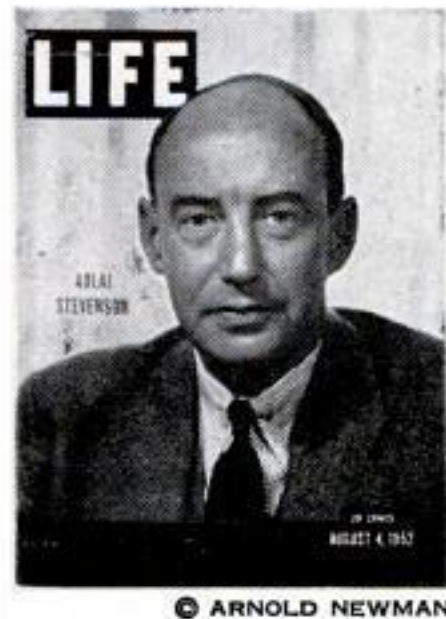


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Adlai E. Stevenson, Democratic nominee for president, was born in Los Angeles in 1900. When he was 6 his parents moved back to the family home in Bloomington, Ill. He went to Choate, Princeton (1922), and attended Harvard and Northwestern law schools. In 1933 he helped draft New Deal legislation as special counsel to AAA. Later he was assistant to the Secretary of the Navy Knox and to two Secretaries of State. In 1948 he won his first elective office, became governor of Illinois. Stevenson's biography and background were set down in a picture essay in LIFE (July 21).

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8—WILEY ROBINS FOR PAN-PIX—WILLIAM FLAHERTY
FOR KANSAS CITY STAR
10, 11—CORNEL LUCAS
18, 19—GEORGE SKADDING—GEORGE SKADDING, HY
PESKIN, RALPH MORSE, GEORGE SKADDING, HANK
WALKER (2), JOE SCHERSCHER
20—LT. CORNELL CAPA—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS; RT.
GEORGE SILK (3)
21—GEORGE SILK
22, 23—LT. HY PESKIN—GEORGE SILK; GEN. GEORGE
SILK; RT. GEORGE SILK—HANK WALKER—RALPH
MORSE
24—HANK WALKER EXC. BOT. LT. HY PESKIN
25—HANK WALKER—GEORGE SKADDING, EDWARD
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31—MAURICE MILLER
32—INT.—INT., U.P.

37—YALE JOEL, ALBERT FENN
39—ALBERT FENN
41—RALPH MORSE
45—GORDON PARKS
46—GEN. LT. GORDON PARKS—BOT. RT. GORDON PARKS
47—BAYAL FOTOGRAF STUDIOS—PHOTO-LIPNITZKI
48—ERNST HAAS FROM MAGNUM
53—M'LTON GREENE
56—NINA LEEN
59 THROUGH 63—LOWRY AERIAL SURVEYS
65—INT.
66—MARK KAUFFMAN
67—U.P., MARK KAUFFMAN—INT.—MARK KAUFFMAN
68—MARK KAUFFMAN
74—MAP BY TONY SODARO AIRFIELD INFORMATION COURTESY
AVIATION AGE—LT. A.P., PISAREK, SOVOTO
75—LUX, B.S.—CARL MYDANS—B.S. (3), A.P.
83—PETER ANDERSON
84, 85—LARRY BURROWS
86—PETER ANDERSON
91—LONDON DAILY EXPRESS
94—PETER ANDERSON
96 THROUGH 100—KOSTI RUOHOMAA FROM B.S.
102—PAUL CROMER

ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; ©, COPYRIGHT; GEN., CENTER; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; A.P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; B.S., BLACK STAR; INT., INTERNATIONAL; U.P., UNITED PRESS. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS IS EXCLUSIVELY ENTITLED TO THE REPLICATION WITHIN THE U.S. OF THE PICTURES HEREIN ORIGINATED OR OBTAINED FROM THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.



THE SOUTH SPEAKS: SENATOR OLIN JOHNSTON REBUTS ITS CRITICS



AT IMPROMPTU FLOOR CAUCUS ILLINOIS BOSSES GRIMLY ARGUE THEIR NEXT MOVE.

THE DEMOCRATS DEBATE, LOUD IN ZEAL AND ANGER

It was going to be different this time. The Democrats said they wanted to streamline their convention. All the sessions would start on time, the speeches would be succinct, demonstrations limited to delegates. Nobody could accurately predict how many candidates there would be but all were enjoined and expected to sing the same sweet song of party harmony—barring, of course, a few stubborn Dixiecrats. And above all this was to be an open convention—no dictation from the White House or the bosses. The Democrats had learned their lesson from the

THE CONVENTION'S EMOTIONAL CACAPHONY: MRS. ROOSEVELT SALUTES, A KEFAUVERITE BOOS, SOAPY WILLIAMS SINGS THE ANTHEM, SENATOR MAYBANK

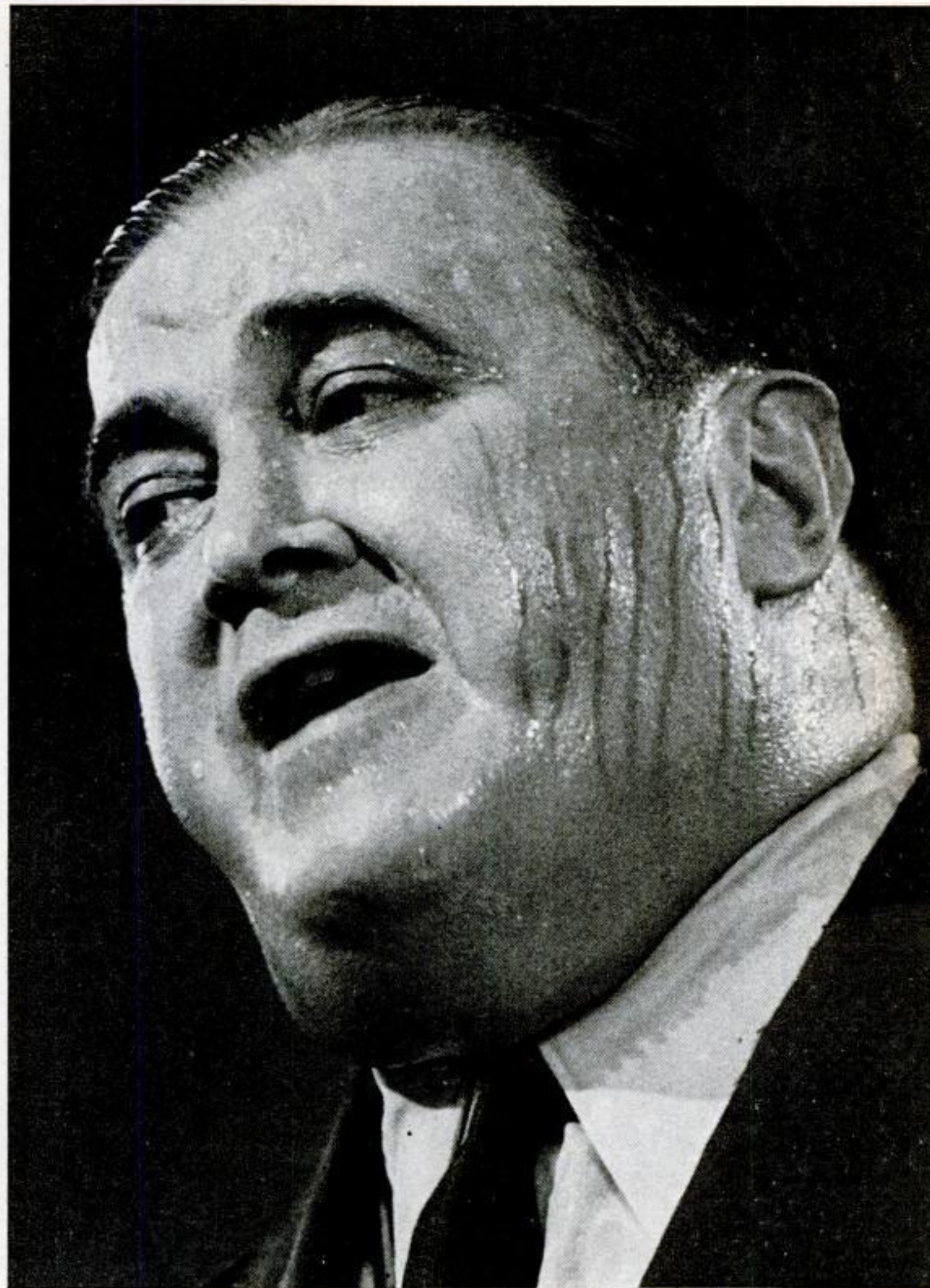


LIFE

Vol. 33, No. 5 August 4, 1952



LEFT TO RIGHT: JOSEPH GILL, RICHARD DALEY, BARNET HODES AND JACK ARVEY



THE PARTY SPEAKS: KEYNOTER PAUL DEVER LAMBASTES G.O.P.

Republicans—at least that is what they said.

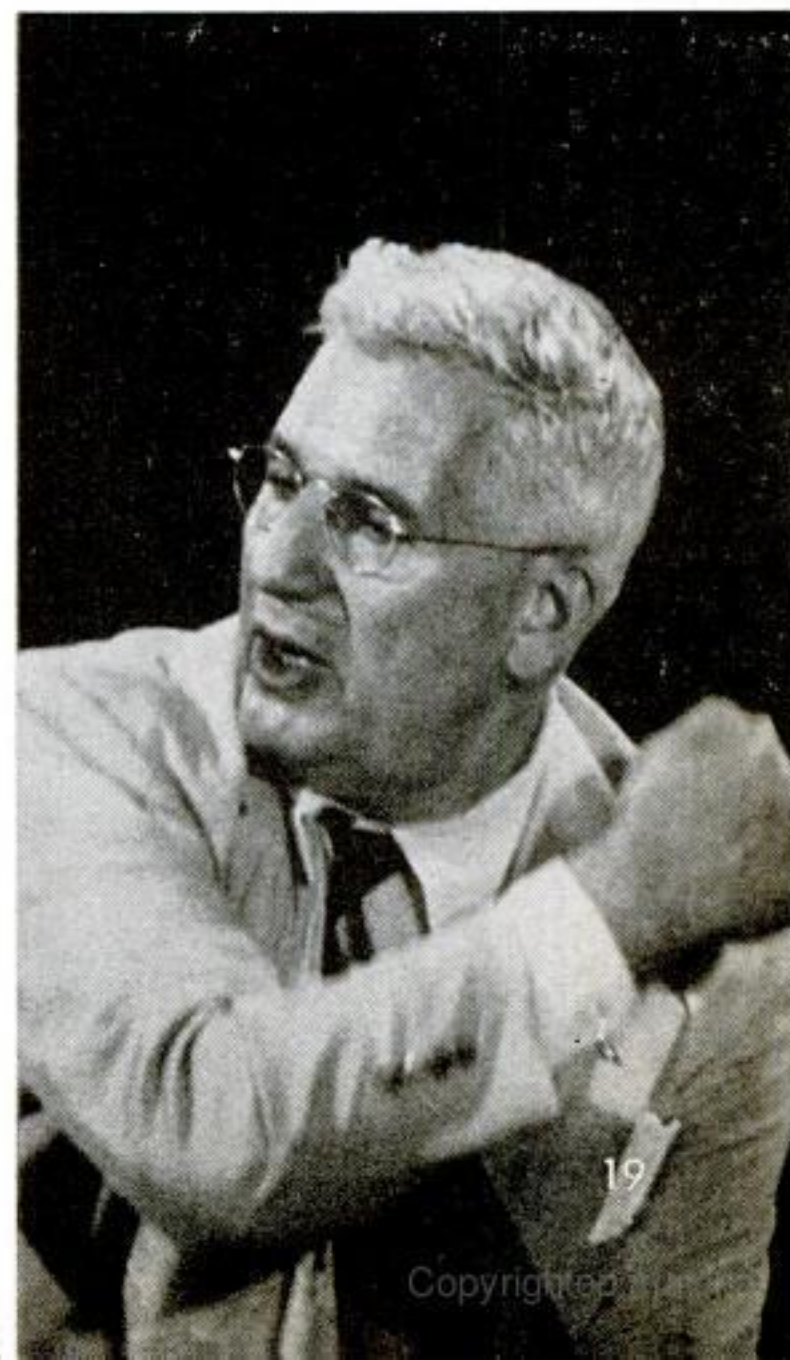
But what actually happened proved that there is still life in the unreformed and unregenerate Democrats. On the morning the convention opened, with unparalleled candor and unparalleled rudeness its labor bosses guillotined the beloved and venerable 74-year-old Veep, Alben W. Barkley. That night an uncontrolled group of young Turks were at the throat of the South, demanding a Democratic pledge of loyalty from states which had voted Democratic for generations. In no time at all the Demo-

crats were fighting just like 1952 Republicans as America sat in front of its TV sets. The Democrats had forgotten their manners and were acting as they had so often acted before.

As the uncaptured ranks fought with each other, the cool and clear-eyed bosses decided swiftly to close in on the open convention. The five avowed declared leading candidates were obviously inadequate either for the office or to save the party. So the bosses moved to a nominee who was detached from the convention battles—Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois.

Though he had been little more than a name to most delegates in Chicago, it had long been obvious that Stevenson would be the party's best candidate. But he was genuinely reluctant, proclaiming that he would answer only to a genuine draft. So the bosses obligingly forced the draft. This made Mr. Truman's formal announcement of support on the first ballot—by his alternate Thomas Gavin of Kansas City's first ward (LIFE, July 28)—purely academic. The party's palace guard had found a strange bedfellow and a strong candidate (*next page*).

ARGUES WITH PENNSYLVANIA'S FRANCIS MYERS, A RUSSELLITE BREATHES DEFIANCE, F.D.R. JR. HAS A BAD MOMENT, PAUL DOUGLAS DEFENDS KOREAN WAR





ALONE AT HIS CHICAGO HQ, STEVENSON WATCHES CONVENTION ON TV SET

A MAN WRESTLES WITH A PROBLEM

While the convention was awash in a welter of doubt and debate the man who would later emerge from the confusion as the convention's dominant character was seen only briefly. Arriving by plane from Springfield the Friday before the convention began, Adlai Stevenson—delegate from the 13th district—reaffirmed to the press his reluctance to run and fended off the persuasions of the Democratic bosses. At the convention opening he gave a welcoming address which was greeted by a sustained display of applause. "Do you believe that demonstration was staged?" asked Jack Arvey, national committeeman from Illinois and long a big-city Stevenson backer. "No," replied the governor, "I guess I'm stuck." That evening Stevenson joined his delegation in the convention hall, but for four suspenseful days he was in seclusion at a friend's Chicago home (above).

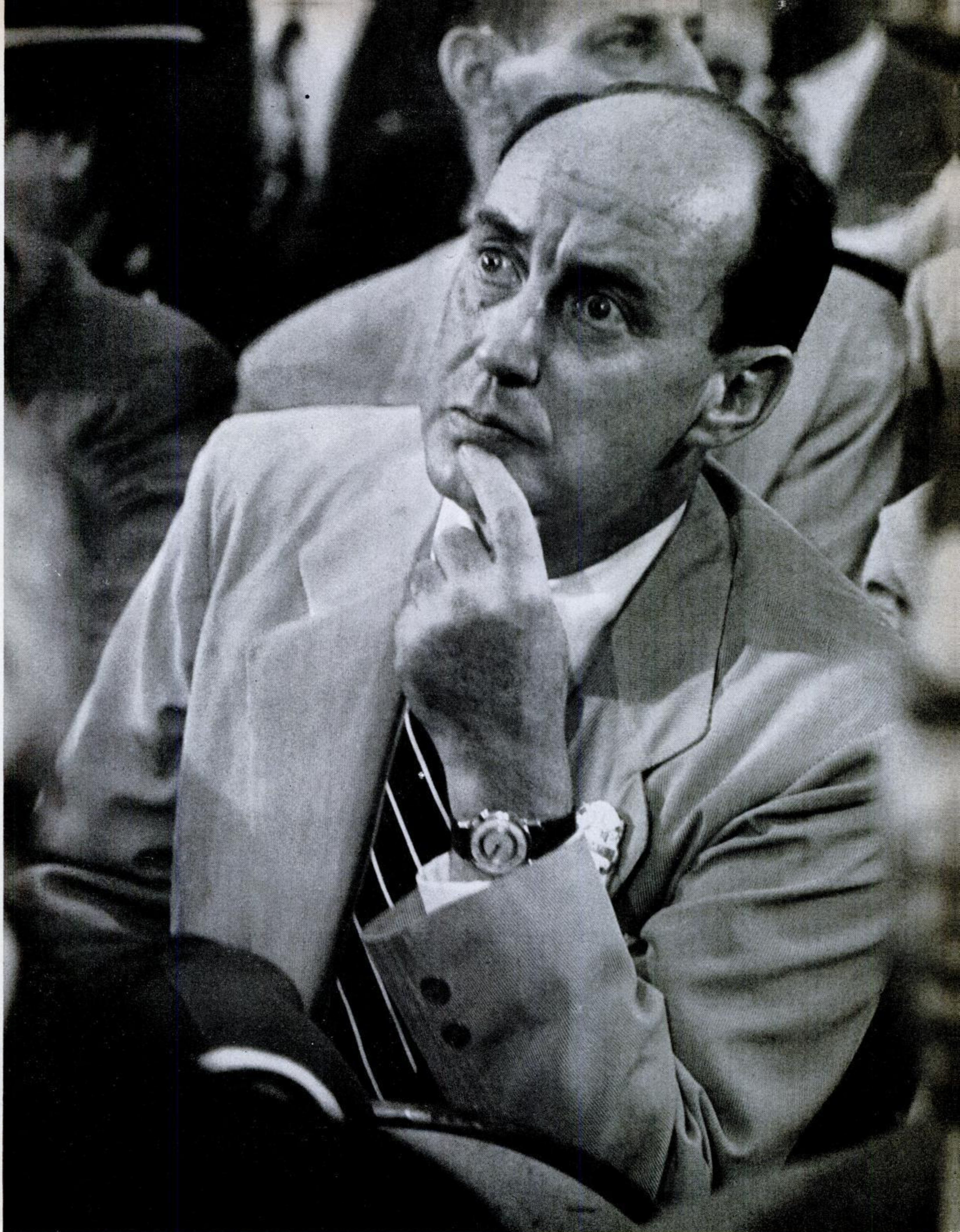


EAVESDROPPING NEWSMEN, barred from Illinois Democratic session, hear Adlai deny that he is fit "mentally, temperamentally or physically" for presidency.

Democrats CONTINUED



DEEP IN DISCUSSIONS with fellow delegates at convention hall, Stevenson shows (top to bottom) deep interest, genial amusement and eye-bulging intensity.



PONDERING AND STILL RELUCTANT, Stevenson, in his only appearance on the convention floor as an Illinois delegate, assumes a thoughtfully worried

attitude during the keynote address as he contemplates the political turn of events that was propelling him, against his expressed wishes, into the nomination.

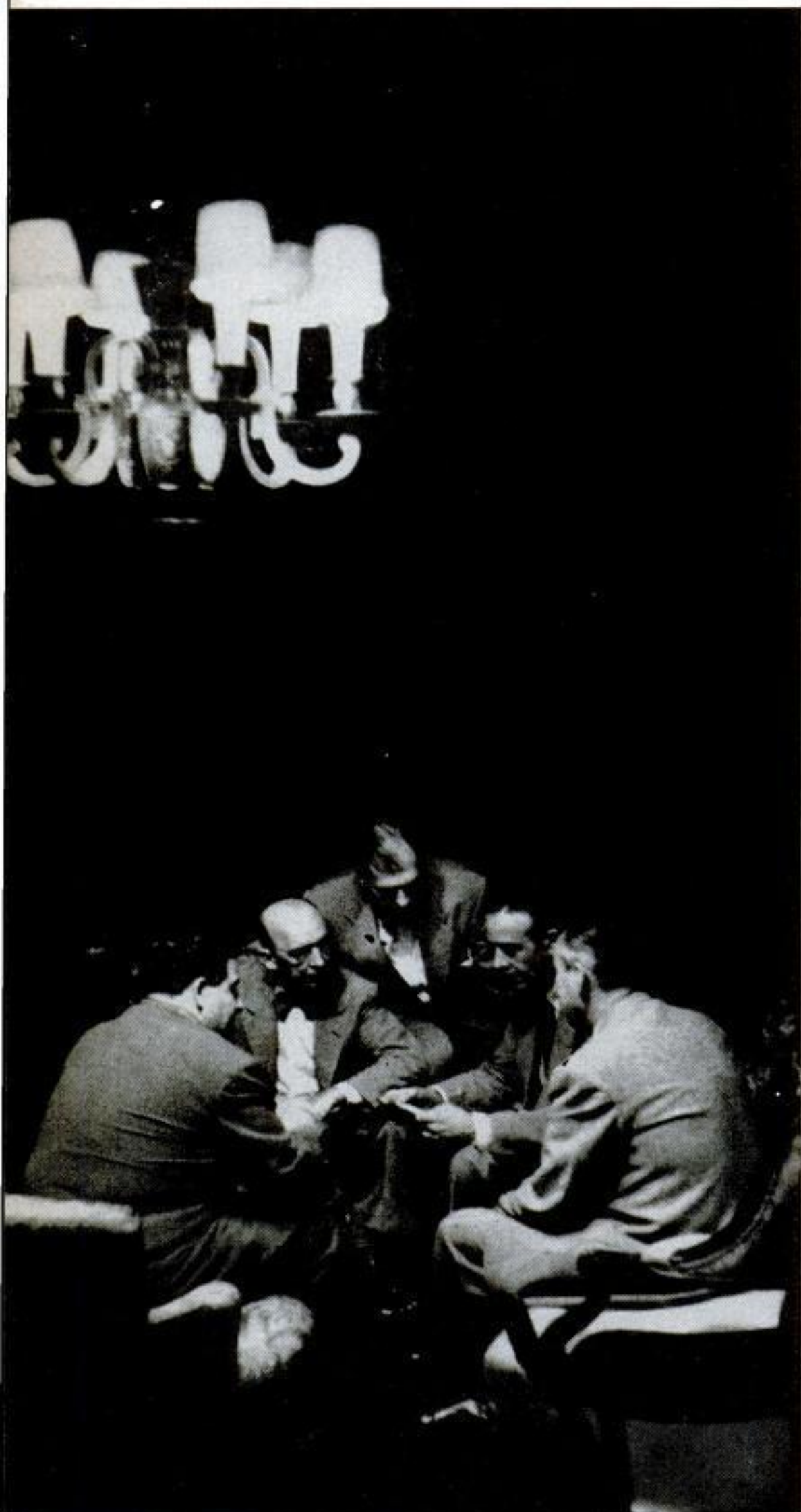
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LABOR LEADERS WIN A PYRRHIC TRIUMPH

The labor chieftains moved into the convention early and in many a hotel room meeting directed their efforts toward obtaining a party platform they could accept. Their one effective move involved a candidacy: that of Vice President Barkley. Before the convention began, word spread that Harry Truman wanted Barkley to be the nominee. Barkley stock sky-rocketed. Then the 74-year-old Veep heard dislocating news. Several influential labor leaders had made anti-Barkley phone calls to the White House.

Barkley invited 10 of them to breakfast with him in his suite and tell him why. They did. Said Jack Kroll, C.I.O. Political Action Committee head, "The job of President is too much for a man of your age. Also, you came into the field late in the game—our fellows have good faith commitments to other candidates." Barkley said, "I'm a very vigorous man. I'm like a man of 40." Replied Auto Workers' President Walter Reuther kindly, "Life teaches us that you sometimes have to hurt most the people you love most." But Barkley issued a bitter, un-Barkleyan statement: he was withdrawing because of the opposition of "certain self-anointed political labor leaders." This alarmed the party strategists who feared another "clear it with Sidney" stigma. Then came a tactful invitation: would Barkley do the convention the honor of addressing it?

Two nights later Alben Barkley strode out on the rostrum to make his address. From a packed and screaming amphitheater he received a 64-minute ovation that told him in what affection the Democratic party held him. This was not only balm to a grievous wound but a rebuke to the labor strategists. Presently some of their friends also got their come-uppance (*next page*).



UNDER THE CHANDELIER in his Blackstone Hotel suite the C.I.O.-affiliated delegates from Massachusetts politick earnestly with Averell Harriman.



BEHIND CLOSED DOORS Jack Kroll, the director of P.A.C., holds a caucus with C.I.O. delegates, each one of whom had to rise and identify himself

before the meeting proceeded. Actually C.I.O. and A.F.L. together had only about 200 delegates, who were divided among Kefauver, Harriman, Stevenson.



AT THE PEAK of his presidential boom Barkley toured the various state delegation headquarters with his wife to solicit their support. Here he has



mounted a hotel chair to address the Massachusetts group while Mrs. Barkley tried not to look too proud of her husband. He told many delegations, "If I am the candidate, I guarantee that the message will be delivered to Garcia."

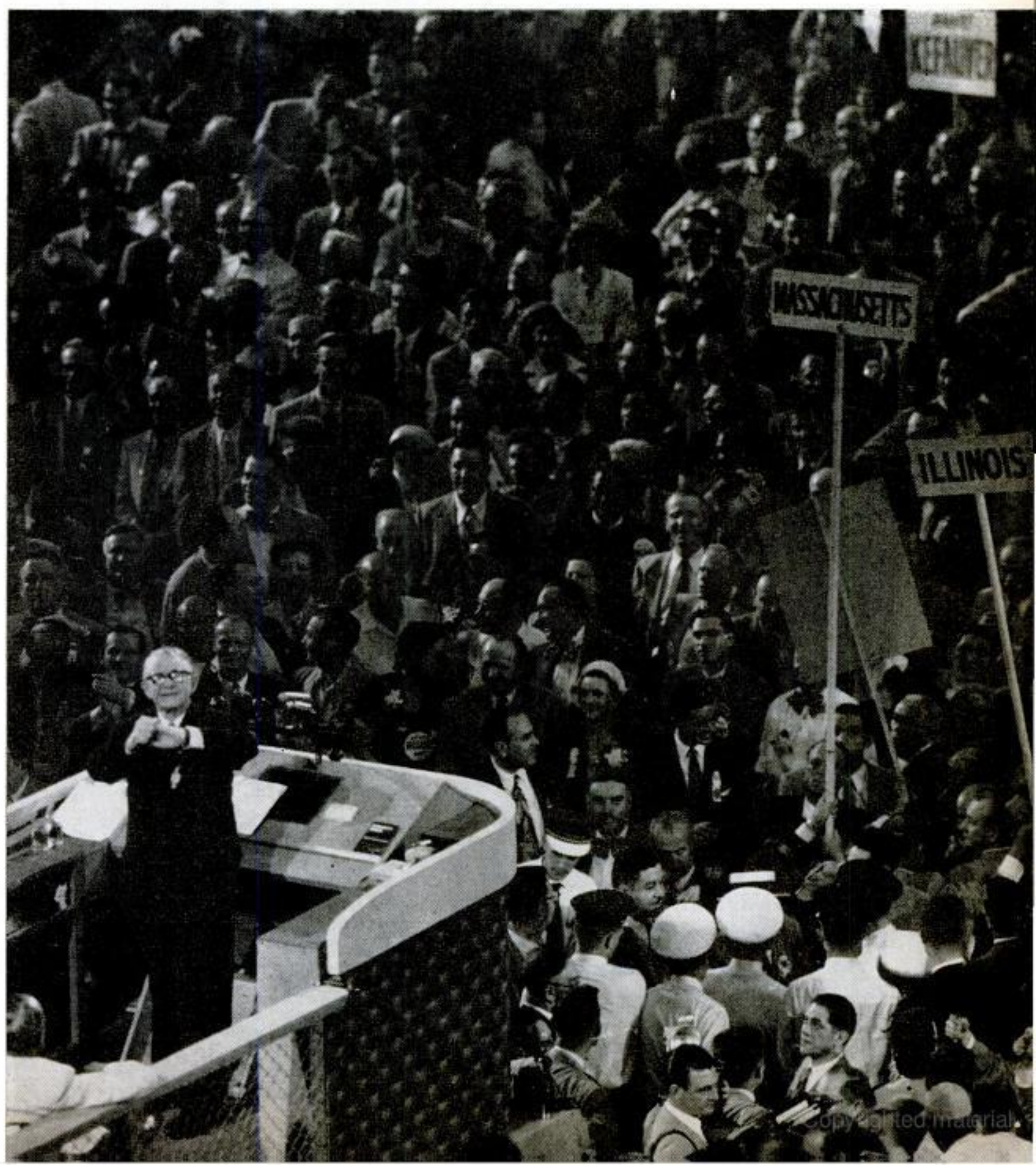
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BAD NEWS for Barkley came at the breakfast to which he invited labor men; right foreground: U.A.W.-C.I.O. President Reuther. After he heard the news, Barkley said, "I cannot conceive of this."



OVATION evoked tears from many spectators like that on left cheek of this Florida legislator, made Barkley bow and beam (*below*) to every part of the hall. He clipped off a career of 47 years in politics with a final word: "Good-by."



OBJECTORS FROM THE SOUTH



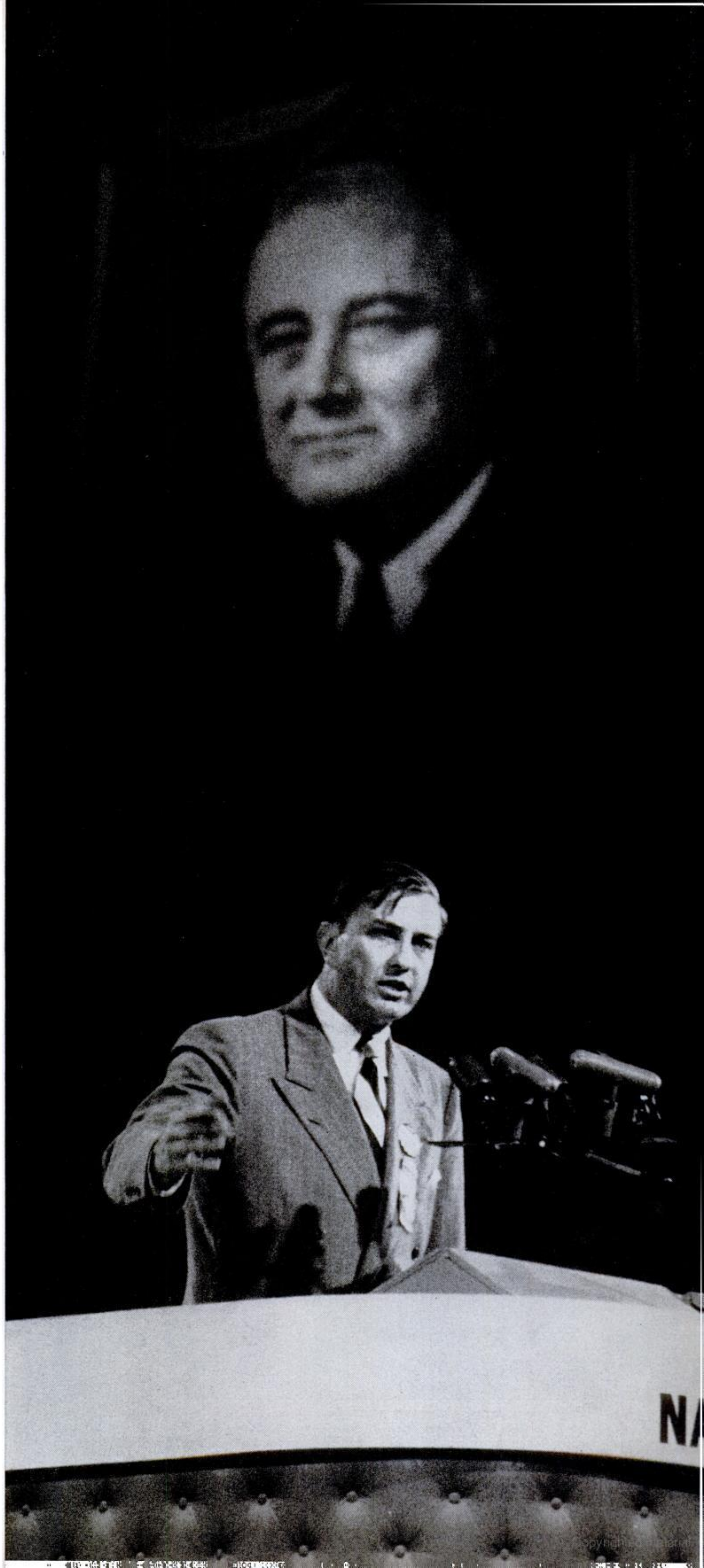
FOR VIRGINIA, Governor Battle, with Senator Byrd looking on, agreed to see that the convention nominees appear on ballot but refuses to sign oath.



FOR GEORGIA, cigar-smoking Governor Talmadge argued oath contravened state law, finally signed version after huddles on convention floor.



FOR SOUTH CAROLINA, Governor Byrnes (beside Edgar Brown) fought oath but agreed in principle after shouting, "I refuse to be cross questioned."

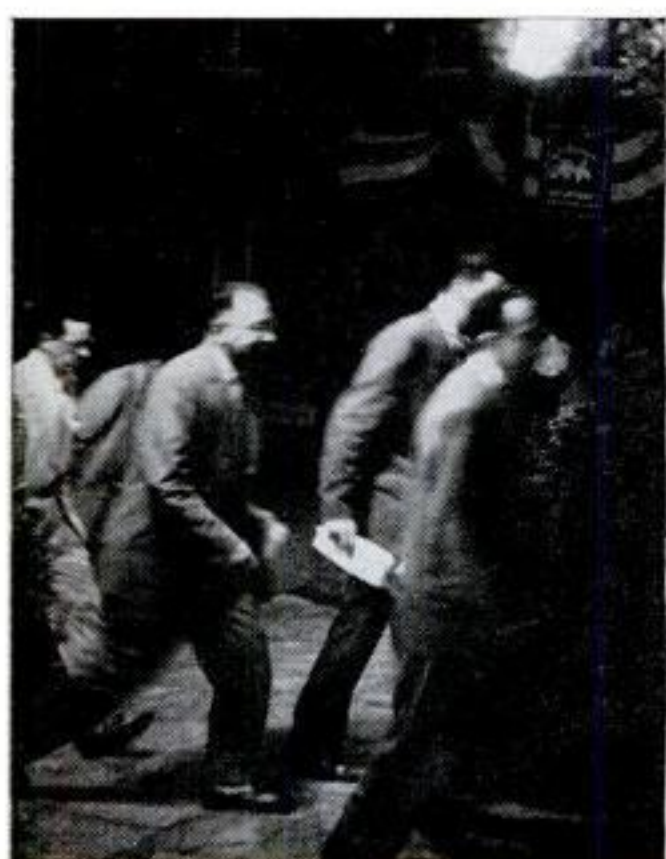


THE 'YOUNG TURKS' MARCH UP HILL AND THEN MARCH DOWN AGAIN

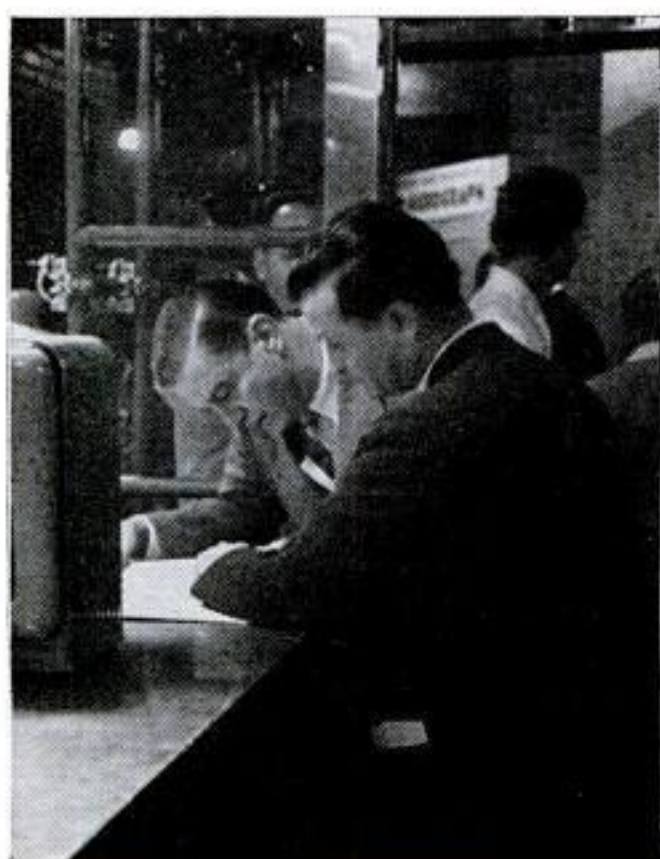
Like their labor allies some extreme Fair Dealers also started an aggressive move. They set out to seize control of the party, and lay down the law to the conservative South. If the Young Turks had succeeded, the Democrats might have had a new kind of party, controlled by labor and themselves. They were led by four young firebrands, Congressman Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. of New York (*left*), Governor G. Mennen Williams, Senator Blair Moody of Michigan and Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota. They hit at the South by forcing through a "Loyalty Oath" requiring each delegation to support the convention's nominee

and platform in its state. They hoped to enforce conformity on the Southern states, some of which were suspected of planning to put Eisenhower electors on the Democratic ballot. But their resolution held more enthusiasm than foresight, and almost at once they got in hot water. Some delegations by state law could not sign up, some old-time politicians were aghast at the thought of a walkout by rebel states in a fateful election year and the Young Turks found themselves with more enemies than backers. They faltered and were pressured into watering the terms of their oath. But even then they kept the floor in uproar. They were fighting

to throw out three state delegations that would not even sign the diluted pledge and, in effect, to unseat three old-hand politicians, Governor Byrnes of South Carolina, Senator Byrd of Virginia and Governor Kennon of Louisiana. Here again, even though they were in coalition with the powerful Kefauver forces, the Young Turks failed and the delegates were seated on a mere promise to comply with the sense of the oath. At this the firebrands, seeing their enemies legally seated, gave up their high-flown aspirations and marched downhill, probably glumly feeling much as Kennon described them—"Youngsters, just a wee bit wild."



PLANNING of proposed coup kept F.D.R. Jr. (*second from right*) running. Here he goes to Stockyards Inn parley.



ATTACK began with Moody resolution, here being rephrased by Moody and Roosevelt at floor lunch counter.



STRATEGY HUDDLE on stand went on before Moody, member of rules committee, presented resolution. Left to right are Chairman McKinney, "Fishbait" Miller, Sergeant at Arms Biffle, Moody, Williams, Parliamentarian Cannon.



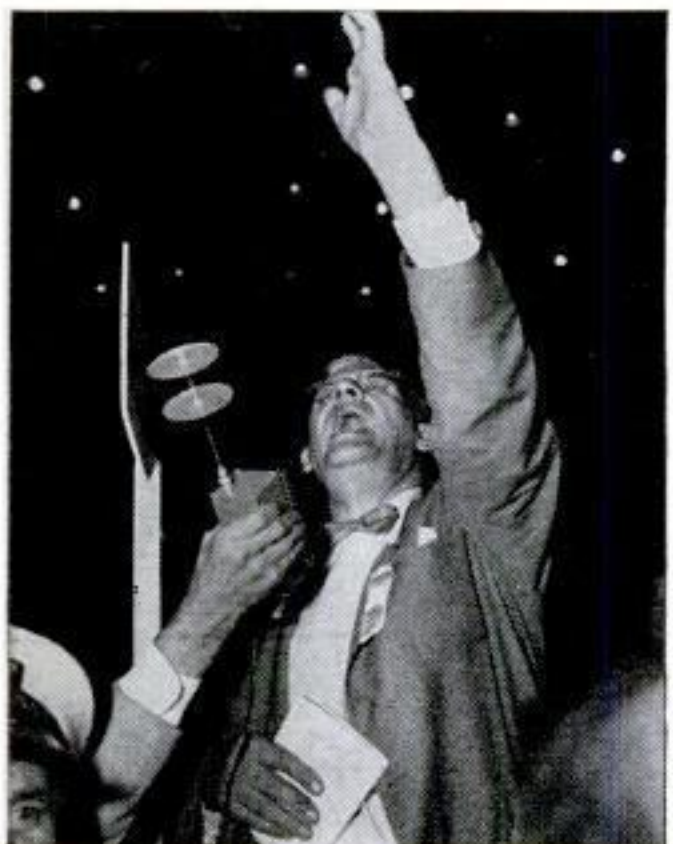
TEMPORARY SMILE comes to faces of Young Turks, Moody (*left*) and Williams. They apparently thought that they were going to win their big fight.



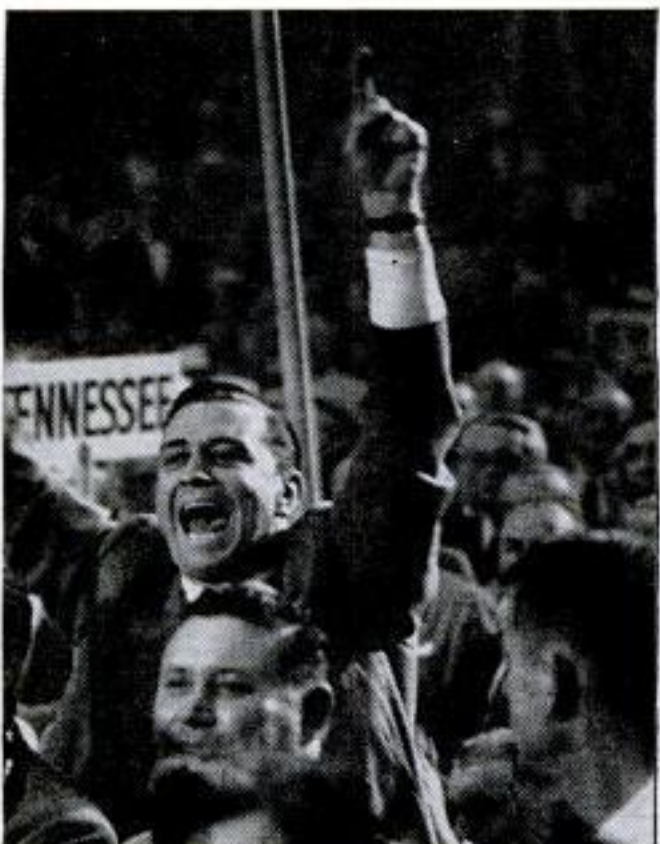
NIGHT SESSION which lasted until 4 a.m. brought labor and liberals together in hotel. From left: Senator Humphrey, Reuther of U.A.W. and Williams.



DOWNWARD MARCH is started by Turks in credentials committee when Roosevelt makes loyalty oath less offensive by inserting an escape clause.



DELAYING ACTION demand of senior Turk Senator Douglas asks adjournment to halt seating the rebels.



"MR. CHAIRMAN," cries Turk Roosevelt, backing up Douglas' demand for an adjournment that failed.



A LAST DITCH at 4 a.m. on Friday at Congress Hotel found liberals and labor confronted with the near-certainty of Stevenson's nomination. But even then Roosevelt told delegates, "I put a question mark after the name of Stevenson."



COY AIDE Donald Dawson protests without conviction "I'm not really the President's emissary."



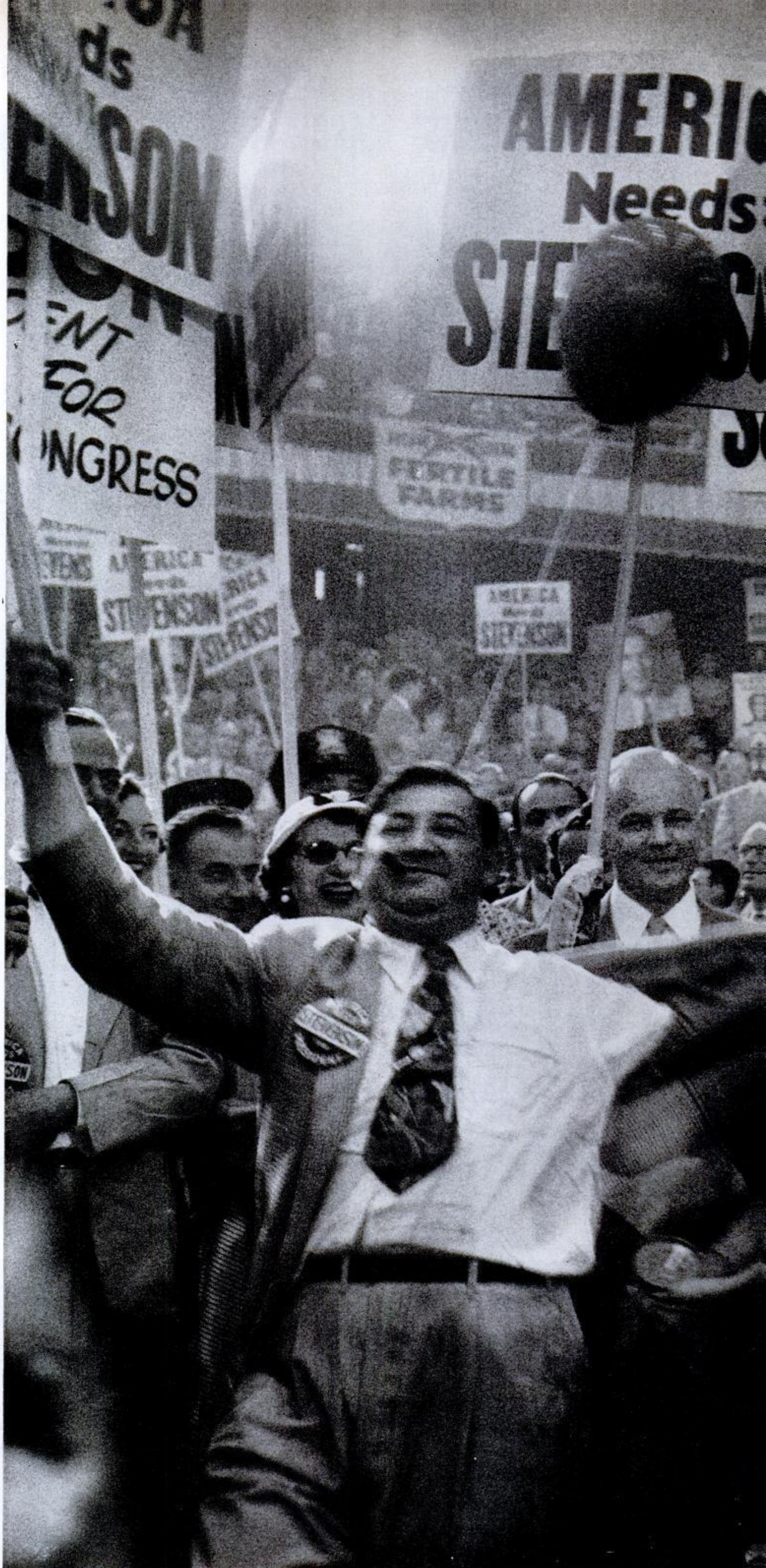
IN PRESS of delegates during a poll Majority Leader John McCormack discusses trends with a friend.



FLOOR MANAGER Myers, first pro to work in hall for Stevenson, leads the Pennsylvania caucus.



HEAD TO HEAD with delegate, Truman aide Les Biffle passes word as he moves from group to group.



LIKE A BAT a rapturous Stevenson adherent (foreground) spread his coat as though it were wings

during the 30-minute demonstration which followed nomination of Stevenson. Convention regulations



technically limited demonstrations to 20 minutes, forbade use of paid demonstrators used by G.O.P.



STEVENSON AMATEURS DEMONSTRATE AT HILTON

PROS TAKE CHARGE, BANDWAGON MOVES

Even before the warring factions shook the amphitheater microphones, it was obvious that what any good doctor would prescribe for the party was a candidate. Against each of the first five who clamored for the job there was at least one effective objection. And the one really eligible man, Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, had all but declared himself out. So emphatically so, that on the Sunday before the convention opened the only Stevenson-for-President headquarters was seven rooms on the 15th floor of the Hilton. It had been opened by a University of Chicago professor, Walter Johnson, manned by volunteers. They had little but soft drinks and faith to offer the delegates who came seeking encouragement on that first day.

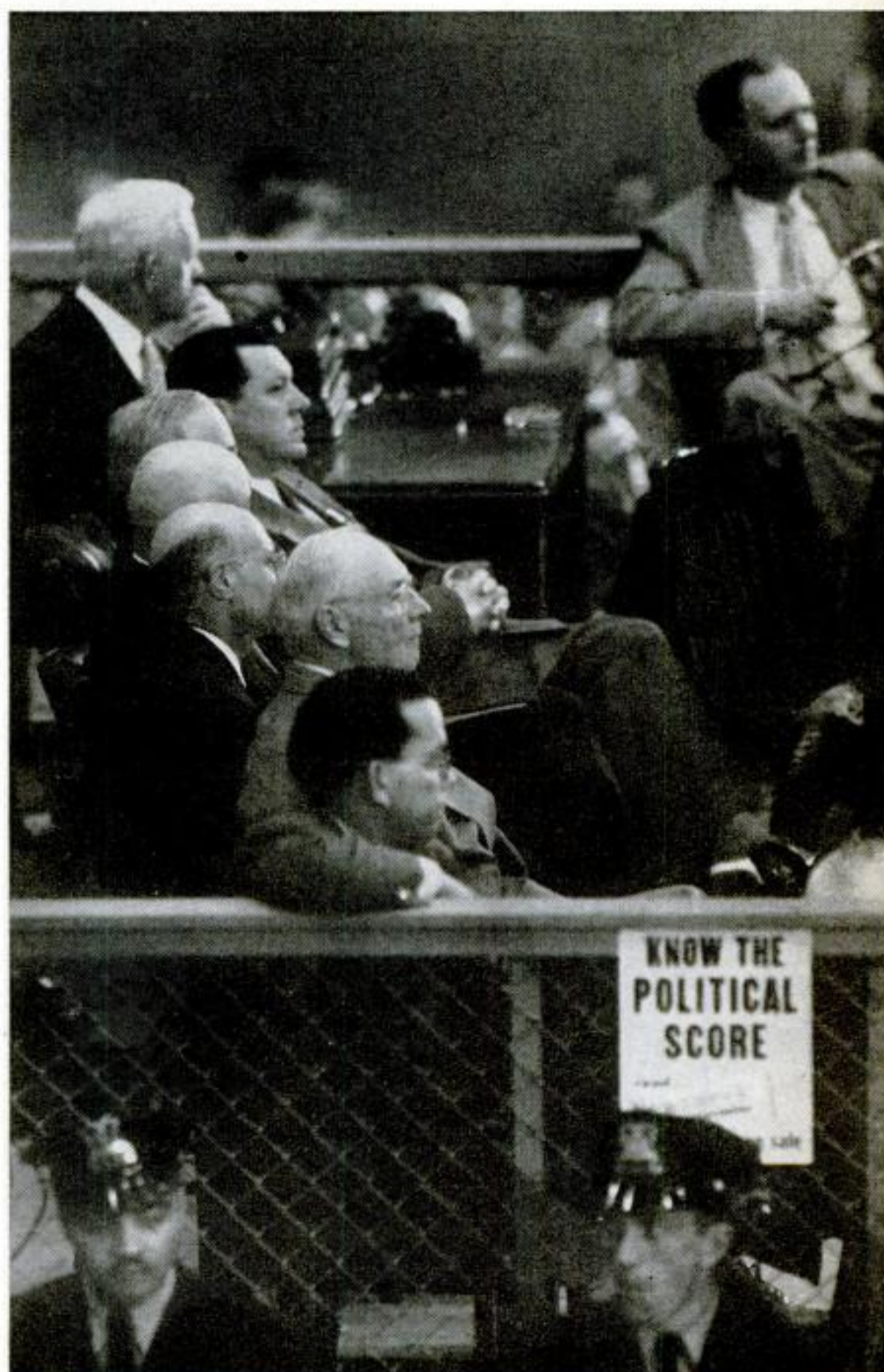
The pros had already bowed out. Chicago bosses like Jack Arvey had asked the governor to be a candidate at least 12 times. The White House had all but issued a presidential summons and, being rebuffed, finally had turned to others in irritation and frustration. When all these efforts failed, the pros tried again.

This time the men who took the lead were candidates seeking re-election. An hour after Stevenson had appeared before the convention (p. 28), Indiana's Governor Henry F. Schricker told a strategy meeting that he would nominate Stevenson—willing or not. He found eager supporters in Senate Candidates Archibald Alexander of New Jersey and young John Kennedy of Massachusetts. Then Pittsburgh's mayor and boss Dave Lawrence named ex-Senator Francis Myers to be Stevenson floor manager. The White House moved in on the act. So swiftly did the Stevenson boom take hold that the correspondents began conceding his nomination that very night.

Actually it was not that easy. The front runner, Estes Kefauver, had a good 340 votes while the South's champion, Richard Brevard Russell, held another solid 268 votes and the balance of power. But Kefauver, by voting with the Young Turks, had alienated the South and had no prospect of getting the deciding votes, while Russell, without the city bosses, had little prospect of improving his initially strong showing. On the third ballot New York, which had given Averell Harriman 83½ votes, threw in with Stevenson and cinched the nomination for the reluctant candidate from Illinois.



CONTROL came when the Stevenson forces decided that antiloyalty-pledge Southern delegations should be seated for harmony's sake. Here Sam Rayburn is about to recognize vote-switching Illinois.



VICTORY found party "wheels" on hand for Stevenson acceptance speech. Front to rear: Fishbait Miller, Joe Gill (with glasses), Jack Arvey, Rayburn, Truman, McKinney and Chicago Mayor Kennelly.



BEATEN CANDIDATE Estes Kefauver sits in a daze on speaker's platform during last ballot. He

had attempted to make withdrawal speech during voting but had been refused by Chairman Rayburn.



NANCY KEFAUVER WATCHES FATEFUL BALLOTING

THE END IS DESPAIR, AN ELOQUENT VICTORY

The climax of the convention brought unity of a sort to the party, but it left Estes Kefauver a glassy-eyed casualty. In the hysterical wind-up of his exhaustive six-month campaign he had spent five 20-hour days trying to stop the drift to Stevenson. His appearance on the platform to acknowledge the end was a study in despair.

Two hours later Adlai Stevenson, with almost biblical eloquence, accepted the call of the convention. Said he of the nomination, "... From such dread responsibility one does not shrink in fear, in self-interest or in false humility. So, 'if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, Thy will be done.'"

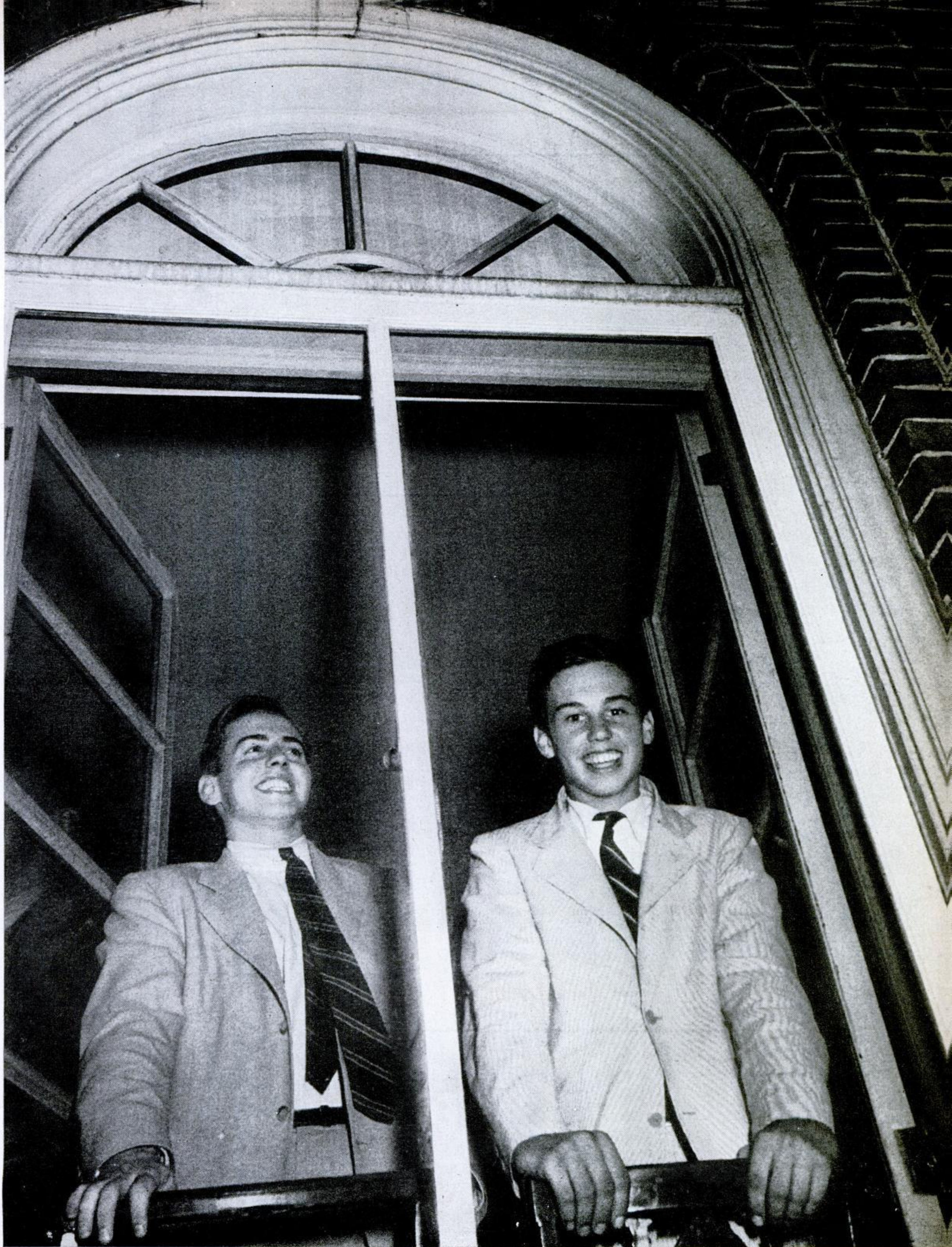
As their vice-presidential nominee, the ballot-weary delegates unanimously chose John Sparkman, 52-year-old senator from Alabama. On the platform (*below*) Sparkman, hopefully a compromise candidate between the Fair Dealers and the South, gave a manual demonstration of the sort of political ambidexterity he would have to provide for Stevenson in the coming campaign.



DEMOCRATIC DIGITS are variously waved near Stevenson. President Truman is telling delegates he wants to hear the candidate, and ticket-mate Sparkman



is making double victory sign. Sparkman, son of poor tenant farmers, has been delegate to U.N., is member of Senate banking and foreign relations committees.



AFTER A NIGHT TO REMEMBER two of the nominee's three sons smile from the Blair home at 4:30 a.m. John Fell Stevenson, 16 (*right*), was still thrilled

by the applause that followed his father's acceptance. Borden, 19, was not so sure. Asked how it felt to appear on the platform, he said, "I like it better here."

SALUTE, GOVERNOR

In picking Adlai Stevenson, the Democrats made the best possible choice open to them, thus following the Republican example. For a man whose actual achievements are practically unknown outside Illinois, Stevenson enjoys wondrously good national repute. This is due to the enthusiasm of his friends and to his own impressive charm as a speaker and writer. On platform or on paper, he makes more sense than most politicians. He appeals to highbrows and many members of the Brooks Brothers or station-wagon set as one of their own kind, yet is a proven vote-getter as well. His so-called Hamlet complex, or habit of public wrassles with his conscience, will remind some voters of Lincoln, others of Hoover.

Stevenson does not talk like the Democratic platform. He would modify but not repeal Taft-Hartley; he has vigorously

denounced federal bureaucracy and the "tidal drift toward . . . mammoth government"; and he recently described the most important domestic issues of 1952 as "inflation and national solvency," along with corruption. Sounds like he was after Republican votes; and his station-wagon friends may give him a few.

The rigors of the campaign will throw light on whether Stevenson's many personal gifts would make him a good President. Not the least of these rigors will be his task of holding the Democrats together. The party picked him not because he thinks like a Democrat but because he looked like its best bet for victory. As with Ike and the Republicans, that may make trouble later. Meanwhile, here's a hearty welcome to a smart and gallant candidate.

WHITE SUPREMACY

The Democratic fight between Northern liberals and Southern Bourbons seemed sure to produce a real schism, worse than the Dixiecrat revolt of 1948. One of the reasons it didn't is that the assumed cause of the fight—civil rights—is completely unreal.

Civil rights means Negro rights. Up until twelve, eight, even four years ago, this was *the* issue that united all Southern whites. For their control of the Southern party and of the congressional chairmanships it brought them, the Southern Bourbons depended on a complex of local interests and prejudices, but this complex had just one key: white supremacy. Since the rest of the country does not profess white supremacy, here was a genuine division which had to be masked every four years.

Many of these Bourbons still believe in white supremacy, and a few still find that it pays to profess it in some corners of the old South. But it is no longer the key to political power in the South. On the contrary, the majority of Southerners now know it to be a lost cause.

The Bourbons themselves are adjusting to the new emancipation of the Negro as fast as they have to. That means pretty fast. Thanks in part to the New Deal, but mostly to the war and the wider dispersal of the Negro population, America's No. 1 social problem has lost its regional distortion. The majority of Southerners now think like the majority of Northerners on the race question (and know more about it).

Politically, therefore, the Negro presents the same problem and opportunity to North and South alike.

The Southern politician has seen the Southern Negro win his right to vote, to be educated, to be tried fairly in court and to be treated equally in the Armed Services. What he must win next—in the North as well as the South—is equal opportunity in employment. This is still a ticklish issue, but Southern politicians no longer base their careers on the effort to stop it. They have discovered that political power in the South can rest on other bases than white supremacy.

So the Southern Bourbon has ceased to be a real problem to the conscience of the Northern Democrat. But since Eisenhower had won the Republican convention on a moral issue, some opportunistic liberals of the ADA thought they could advance Harriman's candidacy by making a moral issue of civil rights. They failed. They were even unable to define such an issue, either in the civil-rights plank or in the various versions of their loyalty oaths. The ADA crowd merely aroused personal enmities and gave the impression that they don't think Southerners are people.

So the "great schism" over civil rights was really just a factional spat. As Walter Lippmann declared, "No great principle touching the relations of the races or the constitution was genuinely at stake." White supremacy has lost its political importance, and the Democratic convention of 1952 proved it.

ANTI-TRUMANISM

Seeking new bases of political power to replace white supremacy (*above*), the Southern Bourbons found one in Truman himself. He has invested their old euphemistic slogans—notably states' rights—with real meaning. "States' rights" now means not white supremacy but anti-Trumanism. It stands for the South's hatred of bureaucracy, spending, general handouts, and the White House alliance with labor.

A good example of Southern anti-Trumanism is the Richmond *Times-Dispatch's* attack on the Democratic platform. It says it "appeals in every possible manner to the cupidity and laziness of the citizenry" and makes the Democrats the "hand-out party." As if to prove the *Times-Dispatch's* point the Democrats adopted a ditty called "Don't Let Them Take It Away".

During the North-South fight in the convention, the

Northern liberals got some purposeful support from Walter Reuther. He has different ideas than most Democrats about the two-party system. If the South wants to bolt, said he hopefully, "let this happen. Let the realignment of the parties proceed." The new lineup Reuther has in mind is a liberal-labor party (ex-Democratic) versus a conservative party (ex-Republican). Senator Humphrey and other ADA firebrands are on this tack. This is no mere sectional issue.

So maybe Humphrey was near the mark when he called the official Southern delegates "Republicans with a Southern accent." Maybe the time is at hand when a Southerner will not think that epithet insulting. Now that the growing emancipation of the Negro is destroying the evil link in its sectional armor, the South is overdue for the two-party system.



TWO TOTS IN A TUB RECOVER FROM POLIO

Rebecca Powell and Rose Ann Hart, Houston 2-year-olds, were paddling in a therapy tank last week recovering from polio. The disease struck them in June at the beginning of the most severe epidemic ever to hit Texas. Up to mid-July the state reported 1,842 cases, double the average for past years. In one Houston hospital a game room was crammed full of iron lungs. In others therapy proceeded on an assembly line basis.

The news was equally alarming in other parts of the country, which seemed destined for its worst polio epidemic. But there was reason for hope. In Houston and Sioux City, Iowa, doctors have completed the largest polio experiment in history, inoculating 50,000 children to test "GG" (gamma globulin), a blood component. If it proves effective against the polio virus, GG may become the first real weapon against paralytic polio.

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Eva Perón is dead, Puerto Rican assassin is spared and IACSPBAAML sets up headquarters in Paris

Eva Perón, the most spectacular Cinderella girl of her time, died last week in her early 30s in Argentina's presidential palace. As her long illness—reported to be cancer—closed in on Evita (LIFE, July 28), daily Masses for her recovery were held before vast crowds. Once an obscure, \$45-a-month actress, she married Juan Perón in 1945, became the most powerful woman in the Western hemisphere. She controlled newspapers, engineered laws and spent millions on her favorite projects. Ruthless in using her vast power, she once wrote that all she wanted was "a line in Argentine history saying that beside Perón, there was a woman whom everyone called Evita." Last year she almost became vice-president, but the army balked at the possibility of a woman commander in chief, and in a weeping broadcast she renounced her great ambition. But before she died, in a last gesture, the Argentines awarded her the collar of the Order of the Liberator San Martín. This qualifies Eva Perón for burial with presidential honors.

* * *

Congress' cut in arms aid to Europe threatened to have damaging effects in France. Observers warn that the reduction in aid may reduce French commitments to the European army, reduce the French effort in Indo-China, unbalance the delicate French budget and even bring about the fall of the promising Pinay government by necessitating increased French taxes.

Farouk abdicates

Riffling the cards in a poker game, Egypt's Farouk once predicted: "Soon there'll be only five kings, the King of England and the four in this deck." Last week Farouk joined the ranks of unemployed monarchs. After his second marriage Farouk had tried to settle down. But when he demanded that corruption be rooted out, ministers found trails leading to the court itself. At last, disgusted with Farouk's protection of palace friends, General Mohammed Naguib seized power and gave Farouk orders: 1) abdicate, 2) leave Egypt. Farouk's personal



EX-KING, QUEEN, NEW KING FUAD II



IN A RAINSTORM IN BUENOS AIRES CROWD HEARS A MASS ASKING FOR THE RECOVERY OF EVA PERON

flag was hauled down and the monarch boarded his yacht and sailed away from Alexandria as the army proclaimed his 6-month-old son King Fuad II of Egypt and the Sudan.

* * *

Hjalmar Schacht, the financial wizard of the Hitler regime and one of the few men to get off scot free at the Nuremberg trials, was turned down by the Hamburg senate when he applied for a banking license. The senate based its decision on a catchall 1934 law which makes anyone of "insufficient honor" ineligible for a license. Schacht's honor was found wanting because he had contributed to the "strengthening of Nazi rulers" and the "ruination of German economy." Author of the catchall law: Nazi Finance Minister Schacht.

* * *

In a Paris restaurant customer Jean Magnieu ordered lobster and, when offered his pick from a basket, suggested that they were not fresh. As Magnieu explained in court, the proprietor "picked up the biggest and held it to my nose, which it seized." Magnieu won 100,000 francs damages after rejecting the restaurant owner's settlement offer of free lobster nightly.

Wa-Merus lose their home

Kirilo Japhet, a Wa-Meru tribesman, had traveled 10,000 miles, all the way from Tanganyika, Africa, to plead his people's cause before the U.N. Trusteeship Council in New York. The British had evicted 3,000 Wa-Merus from their 80,000 acres of land and moved them to another area. In the Swahili tongue Japhet told of burned homes, stillborn babies and lost farms, and asked that the land be returned to his people. The British replied that they had given the Wa-Merus ample warning and that the new land was more fertile. The U.N. expressed sympathy for the Wa-Merus but ruled that the eviction would stand.

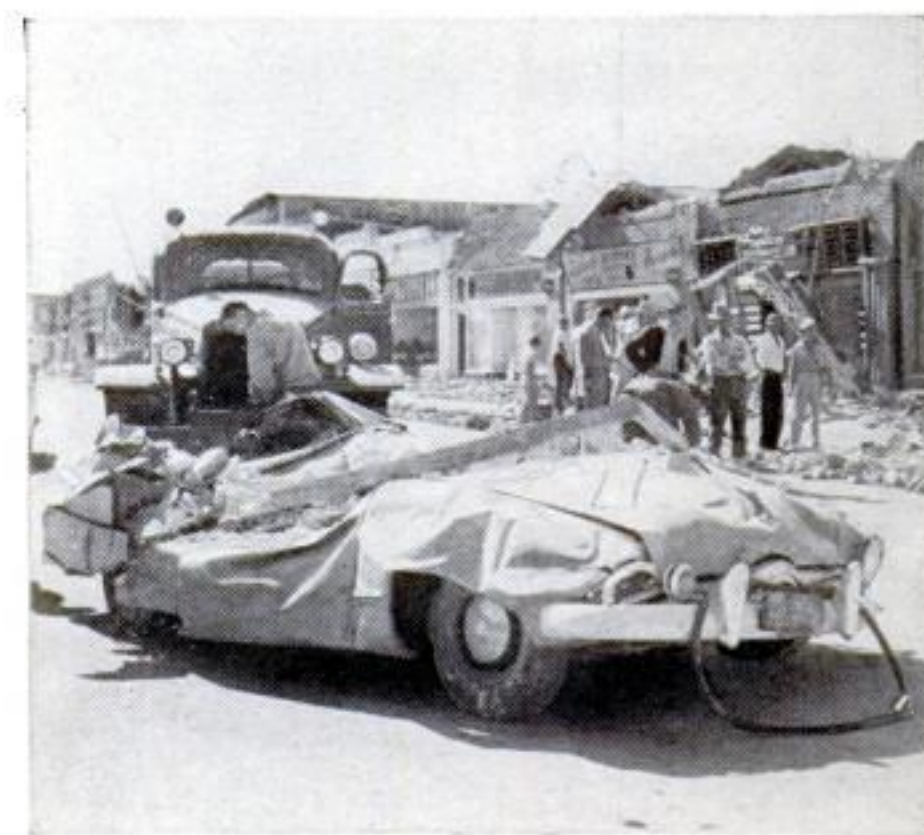
One murderer escaped death last week, and one did not. President Truman commuted to life imprisonment the death sentence of Oscar Collazo, the Puerto Rican who killed a policeman in a 1950 attempt to assassinate Truman. But in Montreal, Genereux Ruest was hanged for making the time bomb which blew up a Canadian Pacific airliner in 1949, killing 23 people.

* * *

Paris, already the headquarters for SHAPE and NATO, will soon be headquarters for IACSPBAAML—the International Administrative Council for the Supervision and Preventive Battle Against the African Migratory Locust.

Earthquake in California

California suffered the most severe earthquake since the 1906 San Francisco disaster. In Tehachapi (pop. 1,600), 115 miles north of Los Angeles, 12 people were killed and all major buildings toppled, crushing automobiles like ping-pong balls. Scientists estimated that the earth-shaking effect of the quake was equal to the blast of 100,000 atomic bombs.



QUAKE CRUSHES CAR IN TEHACHAPI

Make a HIT with your ball team!



Soup is perfect for your one hot dish with cool summer meals!
Experienced mothers know... and nutrition experts confirm... that every meal needs at least one hot dish. And right across America, a top favorite hot dish at midday is soup. For soup is grand good eating... and it makes cold foods taste better, too! Rich with the wholesome goodness of meats and vegetables, the whole family likes it... and it's done in a jiffy—you and your kitchen stay cool! There are so many delicious Campbell's Soups to choose from... Have soup for lunch today!



SOUP, SALAD AND DESSERT
Campbell's
Bean with Bacon Soup
Plump, nourishing beans made extra-savory with the flavor of smoky Bacon!
Lettuce, Cheese Dressing Sliced Fresh Peaches



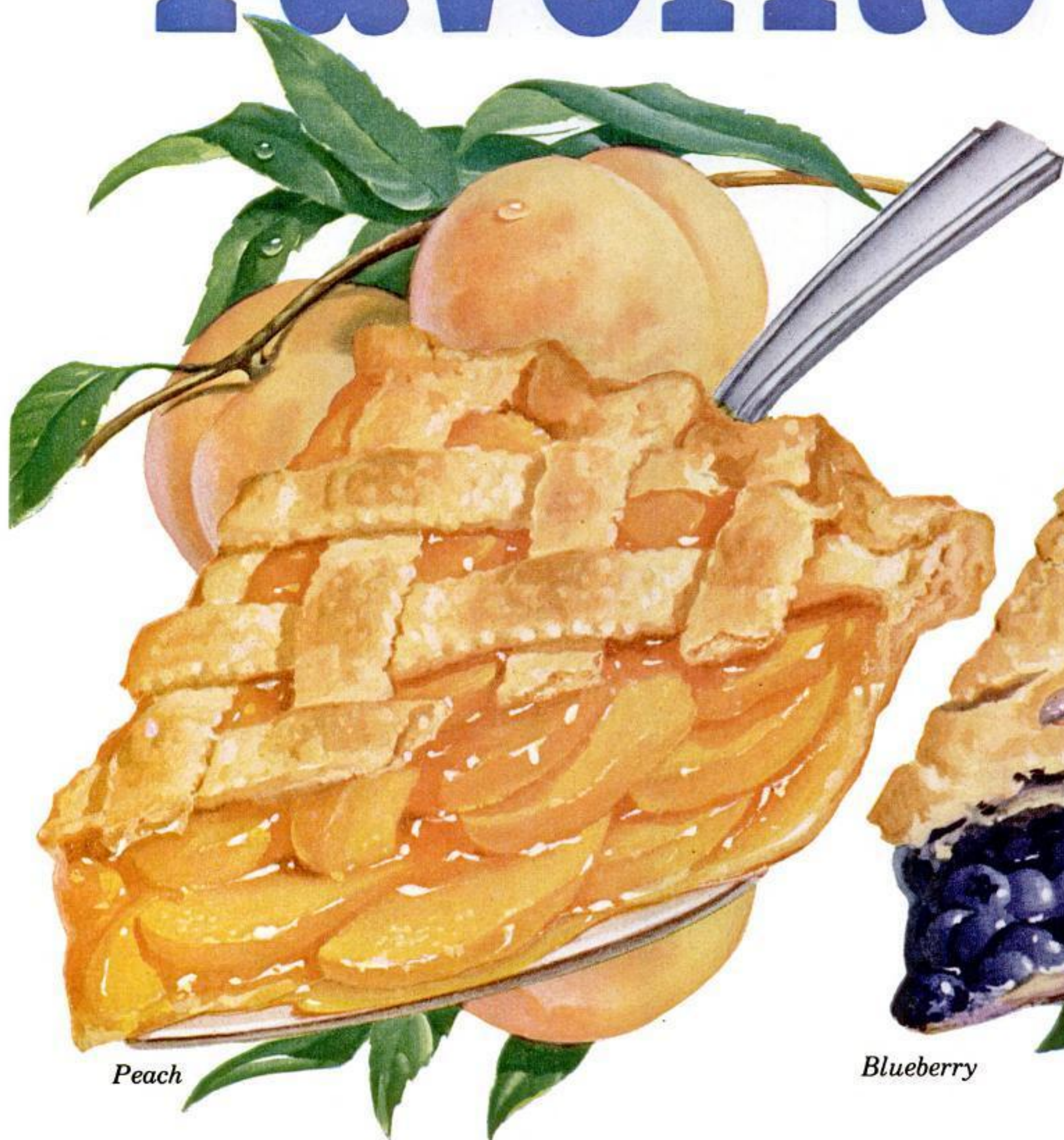
SOUP, SANDWICH AND DESSERT
Campbell's
Chicken Noodle Soup
Tender pieces of chicken with egg noodles in gleaming golden broth!
Tomato and Lettuce Sandwiches Lemon Sherbet



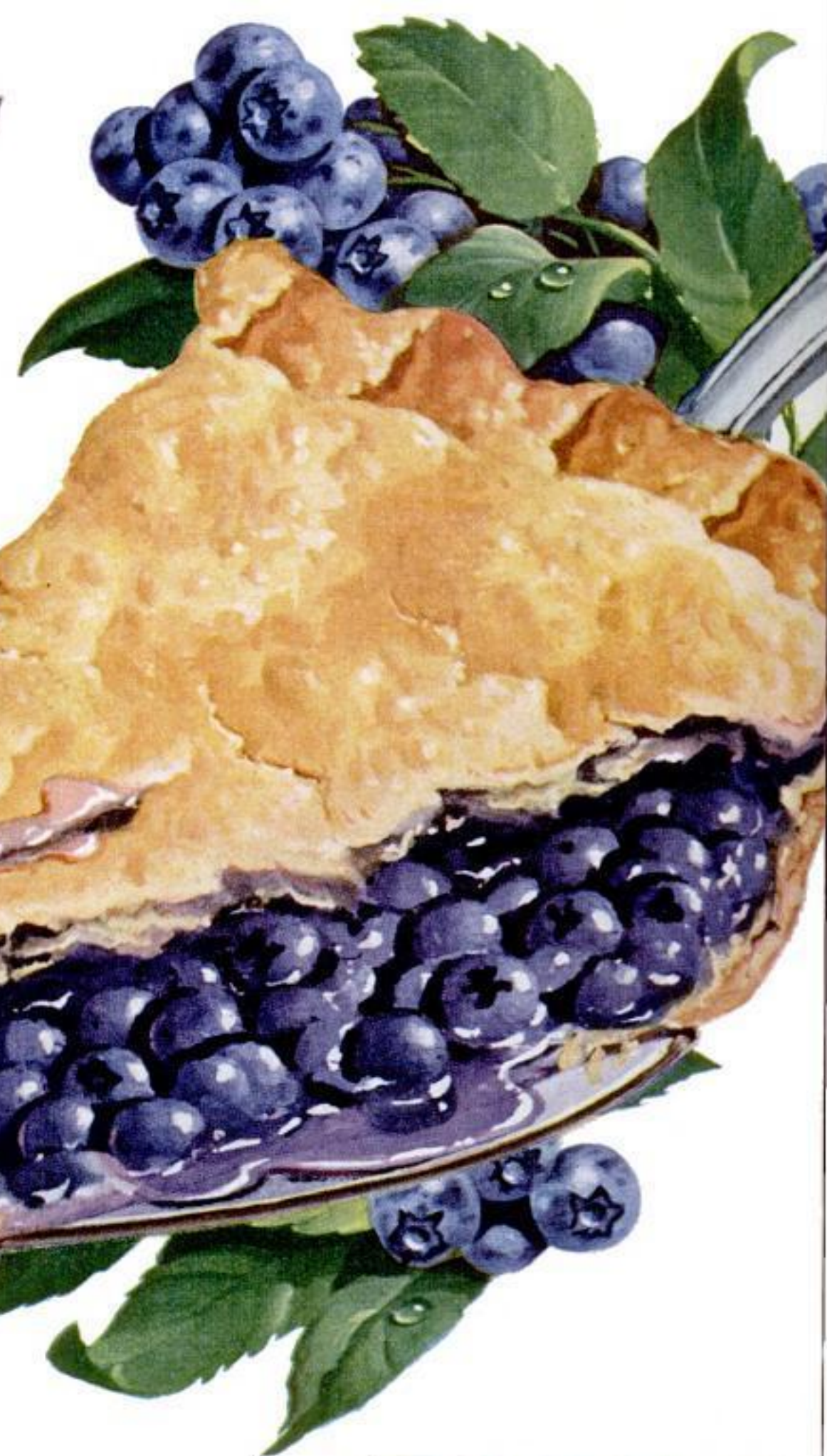
"My Soup Shelf is a WONDERFUL Help!"
"I try to keep several cans of the family's favorites always on hand. That way, I'm ready for any meal-planning. And of course I'm never without Tomato Soup and Cream of Mushroom. I use them so much in my cooking, too!"

It's open season on your

Favorite Fruit



Peach



Blueberry

Now, Flakier Crust with Chill-Blended Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix...

What's the favorite fruit pie at your house? Make your choice. And you can rise up and make it easier than you ever thought, with Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix. This is the Chill-Blended Mix that

gives you the old-time, all-time secret of flakiness. Flour and shortening are blended at low temperatures to produce a crust that flakes away at a hungry look. Serve him a pie like this tonight and he'll likely dance you around the room. Go ahead—and do it!

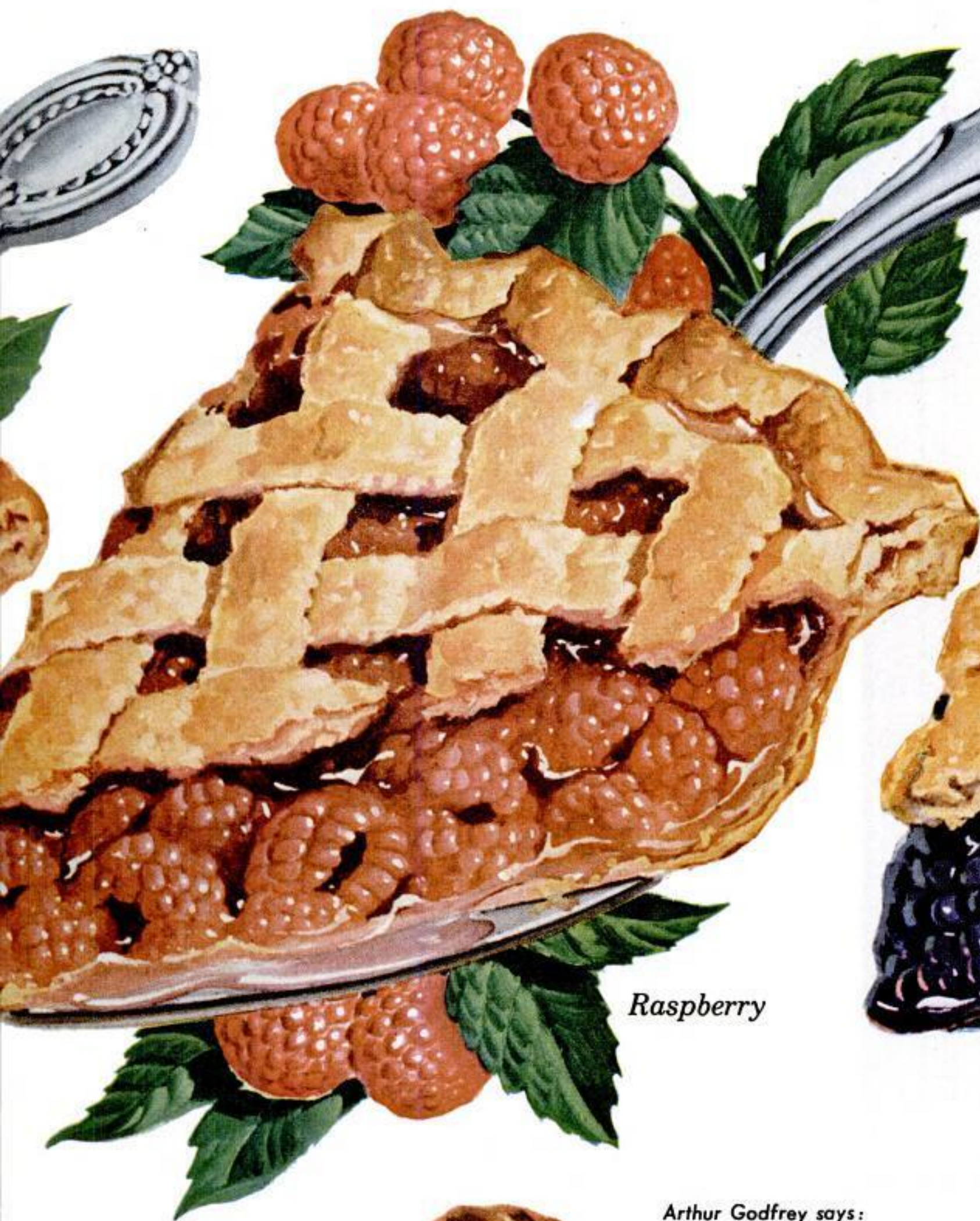
Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix

THE CHILL-BLENDED MIX



Pies

*Pies like these are easy,
and wonderfully flaky, with
Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix*



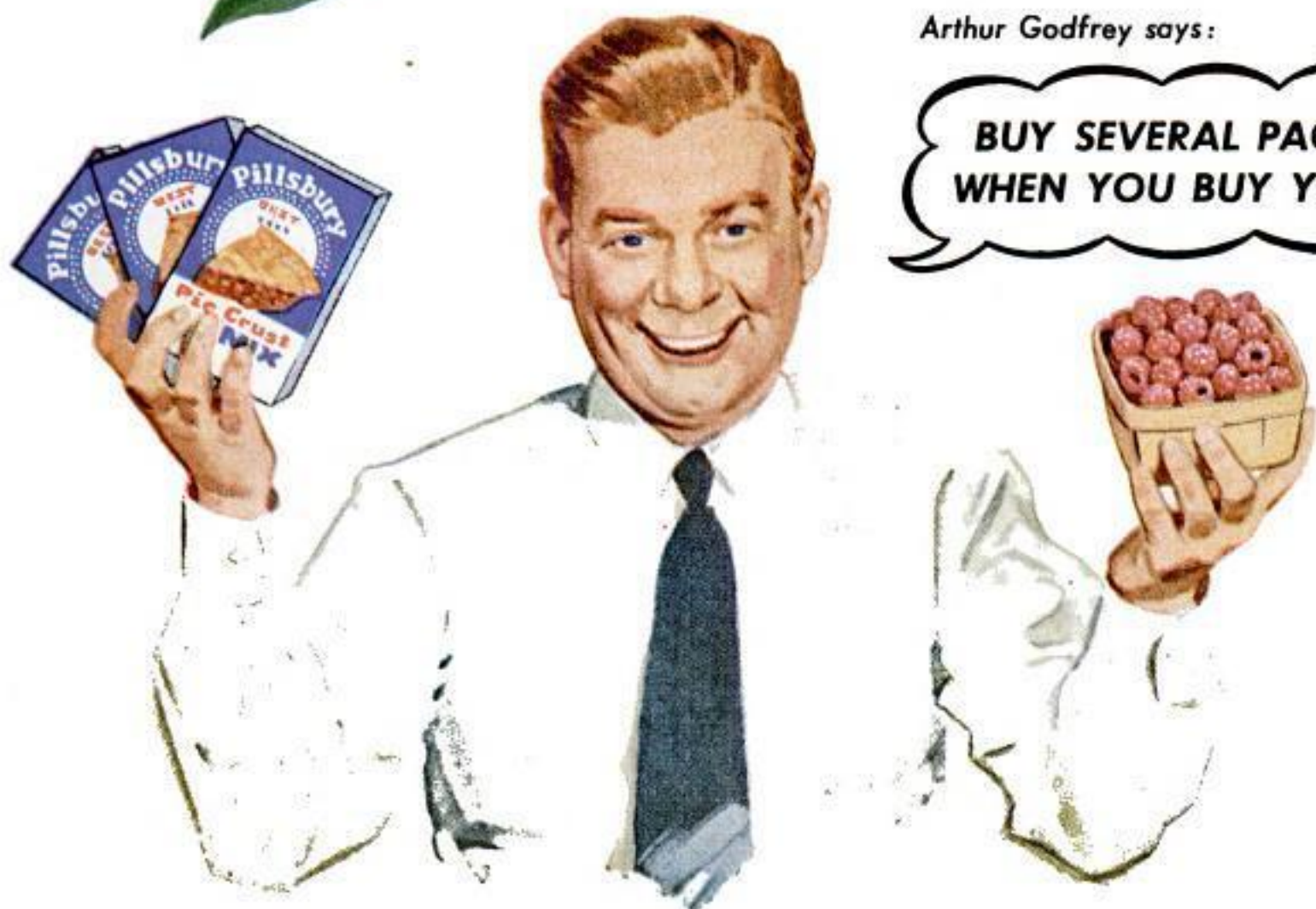
Raspberry



Blackberry

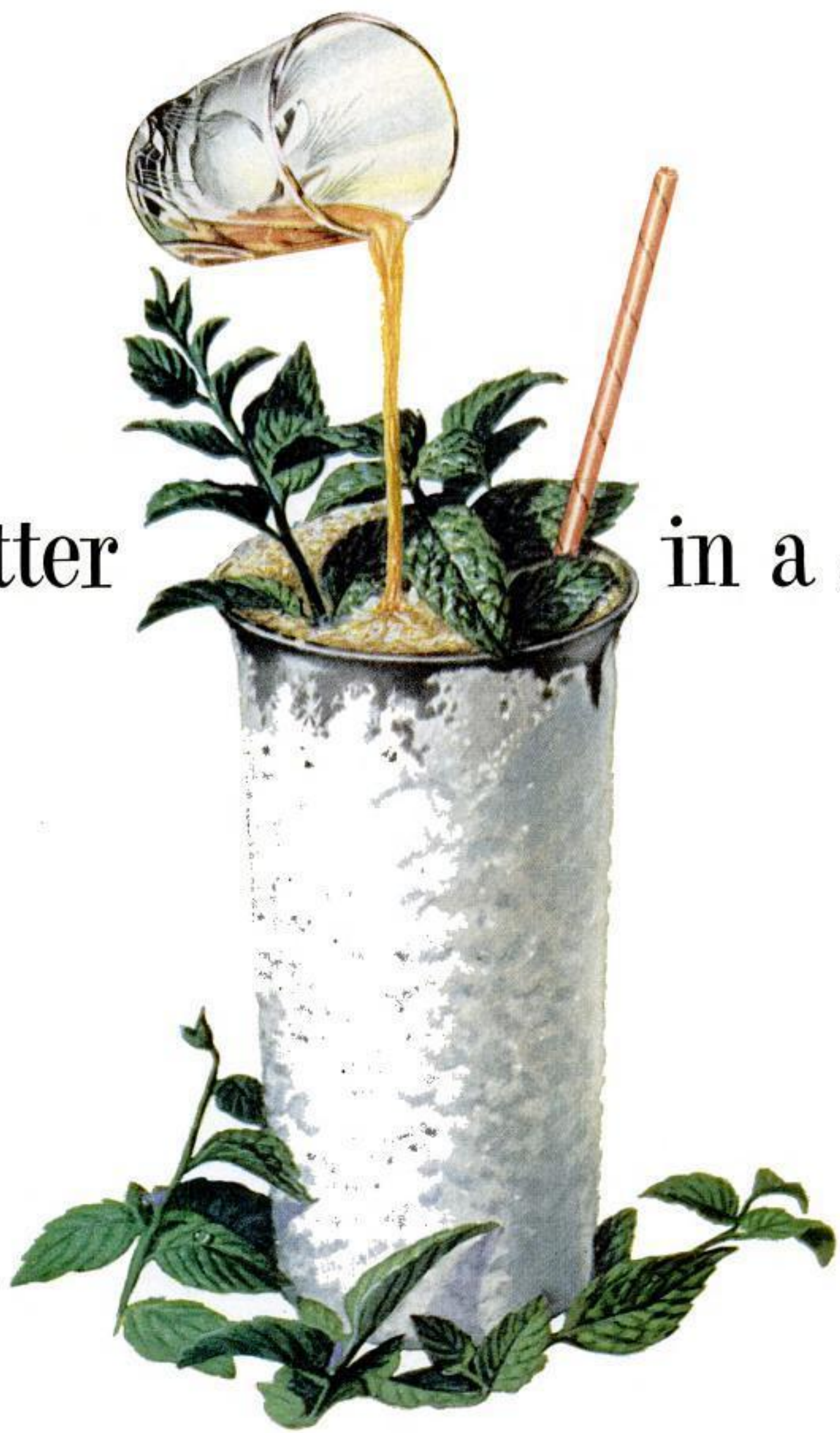
Arthur Godfrey says:

**BUY SEVERAL PACKAGES
WHEN YOU BUY YOUR FRUIT**



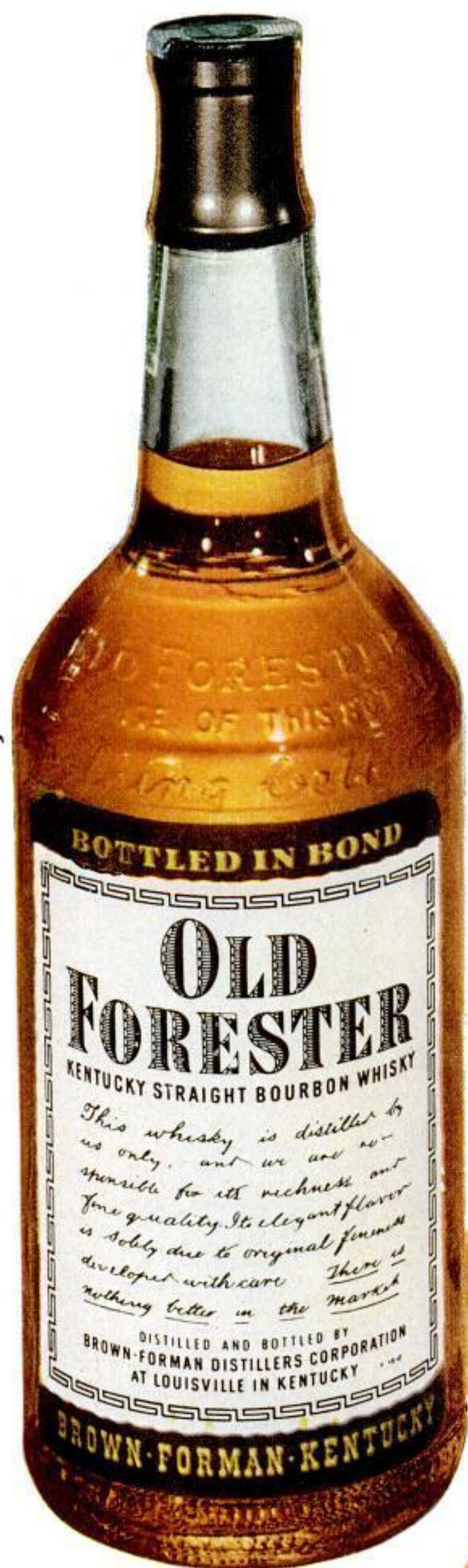
Fresh fruits are in their prime and at your grocer's. He has wonderful fruits too, that are frozen and canned. Pick your favorite... have your own homemade fruit pie tonight.

There is nothing better in a Julep ...



BECAUSE AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL:

*"There is nothing better
in the market"*



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY



BEFORE THE POWWOW, Murray and Fairless disconsolately stare at the ground outside White

House while waiting to see President Truman. Ten minutes after seeing him their private talk began.

'OR ELSE' ENDS STEEL STRIKE

**A threat from President Truman
forces settlement after 53 days**

Looking like two surly schoolboys outside the principal's office, Philip Murray and Benjamin Fairless stood outside the White House last week waiting to see the President. Truman had summoned the steelworkers' union head and the boss of U.S. Steel to the White House and warned them to end the steel tie-up in 24 hours—or else. The "or else" was a threat to force them into arbitration, with both sides bound by the arbitration decisions. In an 80-minute man-to-man session, Fairless and Murray finally ironed out their differences and the 53-day steel strike was over.

The agreement announced by President Truman gave the steelworkers a wage boost of 16¢ an hour plus fringe benefits amounting to 5.4¢ an hour for labor. To compensate for this the government grudgingly allowed the companies to boost steel prices \$5.20 a ton. The issue that had broken down the talks just when agreement always seemed nearest—the union shop—was compromised. Under the new arrangement, old workers would not be required to join the union and new workers, while required to file for membership, had a 15-day "escape clause" under which they could refuse to join the union.

Last week fires were being lit again in many of the country's steel plants. Murray and Fairless agreed to make a unique tour of the plants together, speaking to workers and bosses in an effort to calm bitterness, promote cooperation and speed a comeback. But the strike had already lost 17 million of the country's yearly 110 million ingot tons of steel, and it would be at least three weeks before the U.S. would again be in the swing of full steel production.



CIGARS OF PEACE, Ben Fairless' first gift to Phil Murray in their long association, are passed.

MOTHERS! "DIRT DANGER" DAYS ARE HERE FOR YOUR CHILDREN!

Dirty hands can be dangerous . . . Clean hands are healthy hands



It's true! "Dirt Danger" days are here for children. With them playing outdoors so much of the time you must take special care that they wash their hands thoroughly. For you don't know where they've been playing, or what is in the dirt on their hands.

You can't afford to take chances! For your children's good health this summer be sure they give their hands a good scrub after playing and before every meal. Health authorities agree that *clean* hands are *healthy* hands.

Lava gets out stubbornest dirt in 30 to 50 seconds

And there's one soap—amazing Lava soap—that is especially designed to get out dirt and grime ground deep in skin creases—around nails—knuckles. Dirt ordinary wash-ups miss.

During these summer months make certain your family uses Lava soap.

For Lava's rich lather holds many thousands of invisible "scrubbers" you *can't see or feel*. These invisible "scrubbers" rout out the stubbornest dirt in 30 to 50 seconds. Leave hands amazingly clean. Yet Lava is gentle . . . safe for tender skin of women or toddlers.

Don't take chances—get Lava

So, particularly during these "Dirt Danger" days keep Lava soap handy for your children to use. Its superior cleaning is especially desirable when your children give their hands their usual "lick and a promise" washing. Remember, *clean* hands are *healthy* hands. And Lava soap gets extra-dirty hands cleaner faster, easier than any toilet soaps. Get Lava Soap today!



BEFORE washing with LAVA.
Dirt ground in deep

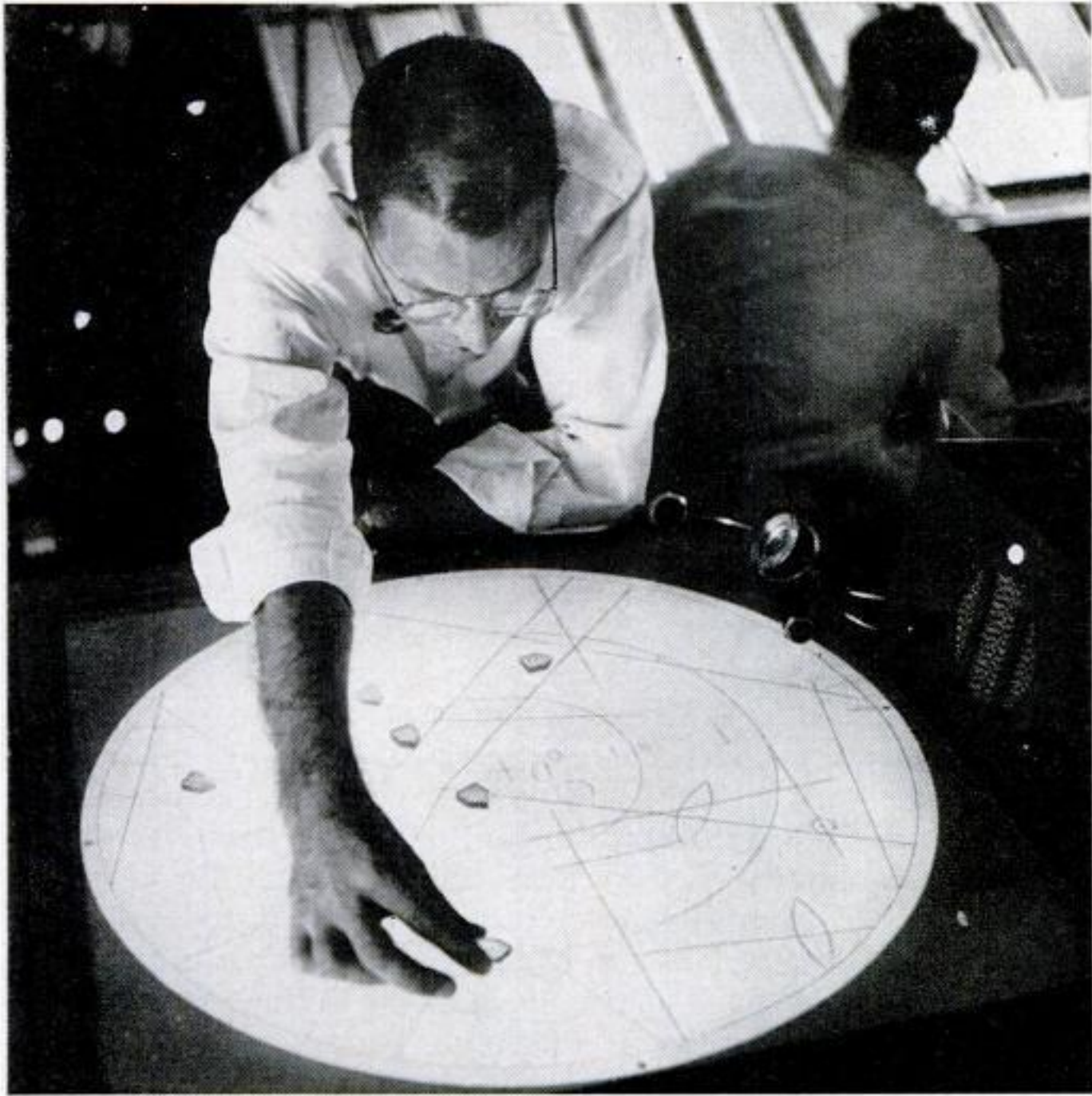


AFTER 39-second wash-up
with LAVA Soap

ADULTS, TOO! And No Fooling

• Don't expect "pretty-complexion" toilet soaps to get really dirty hands *amazingly clean* as fast as Lava. Man or woman . . . hands regularly dirty or occasionally dirty . . . in 30 to 50 seconds Lava gets out ground-in grime . . . grease . . . oil . . . rust . . . paint . . . metal dust . . . ink . . . tobacco or other stains . . . dirt ordinary wash-ups miss!

Especially in Summer **ALL DIRTY HANDS NEED LAVA SOAP**



SAUCER PLOTTER Harry Barnes, the chief of radar at Washington's CAA control center, works over the radar scope which just picked up strange blips.

WASHINGTON'S BLIPS

'Somethings' over the capital are traced on radar

THE most startling "flying saucer" incidents recently reported have taken place during the past two weeks over Washington, D.C. and threaten to make politics take a back seat in the most political of American cities. There, for the first time, mysterious objects in the sky were recorded by ground observers, by pilots in airplanes and on radar screens all at the same time. And, for the first known time, the U.S. Air Force sent its jet planes up in an attempt to intercept the objects.

The incidents began on Sunday, July 20.

At 12:40 a.m. the radar operator at the CAA traffic control center in Washington was going quietly about his task of directing the traffic of commercial planes in his area, which appeared on his radar screen as little moving "blips" of light. Suddenly, several strange "blips" appeared denoting the presence of something in the sky 15 miles southwest of the city. As he looked at them they disappeared, then popped up over northeast Washington. Startled, he called Harry Barnes, senior controller of the radar room.

In a few minutes everyone in the radar room was gathered around the scope. The unidentified blips were bounding all over and performing most remarkably. Some seemed to hover idly, some reversed themselves back and forth, others sped along making right and left 90° turns. When they appeared to zoom over such targets as the Pentagon and the White House, Barnes became seriously alarmed. He sent two expert technicians to see if the intricate electronic gear was out of order. It wasn't. Next he called the control towers of the National Airport and Andrews Field, an Air Force base just outside Washington. He was hoping that their observers might actually see objects which he, in his windowless room deep inside the building, could detect only on radar.

An observer at Andrews Field went outside to look at the sky and saw a bright orange light. At the same time, a mechanic on an airstrip, who knew nothing of what was going on, called in to report that he had seen the same strange object. During the night the National Airport tower radar and the Andrews Field radar had recorded an object at this same place. There it was, a something fixed on three different radar scopes and confirmed by two eyewitnesses.

Barnes immediately called the Air Defense Command. Hoping for the arrival of jet fighters at any minute, Barnes went back to his radar. The blips were still there, so he radioed a commercial plane which was just taking off from the National Airport, and asked its pilot, C.S. Pierman, if he would change his course to

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The **LESTER GRAND PIANO** is the Official Piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra

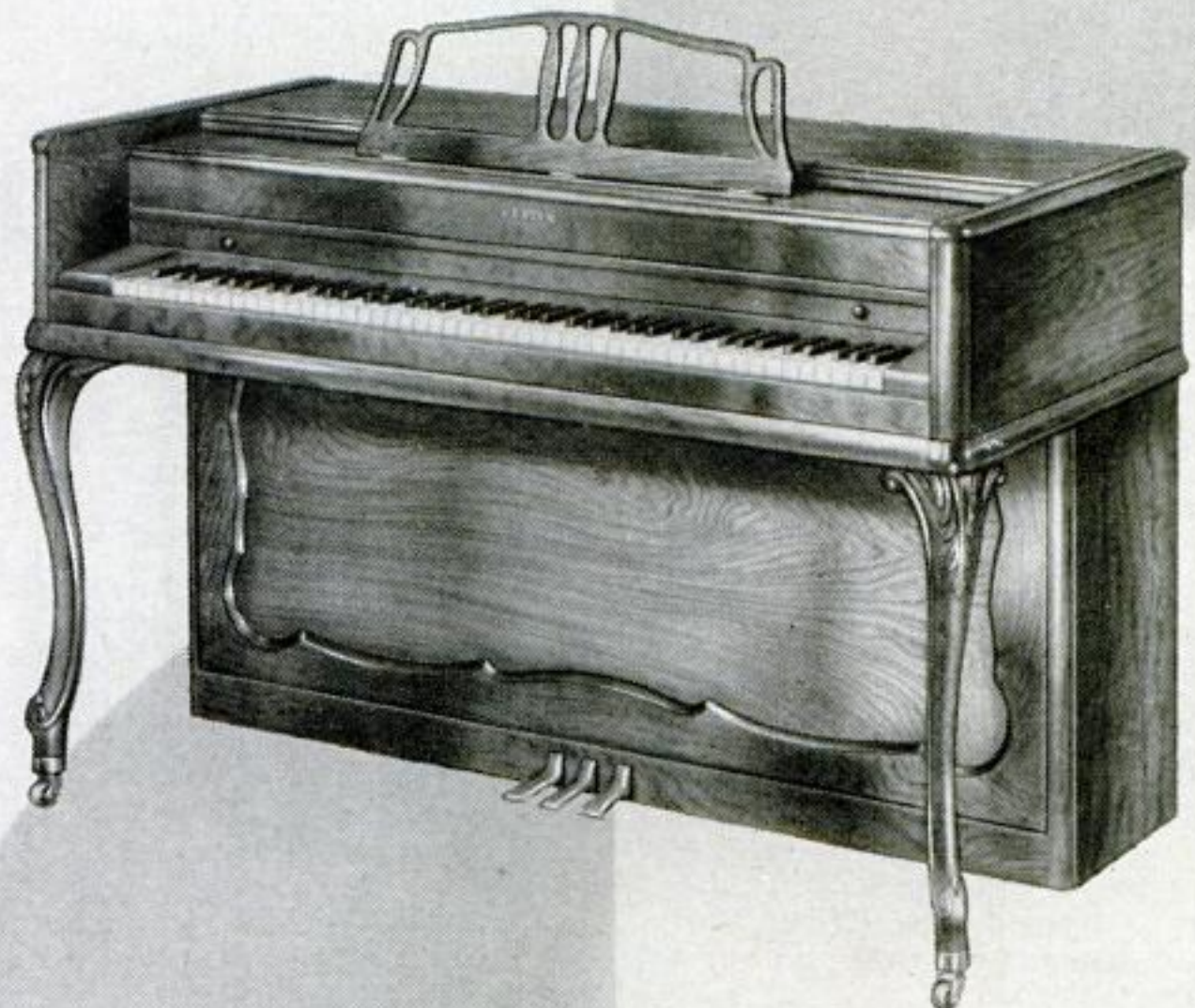
LESTER *Betsy Ross Spinet*

French Provincial at Its Best

Homemakers wanted it . . . decorators asked for it!
Lester is proud to introduce the French Provincial Custom Series model to meet this popular demand.

Authentically styled in rich fruitwood grain . . . this 88 note Betsy Ross Spinet exemplifies the finest in 18th Century French design.

Musically perfect . . . it is backed by Lester's 64 years of experience in building nothing but quality pianos. Playing is pure pleasure because of the exquisite Amplified Tone, responsive touch and full volume.



See this and other new Betsy Ross Spinets now.
Priced from \$695.00; model pictured \$893.00 f.o.b.
Lester, Pa. Your dealer will arrange terms.

Damp-Chaser® equipped for moisture control.
Guaranteed for ten years; made **ONLY** by the
Lester Piano Manufacturing Company, Inc., builders
of world famed Lester Grand Pianos.

ONE { *name
quality
price* }

a beautiful piano with magnificent tone
sold by America's foremost piano dealers

mail this
coupon for
Free
literature

Lester Piano Manufacturing Co., Inc., Lester 13, Pa.
Please send me **free** literature and style brochure.

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Foreign Sales Representatives: H. A. ASTLETT & CO., 39 Broadway, New York 6, N.Y.

The **LESTER SPINET** is Endorsed by the Philadelphia Orchestra

Want to Lose Weight?



*Listen to
Hedy
Lamarr*



• Here is Hedy Lamarr exercising with her Great Dane, Doner. "If I find myself putting on weight, the first thing I turn to is Ayds," says Hedy. "I can sincerely recommend it to you and all my friends."



• Hedy Lamarr in one of her most famous roles. "Every star has to take care of her figure," says Hedy. "Ayds is the natural way to reduce. It helps you slim the way Nature intended you to."

No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Not a Moment's Hunger!

If you want a lovelier figure, let Hedy Lamarr tell you how. Lose unwanted fat the safe, healthful Ayds way—without dieting or hunger.

Proved by Clinical Tests

With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to. A quick, natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating

When you take Ayds before meals as directed, you can eat the foods you like. No starvation dieting—no hunger pangs ever. Ayds is a specially made,

low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

Results Guaranteed

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. You will lose weight with your first box (\$2.98) or your money back.



*Slim the Way
the Stars Slim*

THE LOVELIEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD TAKE AYDS

WASHINGTON'S BLIPS CONTINUED

intercept a target that Barnes could see on the radar. Pierman agreed. In the confusion which followed it is not clear whether Pierman saw exactly the same objects that Barnes was tracking on his radar, but the pilots did see six strange lights, white and star-like, speeding across the heavens. Conceivably, three could have been shooting stars or meteors for they fell at a slight angle, but the next three which were observed shot horizontally across the skies. These were tailless and seemed slower than meteors.

Although Barnes had estimated that some of the objects dawdled along as slowly as 130 mph, others went so fast that his radar could not track them. However, the radars at the airport towers, apparently capable of tracking faster-moving bodies, were able to fix on one object long enough to show that it had traveled eight miles in four seconds, which meant that its speed was 7,200 mph.

It was not until 3:00 a.m., two hours after Barnes's call, that radar-equipped jet fighters roared in from their Delaware base and called Barnes by radio. They reported that they saw nothing. Barnes agreed that there were no unidentified targets on his scope at the moment. The planes, low on fuel, returned to base. Shortly afterwards the blips were erupting all over the radar scope again.

One appeared next to the regular blip of Capital Airlines Flight 610, coming in from the south. Barnes called Pilot Howard Dermott and told him to look out of his window. Dermott did so and saw a large white light above the horizon in the same position that both radar sets at the airport had it. Barnes tracked plane and light toward the airfield until, four miles out, the light vanished.

On into the night the ghostly demonstration proceeded. Usually the unknown objects darted over the scope at random, but when an airliner appeared in the area the blips turned up around it. Just before daybreak Barnes wearily observed 10 of the objects at one time, then as commercial air traffic grew heavy, the shaken chief and his cohorts were forced to give up the eerie vigil.

Blips again

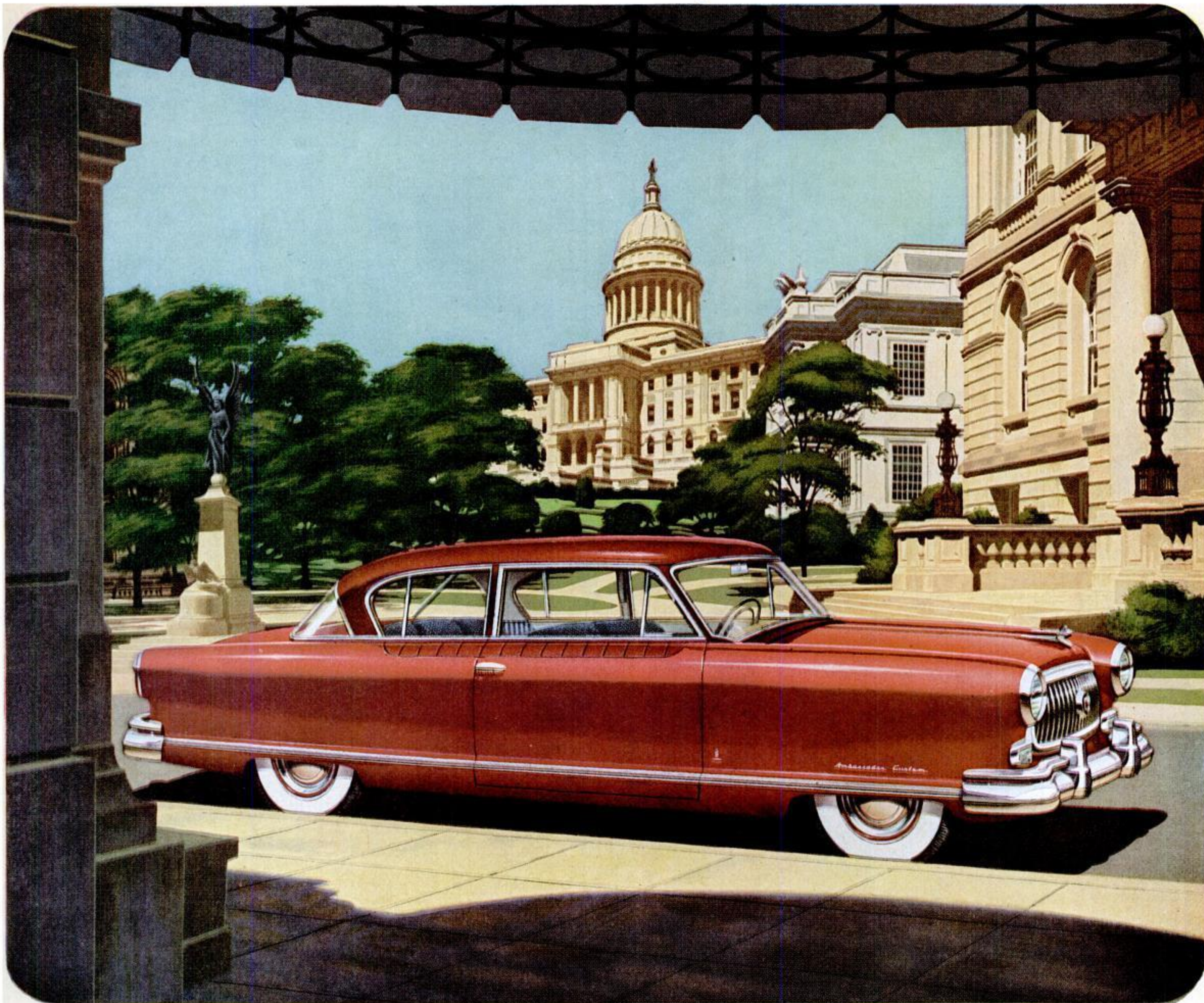
THEN, the following Saturday night, the blips began all over again. At 9:08 they appeared on the CAA radar screens where the others had been noticed almost a week before. There were five or six of them moving in a southerly direction. Harry Barnes again called both airport traffic tower and Andrews Field to see if their radar showed the blips. They did.

After tracking the blips for a half hour, Barnes began radioing airliners. United Airlines Flight 640 radioed: "I see a very dim light." Barnes radioed back: "You are now where three blips are." "One's here," radioed 640. "We got him in sight. He's real pretty." At that instant, Andrews reported to Barnes that they had seen three strange lights streaking across the sky.

More planes reported lights. Some others did not. At 10:44 a CAA patrol plane, the NC-12, radioed that he saw a cluster of them over Beltsville, Md., just where Barnes's radar reported them—"lights that are white and sometimes yellowish. They seem to change in intensity. Now there goes one, falling fast." A few minutes later, the NC-12 reported a group of five lights at 2,200 altitude. Suddenly all blips disappeared from the screen.

Soon they were back. Barnes had already notified the Pentagon Command Post, the high brass in Washington and the Air Defense Command. From their Delaware base, F-94 jet interceptors again barreled down toward Washington. They arrived at 11:25 and howled over the city. What happened then is in dispute. Officials in the radar room firmly state that a pilot reported contact at 11:25 with four lights 10 miles away and 500 feet above him. He closed at full throttle for two minutes, but the lights disappeared at tremendous speed. Another contact was made a few minutes later and was similarly broken off. Other planes made no contacts although there were blips on the radar screen while the planes were in the area. But when questioned by LIFE the pilots themselves denied any certain visual contacts with aerial lights or objects.

The attitude of the Air Force during the July incidents was puzzling. When the first appearance of the blips was reported in Washington newspapers, no mention was made of jet interceptors. In fact the Air Force stated that it had sent none up. But when confronted with the facts by TIME-LIFE Washington Correspondent Clay Blair Jr. who gathered the material for this article the Air Force finally admitted that it had indeed sent fighters up. No reason has been given for this contradiction. The Air Force might have been embarrassed by the delay in supplying planes. Or it might possibly have known more about the blips than it had admitted. There is another puzzle: experienced airline pilots could see lights where the radar reported blips. Air Force planes said they could not.



One of 17 brilliant new Golden Airflyte models. Styled by Pinin Farina, this Nash Ambassador is upholstered in blue needlepoint and smart striped homespun. Hood Ornament, White Sidewalls optional.

AS THOUGH IT WERE BUILT FOR YOU ALONE

YOU MAY, if you wish, commission Pinin Farina to design a car especially for you. Many famous people do so, and gladly pay his \$15,000 to \$25,000 price.

But now all his genius, all the beauty of his styling *are yours*—in the Nash Golden Airflyte!

It's as though this exciting car were built for you alone. The swift, clean "continental look" you like . . . with hood below the Road-Guide fenders for safer passing and parking . . . with an extra-wide one-piece windshield providing the greatest eye-level visibility you ever enjoyed!

And inside, interiors by Madame Helene Rother . . . with so many new ideas. The widest seats in ANY car . . . seats that recline . . . seats that can be made into beds. A safety-designed cowl with no protruding knobs

or dials on the passenger's side. A Weather Eye Conditioned Air System that automatically filters, warms and circulates fresh air.

Beneath the hood is Super Jetfire power—even more spectacular than the Nash engine which broke last year's stock-car speed record! And the handling ease, with new Airflex suspension, is almost unbelievable.

Best of all, as the pleasant years go by, you will discover that its lovely "feel" is built in to stay. Of all American cars, Nash alone has welded Airflyte Construction to keep it trim and true and quiet as new *as long as you drive it*.

Is it any wonder that the Nash Golden Airflyte has had the greatest reception in our fifty-year history? Come in and drive it for a completely new idea of fine car excellence!



The Finest of Our Fifty Years

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Michigan

THE AMBASSADOR • THE STATESMAN • THE RAMBLER



how to FLAVOR a GOULASH

the way a man likes it



America's Finest-flavored Tomato Sauce...
because it's KETTLE-SIMMERED

Goulash - Hunt Style

This delicious, low-cost recipe demonstrates a neat trick: When you add Hunt's Tomato Sauce (costs a few pennies a can) to your everyday recipes—they fairly *brim over* with wonderful flavor!

3 tbsp. fat 1 large onion, sliced
1½ lbs. stewing beef, cubed
1 cup water

1 can HUNT'S TOMATO SAUCE
1 tsp. salt ½ tsp. pepper
4 potatoes, peeled and quartered

Cook onion in fat until tender. Add meat, cook till browned, stirring occasionally. Add the rich, flavorful Hunt's Tomato Sauce, water and seasonings. Cover and simmer till almost tender, about 1 hour. Add potatoes, simmer till done, about 30 minutes longer. For thicker gravy, blend in 2 tbsp. flour and cook till thickened. Makes 4 servings with that delicious Hunt's flavor you can't forget!

Kettle-simmering makes Hunt's Tomato Sauce so rich and *extra* flavorful! It's all tomato—no starchy fillers! Yet it costs you but a few cents a can. Cook it into your meat loaf, soups, spaghetti, casseroles, leftovers! Costs less and tastes better than you could make at home!

Hunt-for the best



for breakfast and dessert...

HUNT'S HEAVENLY PEACHES

at down-to-earth prices

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, California



SUMMER COLOR

The surge of political emotion which swept Dwight Eisenhower to victory in the 1952 Republican convention is preserved in all its excitement in this color photograph by LIFE's

Ralph Morse. After the speech nominating Ike, his followers grabbed their gaudy trappings and paraded through the light-pierced hall amid scattered banners that defiantly waved for Taft.

See why LUCKIES TASTE BETTER!



See for yourself why
Luckies taste
so **CLEAN** and **FRESH**
and **MILD**!

Strip the paper from a Lucky by carefully tearing down the seam from end to end. Make sure it's from a newly opened pack and that you don't dig into or disturb the tobacco. Lay the cigarette down on a flat surface and gently lift out the tobacco. Then compare it with a cigarette made by any other manufacturer.



You'll see Lucky Strike doesn't fall apart, but remains a perfect cylinder of fresh, clean tobacco—round, firm, fully packed. And note how free Luckies are from air spaces or "hot spots" that smoke harsh and dry—from annoying loose ends. That's why Luckies always smoke smoothly, evenly—give you that fresh, mild, clean taste.

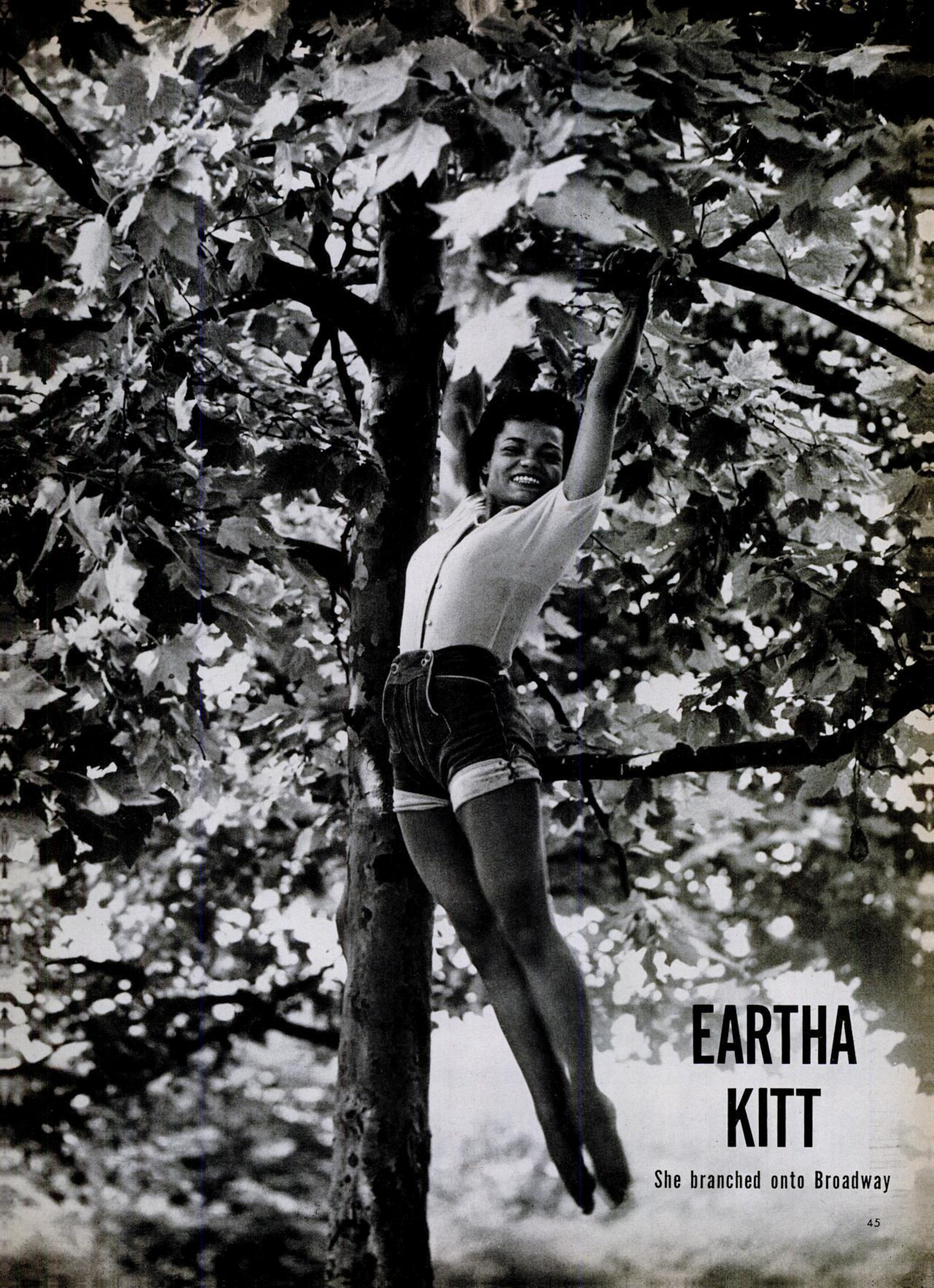


You've seen that Luckies are made better—to taste better. Now light up a Lucky. You can *taste* the difference! For Lucky Strike means *fine* tobacco—long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette that's made better—to taste better! So, make *your* next carton—Lucky Strike! Be Happy—Go Lucky!

© A. T. Co.

PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company*
AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

Be Happy-GO LUCKY!



EARTHA KITT

She branched onto Broadway



Istanbul: At the Karavansary Club where I sang, the Turks were knocked over when I jitterbugged with one of the dancing Nicholas brothers.



Paris: It was good to see Rita Hayworth at Carroll's club where I sang off and on for nine months. Rita would enter in solemnity but leave with a smile.



New York: I love games, especially baseball. Ice Cream cones convinced these boys I could play with them in the park, and now we meet twice a week.



Stockholm: I used to sun bathe in a glade behind the theater where I was dancing with Dunham.



Stockholm: At a dance festival we performed with members of the Swedish ballet (that's me on the right).



New York: Biking keeps my body in trim but my hair in tangles!

GIRL WHO GETS AROUND

Eartha's album shows her route to stage success

Eartha Kitt, who is swinging for fun from a maple tree in New York's Central Park on the previous page, is the girl who swung suddenly into prominence on Broadway this summer in a revue, *New Faces* (LIFE, June 2). For Eartha, who is now also a nightclub star (p. 48), it was the long way round to success. Her recent route is shown in pictures from her album with captions she wrote herself. They show her progress when she went



I often sat behind a mosque wondering what the Muslims were thinking, so close to Russia.

Paris: I played opposite Orson Welles in his own version of Faust. I was Helen of Troy who made him immortal with a kiss.

abroad four years ago with a Katharine Dunham dance group, then traveled about on her own, admiring Europe from Paris to Istanbul to Stockholm. Europe, in turn, admired Eartha for her elflike beauty and her ability, as the New York Times critic, Brooks Atkinson, put it, "to make a song burst into flames." The album is pretty impressive for a 24-year-old girl who at the age of 8 was picking cotton in North Carolina.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly . . . acts thoroughly . . . and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll* Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (water-soluble chlorophyllins) — before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For real help against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the finest chlorophyll toothpaste the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

COLGATE'S GUARANTEE:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage! Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste — especially right after eating — you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!



Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

NEW GREEN TOOTHPASTE
Tested and Guaranteed by COLGATE!

Science reveals new ingredient for easy shaves

Wonderful substance outdoes lanolin, makes beard softer, lubricates, protects skin—and is available now

For years science has searched for a shaving preparation that would enhance the wetting action of soap and at the same time have a beneficial emollient effect on the skin—a characteristic not present in most shaving soap.

Chemists at The J. B. Williams Co. undertook extensive research into the problem. We asked ourselves this question: Would use of the free sterols present in "Extract of Lanolin" provide the improved shaving preparation we sought to make?

Advantages of Extract of Lanolin

Even though present in comparatively small percentages, "Extract of Lanolin" can efficiently increase the water penetration of the shaving cream. Imparting moisture to the beard is, as dermatologists know, essential in wet shaving.

The free sterols of extract of lanolin can penetrate the waxy coating of the skin with great hydrophilic effect. This is because it is a natural product closely resembling the skin surface fat.

How it works

"Extract of Lanolin" in shaving cream forms a film on the surface of each lather bubble and, due to its surface-active nature, tends to penetrate the pores and recesses of the skin—providing the following beneficial effects:

1. The beard becomes wet, easier to shave.
2. The rigid emollient film can act as a lubricant for the razor, helping to prevent abrasion, or "razor burn," by reducing friction to a minimum.
3. There is minimum tendency to leave the skin with less of the protective sterols than present before shaving. Natural protective skin-coating isn't "shaved away."

We then wanted to know how dermatologists themselves felt. 90% of the doctors surveyed approved the idea with enthusiasm.

Result: a superior product

As a result of our findings, and the approval of dermatologists, The J. B. Williams Company is now offering our Luxury Shaving Cream with "Extract of Lanolin."

We don't wish to make extravagant claims; but we do say that our shaving preparation, through qualities made possible with "Extract of Lanolin," will cut to a minimum the skin irritation due to shaving. This, we believe, should be of particular interest to you, as a man who wants better shaves.

We're so sure you'll become a steady user of Williams that we make you this FREE offer:

Send your name and address and get a free guest-size tube of Williams Luxury Shaving Cream with "Extract of Lanolin" . . . enough for three weeks' trial. For your free tube, write: **The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. LS-7, Glastonbury, Connecticut.** (Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.)



EARTHA STANDS LIKE VOODOO PRIESTESS OVER NIGHTCLUB MICROPHONE

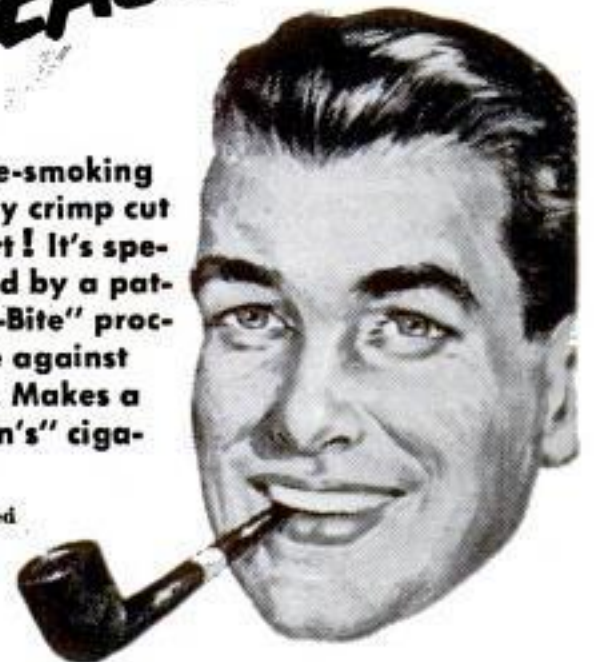
MIDNIGHT PURRS AND SHOUTS

After her nightly stint in *New Faces*, Eartha goes over to the Blue Angel, best of New York's intimate nightclubs, and makes two after-midnight appearances. She sings in English, French and Turkish (she can also sing in German, Italian, Spanish, Creole patois), running the gamut between purring love serenades, Holy Roller shouting, innocent folk songs and sexy ditties that she ululates with Bacchic abandon. Eartha does not dance much now, but when she sings every muscle in her lithe, feline body sways and ripples in a ballet of its own.

BITE'S OUT PLEASURES IN

For real pipe-smoking comfort—try crimp cut Prince Albert! It's specially treated by a patented "No-Bite" process to insure against tongue bite. Makes a tasty "makin's" cigarette, too!

*Process Patented
July 30, 1907



MORE MEN SMOKE

PRINCE ALBERT

THAN ANY
OTHER
TOBACCO



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MORE
TOBACCO
IN EVERY
TIN!

best for
ALL
lighters!



more lights per penny!

longer-lasting
RONSONOL
lighter fuel

- Ronsonol lasts longer — costs less per light.
- Ronsonol lights instantly.
- Ronsonol burns with clean, full flame.
- Ronsonol is pleasingly scented.
- Buy Ronsonol, world's finest lighter fuel, today!
- Also get extra-long Ronson Red-skin 'Flints'.

4oz. can
25¢





"... He hailed me across the lobby ...

*We sat down in the grill
and talked about the convention
awhile ... He said he was a grandfather
just last week ... I said I still
had a few years to go ...
Pretty soon we got our keys
at the desk and turned in."*

Listen in on the conversation that goes on across two bottles of Schlitz. Learn how people feel and think, on big questions and little; how friendship really ticks.

Schlitz people have long been known for what you might call a "Gold Thumb"—an extra-sympathetic way of handling the sensitive ingredients of beer. The results are the stand-up character, and the clean, bright taste with just the kiss of the hops that have made so many friends for Schlitz.

That's why more people prefer (and buy) Schlitz than any other beer.



If you like beer you'll love Schlitz



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Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The beer that made Milwaukee famous

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ALL THE GAS YOUR CAR

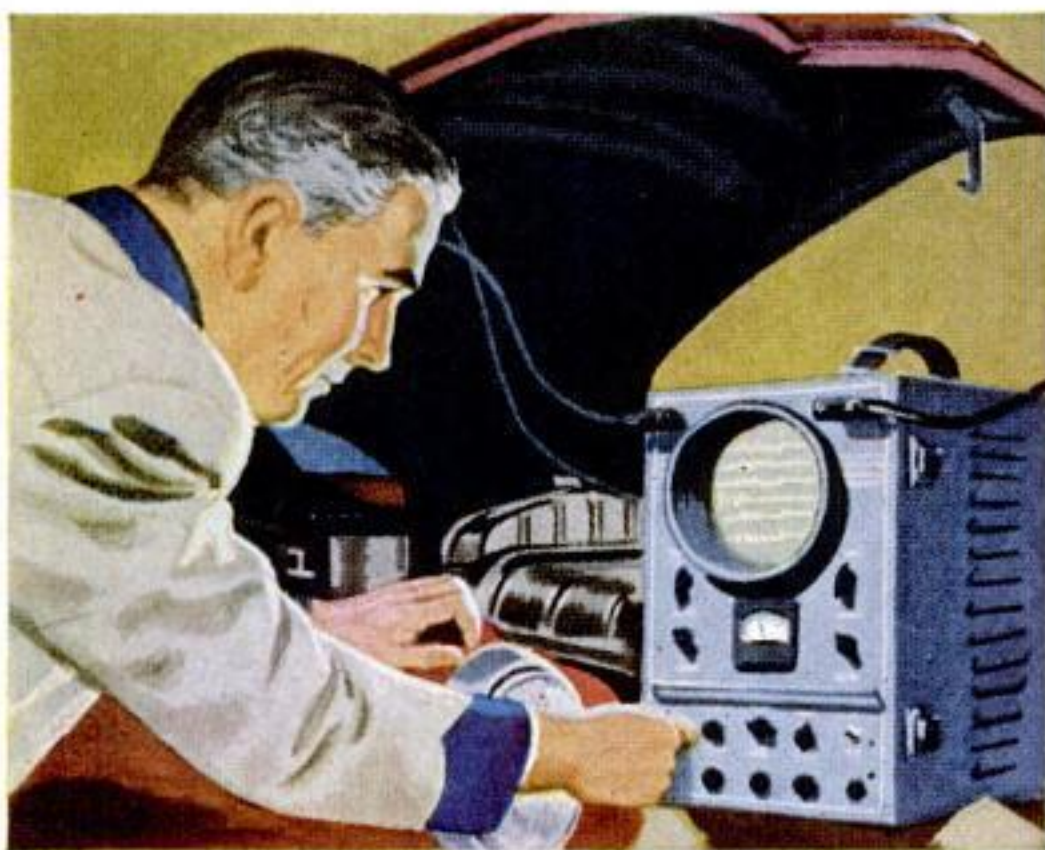
WORLD'S FOREMOST

CATALYTIC REFINING PROGRAM

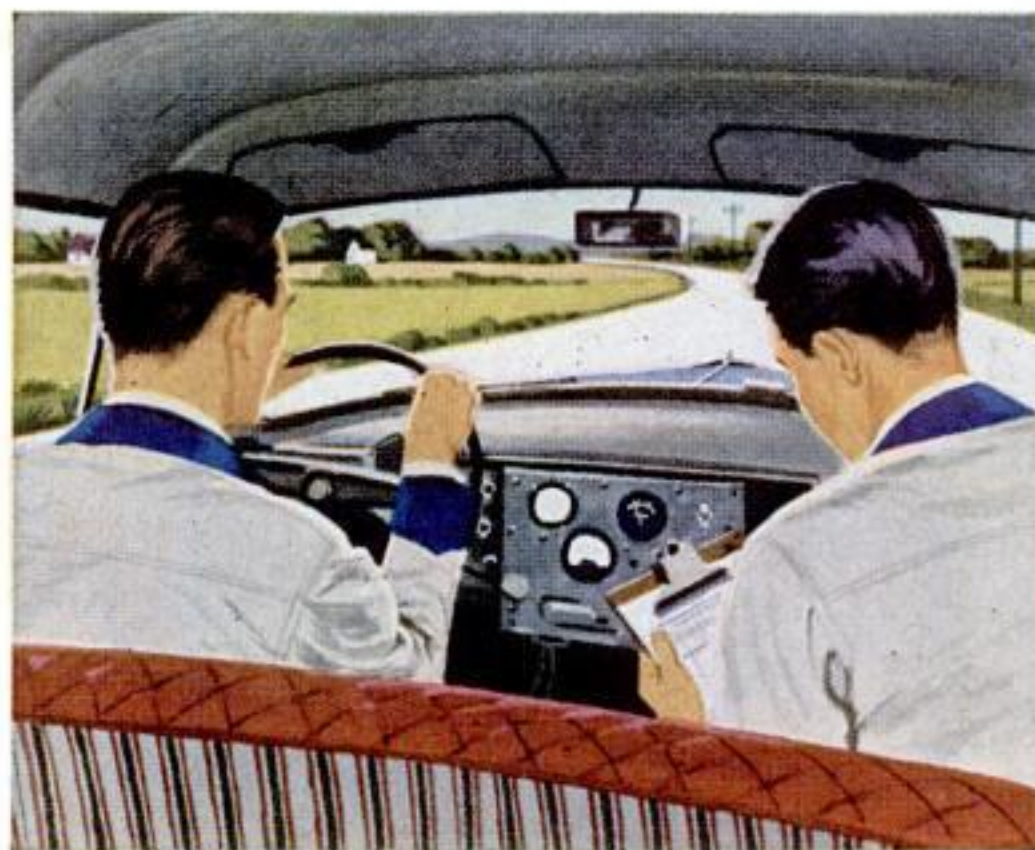
Helps You Get Extra Miles
with Mobilgas!



Every motorist wants to enjoy *all* the power and gas mileage built into modern high-compression engines. No gasoline development has contributed more to that performance and economy than catalytic refining — introduced in this country by Socony-Vacuum.



Equally amazing Socony-Vacuum Invention — this "X-ray Eye" engine analyzer — makes it possible, for first time, to "see" what goes on inside a running engine. It helps our engineers determine what gasoline qualities your modern car engine needs — helps us anticipate those needs in Mobilgas and Mobilgas Special!



Science takes to the road, too! Flying Red Horse engineers, like these, constantly check the performance of new Mobilgas and Mobilgas Special in actual car operation on the highway! Result: Continual improvements in quality of America's largest-selling gasolines!



World-famous Mobilgas Economy Run—proves the high mileage possible with catalytically refined gasolines. This year—using Mobilgas or Mobilgas Special—25 different makes and models of U. S. stock cars averaged 22 miles per gallon in the most gruelling Economy Run yet... 1415 miles from Los Angeles to Sun Valley!

GET AMERICA'S LARGE

MILEAGE CAN DELIVER



Latest and finest in catalytic refineries — new Air-Lift TCC Units — climax 22 years of Socony-Vacuum pioneering and development! These sensational units are now *producing 50 per cent more high-quality gasoline ingredients for Mobilgas and Mobilgas Special!*



Prove it yourself — Do as the Economy Run "pace-setters" did: stop at the Sign of the Flying Red Horse for Mobilgas or Mobilgas Special from catalytic refining — be sure your car is in tip-top condition — drive carefully — for *all the gas mileage your car can deliver!*



Always stop at the Sign of Friendly Service!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., and Affiliates:
MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY, GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION



ST-SELLING GASOLINE

the joy of Good Eating

Heat
Eat
Enjoy



The best luck of the day is yours with Van Camp's. Delicious . . . just as they come . . . or when you heat—eat—enjoy them for quick meals, picnics, parties.

New packs of peas . . . with all the sweetness of the summer . . . now at your grocer's. Make your shelves gay . . . full of promise of good eating . . . by stocking up on Stokely's Finest Honey Pod Peas today.

FRESH PICKED
FRESH PACKED
FRESH TASTING

Enjoy the Garry Moore Show CBS-TV Network, every Friday afternoon • John Conte ABC Radio Network, Monday through Friday mornings

Stokely's
Finest
SINCE 1898

2 GREAT NAMES IN FOOD
that mean QUICK MEALS for you

Van Camp's
SINCE 1861



FITTED SHAWL of linen (\$160), by new Designer De Givenchy (LIFE, March 5), buttons to neck, encases wearer so tightly she can scarcely move arms above elbow.

SUMMER SHAWLS

Women take up new versions of old hug-me-tight to give evening cover and show off small waists

Summer evening wraps are as much a concession to convention as to warmth. A woman who spends a day in a sunbath seems to feel that she should wear something which will cover her bare shoulders when she goes out in the daylight-saving glare of an early summer evening—and perhaps provide some protection later if the night turns cool. Stoles, capes and jackets

have been standard solutions in the past, but this season's small waists and big skirts have brought back the demure and dressy little shawls reminiscent of Victorian hug-me-tights. These are either fitted tightly to emphasize the figure like the French import above or are small enough to be clutched tightly above wearers' waists like the American successes on page 56.

How would you put a glass of



DR. ARCHIBALD JOSEPH CRONIN, ordered on a long vacation from his London practice, wrote *Hatter's Castle* while he "rested." Its 3,000,000-copy sale professionalized his writing, and *The Citadel*, *The Keys of the Kingdom*, and *The Green Years* followed. His latest book is autobiographical, *Adventures in Two Worlds*. Behind him is a beloved landmark, Edinburgh Castle, in the capital of his native Scotland.

Ballantine Ale into words?

Here, A. J. Cronin, novelist and doctor,
describes how it first appeared to him . . .

A. J. CRONIN

My first meeting with Ballantine Ale is still
vivid in my memory.

It was on a sweltering summer day at York
Harbor, Maine, shortly after I first came to
these United States. I thought it would be a
memorable day because I shot the lowest golf
score I had ever made - a 72.

But in the locker room after the game, a
friend said: "Try a Ballantine."

I did - straight from the icebox. And as it
flowed over my parched throat - tangy and
refreshing in every swallow - I realized with
a big thrill that my search for my favourite
beverage was ended. I had always liked ale,
but here was something lighter, something
better than anything I'd ever had abroad.

Well, my discovery outweighed my golf score.
I remember that day as the time the "three
rings" first rang the bell for me.

A. J. Cronin



More people
like it...

More people
buy it...

than any
other ale...

...by Four
to One!

BALLANTINE



ALE

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

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Keeps going on and on...



Dependable **DELCO** Battery

Want long battery life plus dependable starting in every type of weather? Replace with a Delco—the Nation's No. 1 battery—first with car *builders*, first with car *owners*. Enjoy tip-top battery performance month after month after month!

**The Nation's
No. 1
Battery**



DELCO BATTERIES

A GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT



A UNITED MOTORS LINE



Summer Shawls CONTINUED

DRESSY ANGORA AND APPLIQUE



ANGORA TRIANGLE (Echo, \$30) is copied from tiny knit shawls worn by Italian women. Shedding is minimized by combining the angora with wool.



JERSEY SHAWL (Klein Lee, \$75) is appliquéd with lace pearls and rhinestones, can be worn with summer dance dress or winter lounging costume.

A close-up photograph of a hand with pink nail polish squeezing a lemon wedge into a tall glass filled with iced tea. The glass is held by another hand, also with pink nail polish. The tea is a rich amber color, and several ice cubes are visible. Condensation is on the outside of the glass. The background is plain white.

Best Summertime Refresher of them all!

iced tea

You know why this glass looks so good to you, don't you?

It's not because the photographer did such a fine job (which he certainly did), but because it's full to overflowing with the one summer beverage you can drink and drink and drink.

People say it's the best summertime refresher of them all. Certainly it's simple to make and the lowest in cost. Say, wouldn't Iced Tea taste good for dinner?

*Make it in the morning
—drink it all day long*

To make 4 tall, tinkling glasses of Iced Tea, pour 4 cups of boiling water over 6 teaspoons of tea, or 6 tea bags. Let stand 3 to 5 minutes. Stir, strain; pour into ice-filled glasses.

Please—remember no other cracker can add such refreshment to cold drinks as **RITZ**!



You're counting on this frosty drink to be so ice-tinkly welcome on a hot day. But don't serve—'til you're *sure*. Sure those are RITZ CRACKERS at hand. To tempt happiest flavor from drinks (soups, salads, too) you

need their special tang. And NABISCO makes sure RITZ CRACKERS are a crisp treat in the heat. A special baking process seals in the crispness—so they just don't wilt! Do try them. *Very* soon.

Remember—it pays to buy "RITZ"—because "Nothing tastes as good as RITZ—but **RITZ!**"



ROCK AND SAND join at Reid State Park at Georgetown, where a bathing beach and a bluff known as Griffeth's Head separate the Atlantic from a broad lagoon.

The Shores of Maine

AERIAL PICTURES DISPLAY ITS ROCKY BEAUTY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY LAURENCE LOWRY

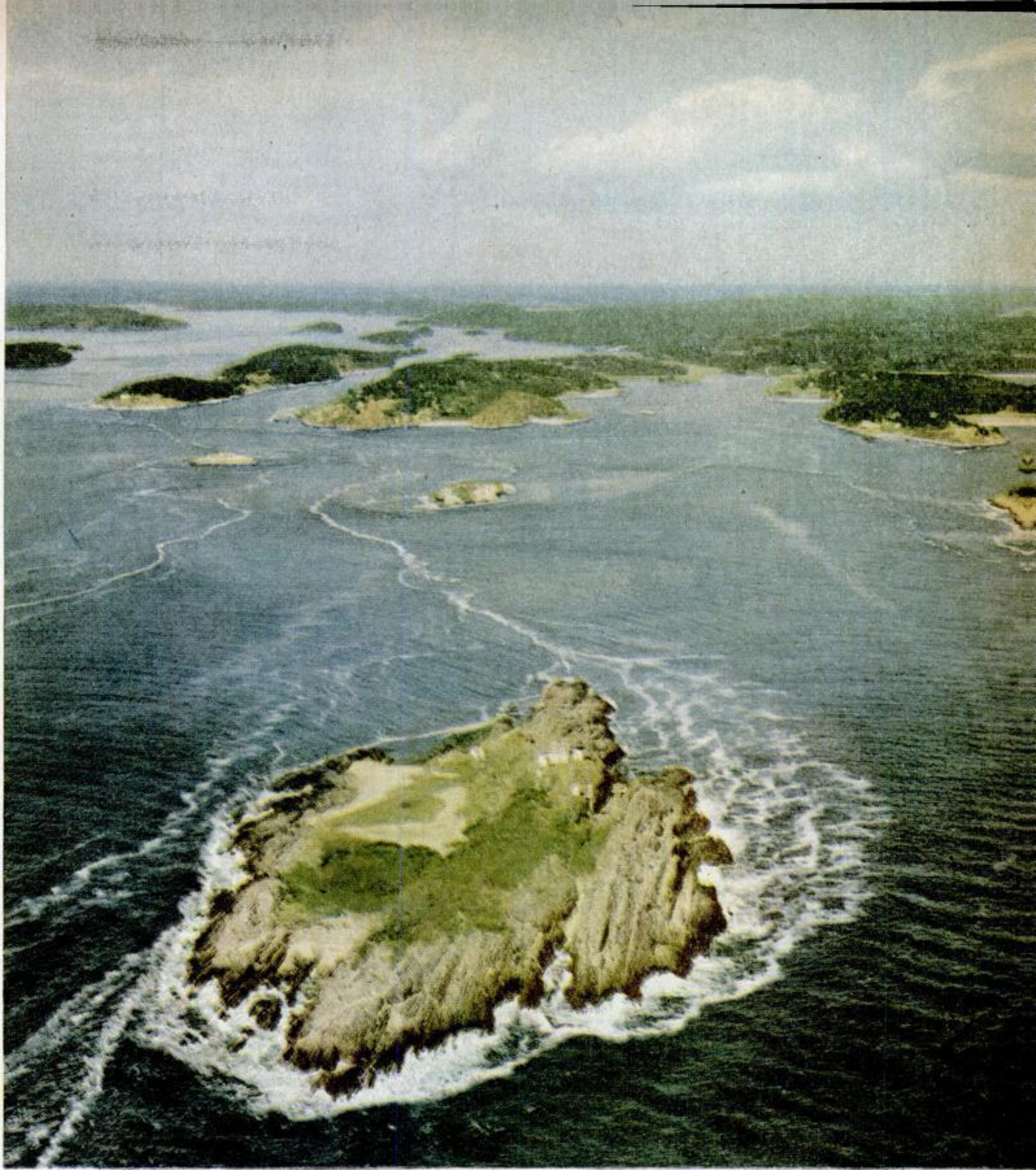
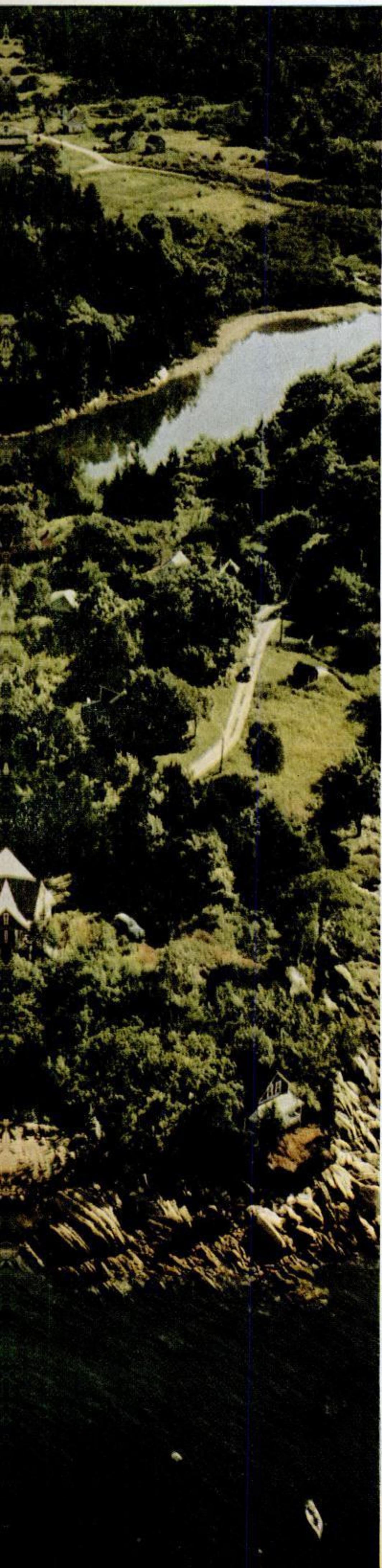
As a straight line the coast of Maine is an unimpressive 225 miles in length. But from Kittery Point in the south to Calais in the north, the sea has battered at the land, scooping harbors and inlets and backwaters out of the rocky shore to saw out a pleated coast. Stretched out, this shoreline would measure 2,500 miles—long enough to run down the entire Atlantic seaboard, around the tip of Florida and over to Texas.

Each summer 100,000 people visit the Maine coast, vacationing at places like Bar Harbor, Boothbay and Kennebunkport, but they

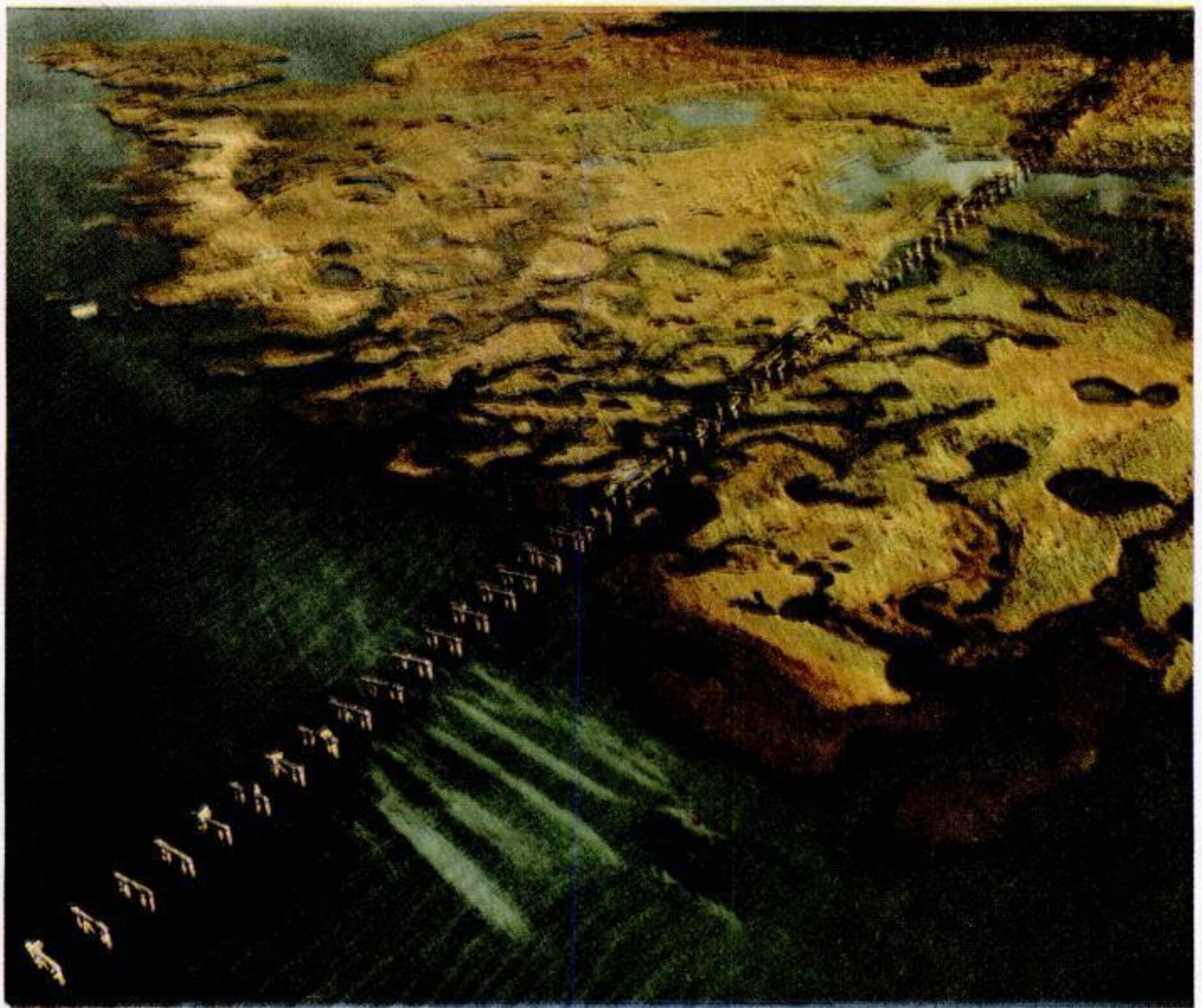
see only a tiny portion of it. They lie on the sand beaches between rocky headlands and moor their sailboats in the harbors and inlets ringed with evergreens. They ride along the sandy ribbon roads that snake their way down Maine's sea-carved peninsulas, and they watch the tide-driven sea smash against the constantly receding shore. But until they have seen the Maine coast from the air, as it is shown in the pictures on these pages, they can never appreciate its spectacular beauty—the granite islands, the empty marshes and the fish weirs, looping their strange patterns across the water.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



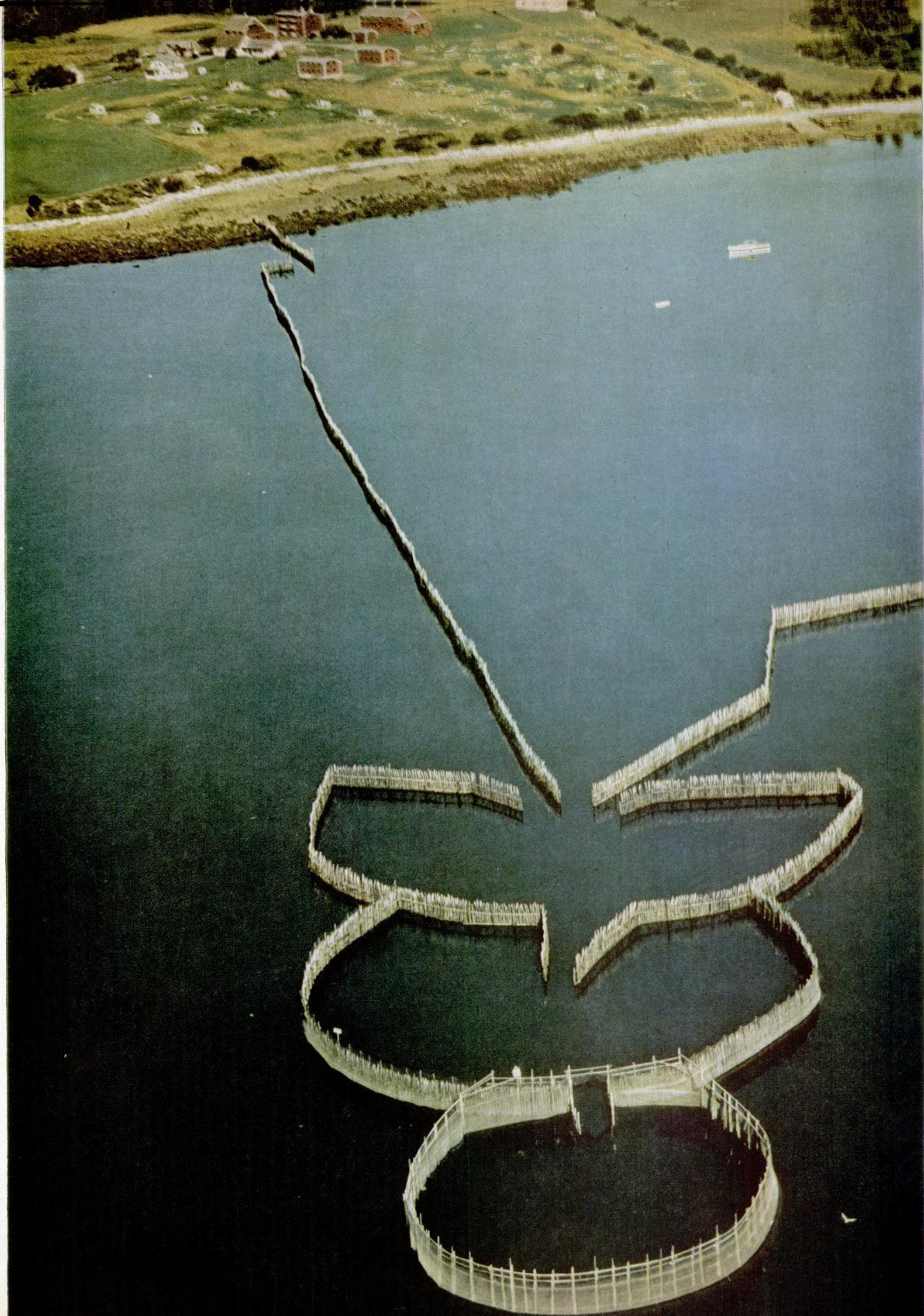


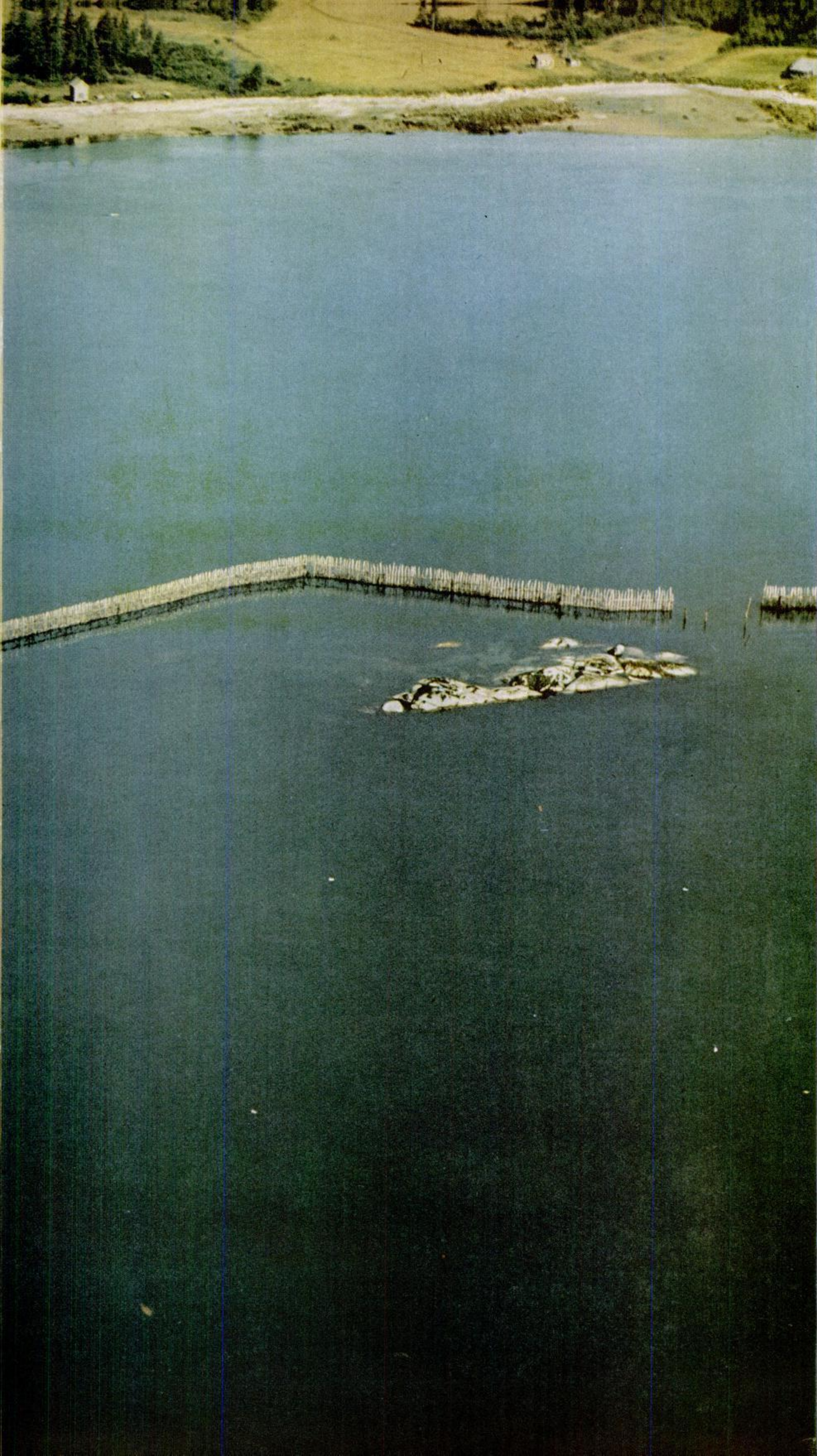
POND ISLAND near mouth of the Kennebec River is the site of a Coast Guard station and lighthouse.



BRAVE BOAT HARBOR is crossed by a decaying bridge which once carried streetcars to Portland.

← **MUSCONGUS BAY** runs into a snug inlet that shelters fishing and lobster boats near New Harbor.





FISH WEIR made from birch trees traps herring, porgies and mackerel near Spruce Head. Fish come in with the tide, then follow the arms of the weir into the three sections, first the "heart," then the "pound," and finally the outermost loop or "pocket." As many as 3,000 bushels of fish may be scooped out of a pocket after a single tide.



They're talking about Ford's modern body construction! And no wonder! Not only are Ford bodies sealed against dust, draft and weather, they're longer, wider and insulated for quiet! What's more—Ford offers more models and more body, color and upholstery combinations than any other car in the low-price field!



They're talking about Ford's new "go"—the "go" of its 110-h.p. Strato-Star V-8—the only V-8 in Ford's price field. You get high-compression power on "regular"—thanks to the Automatic Power Pilot. And it's yours with Fordomatic Drive, Overdrive or Conventional Drive.

Good news travels fast!



They're talking about Ford's Automatic Ride Control—a special teaming of front and rear spring suspension plus diagonally mounted rear shock absorbers. How it gentles the bumps—how it takes the tilt out of turns! It's a honey to handle wherever you go.



Now more than ever it's
The One Fine Car in the Low-Price Field!

Ford's long-range planning has now put Ford even further ahead of all other low-priced cars in quality...even further ahead in savings. This progressive thinking has produced a car which can do more things for more people at lower cost... the ablest car on the American Road. Your Ford Dealer invites you to "Test Drive" it today!



He's talking about Full-Circle Visibility!
In the new Ford Victoria you get a huge, curved one-piece windshield, a car-wide rear window and side windows which leave no center post when lowered. No other car in Ford's class gives you so much vision. It's another "extra"... at no extra cost.

**'52
FORD**

You can pay more
... but you can't buy better!

"Test Drive" it today!

Fordomatic Drive, Overdrive and white sidewall tires optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories and trim subject to change without notice.

U.S. & U.S.S.R. FIGHT IT OUT

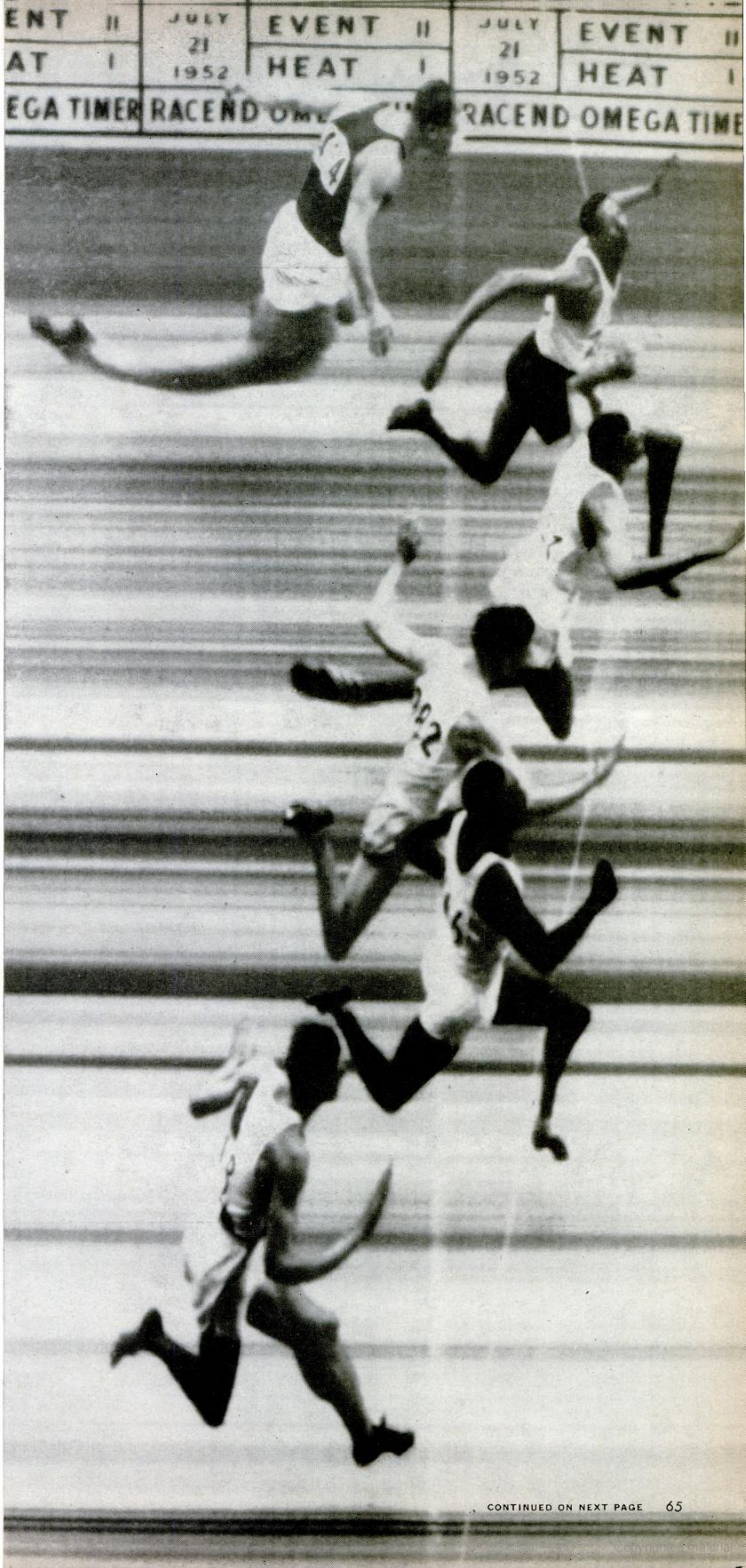
But the only Helsinki casualties are yesterday's Olympic records

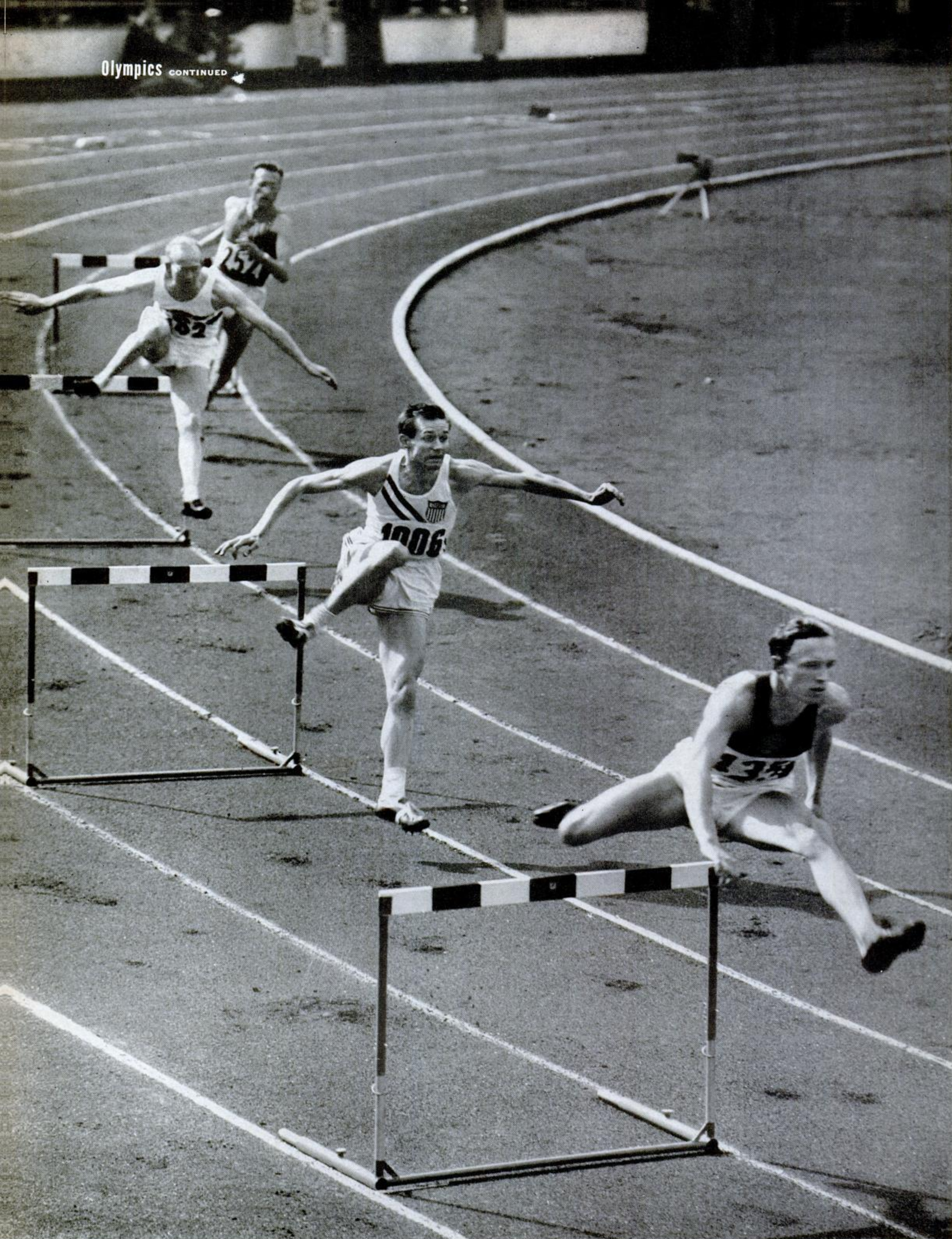
At Helsinki last week the Olympic 100-meter sprint ended in a photo finish (*right*) so close that the judges needed 20 minutes to determine that the winner was an American runner, Lindy Remigino of Hartford, Conn. The blazing finish with six men hitting the tape within 1/10 second was properly in the spirit of the hardest fought Olympic Games in many years.

The quality of performance was unbelievably high, and athletes from all over the world took part in a record splurge of record breaking, spurred by stinging rivalry between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. The latter, competing for the first time, had come to challenge the supremacy America had enjoyed in the last Olympics of 1948. With the two largest entry lists, these two behemoths took over the games, and despite the valorous efforts of smaller challengers, between them they stacked up more than two thirds the amount of team points won by all the other 67 nations together.

It soon became clear that the rivals had staked out victory claims in different areas. In men's track and field events, which most fans consider the soul of the Olympics, Americans won one gold medal after another—including the prized decathlon, which California's Bob Mathias won with a new world's record. But in women's track and field competition it was all Russia, whereas the U.S. team, making a pathetic showing, got no better than one sixth place. In Olympic sidelines, particularly gymnastics, Russia far outscored the U.S., and halfway through the games had built up a sizable, unofficial team point lead. Even granting that Russia had spent years and much intensive effort to build up its team, this was exceptionally good for an Olympic beginner.

FINISH PHOTO of 100-meter final shows runners breasting tape in near tie. Winner is Remigino, U.S., third from top, who barely beat Herb McKenley, Jamaica, second from top. The others are (*from bottom*) John Treloar, Australia, sixth; Emmanuel Bailey, Great Britain, third; Dean Smith, U.S., fourth; and (*top*) Vladimir Soukharev, Russia, fifth.





HUSTLING HURDLERS go over first prop in 400-meter semifinals. Charlie Moore of U.S. (*center*) seems to be trailing Russia's Timofei Lunev (*right*) but is

actually ahead because hurdlers run in separate lanes from staggered take-off. Lunev finished sixth, Moore won heat and final—setting new Olympic record.



ITALY'S GIUSEPPE BORDONI TAKES NEW WORLD RECORD IN THE 50,000-METER WALK



ZATOPEK (LEFT) CUTS INTO LEAD IN HIS RECORD 5,000-METER

EVERY WINNER SHOWN HERE SET OLYMPIC RECORD

In the heat of the struggle, old Olympic records melted rapidly and 36 new ones were set in the first seven days of competition. America, with 11, and Russia, with eight, took command of the record-smashing as they did of nearly everything else. Every one of the winners shown on these pages broke a record, but even non-winners joined in and scores of runners-up and also-rans came in so close behind the leaders that they broke the records too.

The most individualistic and, some reporters considered, the finest of the record setters was Emil Zátopek, a self-confident Czech, 29. In apparent agony, gnashing his teeth wildly at the wind, Zátopek

won both the 10,000-meter race (about six miles) and the 5,000-meter—setting brilliant records in both. Then, to cap his performance, he took the important marathon, finished half a mile ahead of his nearest rival, set another record, and made Olympic history as the first to win both the marathon and other races.

While Emil was running, his wife Ingrova, a javelin thrower, with whom he fell in love at the 1948 Olympics, sat in a dressing room with her hands over her ears, delaying her own entry. "I could not throw while he is running," she said. But after he came in winner she went out and set another new Olympic record—another gold medal for the Zátopeks.



CARTWHEELING, Mrs. Zátopek shows joy over Olympic javelin mark.

NEW ZEALAND'S YVETTE WILLIAMS DIGS HEELS INTO WOMEN'S BROAD JUMP MARK



RUSSIA'S NINA ROMASCHKOVA SPINS INTO RECORD DISCUS TOSS





BROKEN-HEARTED BROAD JUMPER, George Brown of U.C.L.A., who has cleared 26 feet and is the best broad jumper in world competition today, lies in pit after fouling out in the Olympic finals. He was disqualified for overstepping

the take-off point (white strip in background) on all three of his final leaps. Though Brown failed, the event was won for U.S. anyway with leap of 24 feet 10.03 inches by Jerome Biffle, Army private who had not competed for two years.

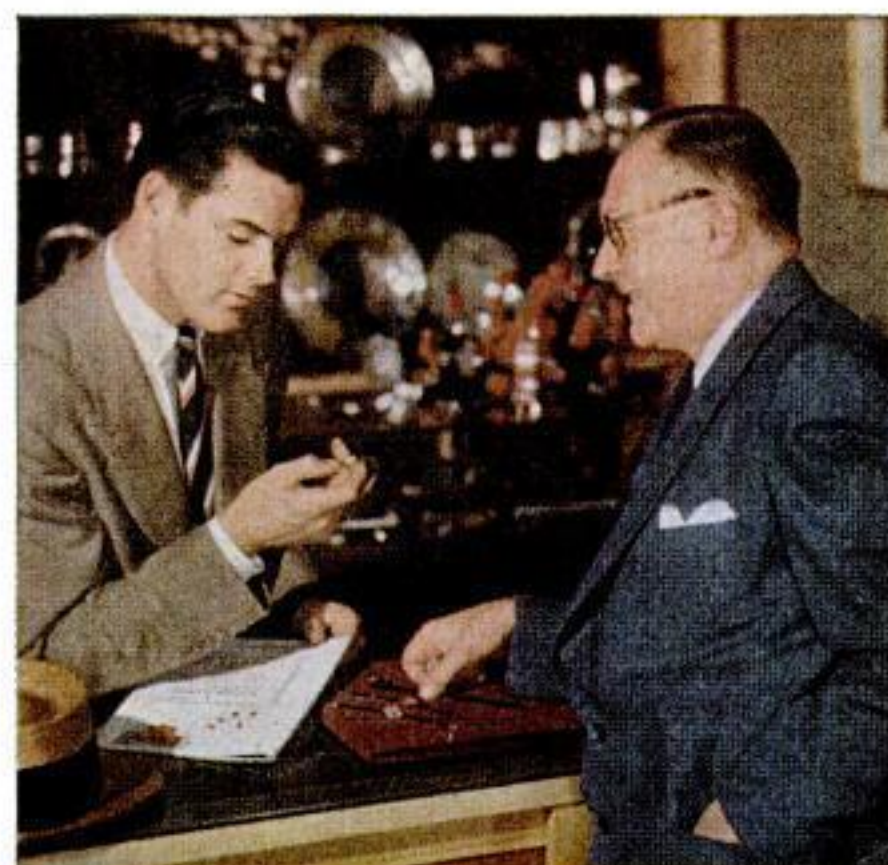
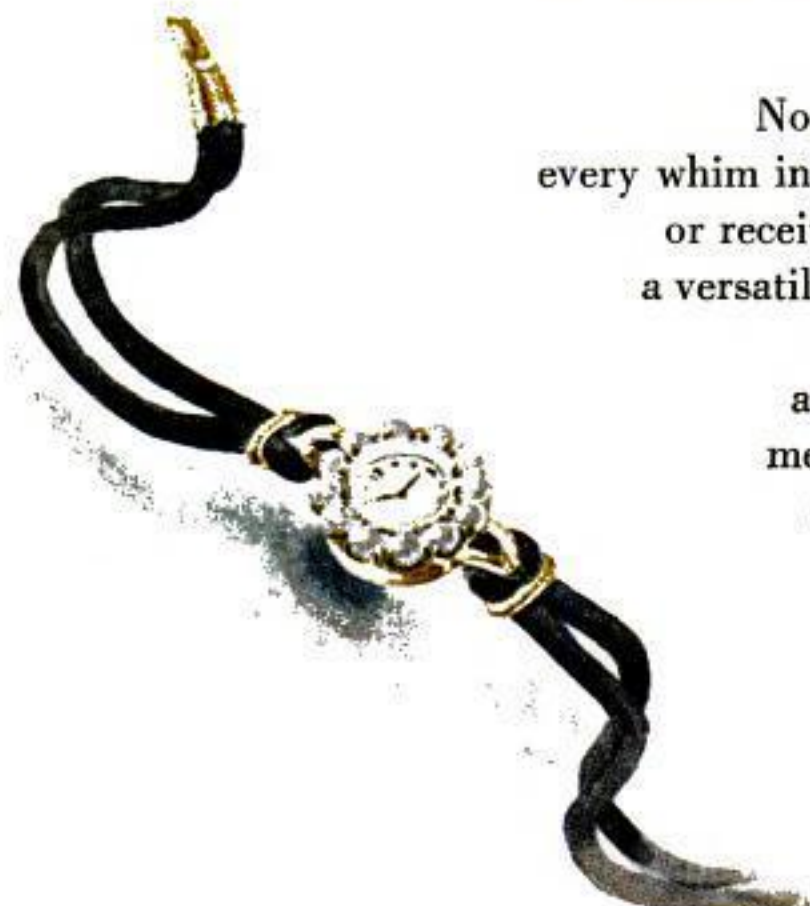


For the gifts you'll give with pride, let your jeweler be your guide

Why most people want a fine Swiss watch

No other timepiece so completely fulfills every wish, every whim in watches. *Outside*—the fine Swiss watch you give or receive brilliantly combines function and style, with a versatility that reflects not only good taste but a way of life. *Inside*—a fine jeweled-lever Swiss movement, a tiny world of precision in which wheels and levers measure your day with incredible accuracy. No wonder seven out of ten jewelers wear fine Swiss watches.

The Watchmakers of Switzerland



Only your jeweler can show you "The Inside Story of the Fine Swiss Watch." And he'll tell you why it's always so economical to have a fine Swiss watch serviced.



TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

© 1952 Swiss Federation of Watch Manufacturers



Beat the heat—with

SEND ANOTHER CARE PACKAGE OVERSEAS TODAY!



Treet and Half-Banana Salads are a refreshing change—and no trick to serve. Just slice the chilled Treet, the ever-popular Armour blend of tender pork and sugar-cured ham. There's no bone, no waste. To add a tart touch to the salad, roll each half-banana in lemon juice, add a stripe of mayonnaise and top with chopped peanuts.



Stacks of Vienna Sausage—well-chilled like the salad molds—make a good and easy summer supper! These little skinless franks are filled with two delicious Armour meats—beef and pork. To prepare salads, place pineapple chunks in molds. Then pour in partly cooled lime gelatin (with 2 tbsps. horseradish added for each package of gelatin).

Summer weather's no fun—if you spend all your time in a hot kitchen! But it's easy to beat the heat—serve carefree, quick Armour Pantry-Shelf Meals! These meals shown here are suggested by Marie Gifford, the famous Armour home economist, for cool kitchens, cool savings, time savings. There are more than 25 different Armour Pantry-Shelf Meals to choose from—more than 25 dozen different ways to serve them deliciously.

ARMOUR 85th ANNIVERSARY



Armour Pantry-Shelf Meals!



Corned Beef and Cheese Tray is hearty enough for a meal—or perfect for between-meal snacks. The Armour Star Corned Beef always tastes extra good because it's lean, firm beef that's been carefully cured for extra tenderness and flavor. Serve it sliced cold with slices of Miss Wisconsin Brick Cheese on crisp rye wafers—and green onions.



Deviled Ham Nests start your day differently! Make nests of piping hot scrambled Cloverbloom® Eggs on toast squares. Then fill them with nippy Armour Star Deviled Ham. You can serve this rich all-ham spread right out of the tin—or warm it up, whichever you prefer. Either way, you've added a fresh, new touch to an easy breakfast!



WORK BETTER! . . . In the locker room, Bob Elliott and Larry Jansen of the New York Giants wait for game-time — and have a coffee-break! Coffee's pleasant lift helps relieve tension, helps ease fatigue. Whether your job is home runs or housework . . . office, factory or farm work . . . do yourself a favor. Give yourself a coffee-break!

give yourself a coffee-break



FEEL BETTER! . . . The family enjoys the big game—with a big cup of flavorful coffee! You'll feel *better* after a cheerful cup of fragrant, full-strength coffee. At work or play, any hour of the day, give yourself a coffee-break! ©1952

. . . and get what coffee gives to you!

THINK BETTER! . . . Baseball sportscasters have to think *fast*. That's why they take . . . a coffee-break! Coffee gently stimulates your mind, helps you keep alert. There's no more *delicious* aid to clear thinking—than a coffee-break!



coffee always gives you a break!

DRINK IT OFTEN! . . . Enjoy coffee at mealtimes. Relax with coffee in-between — at home, at work, or in your favorite restaurant. In fact, wouldn't *right now* be a swell time . . . for a coffee-break?

THE ZONE OF SILENCE

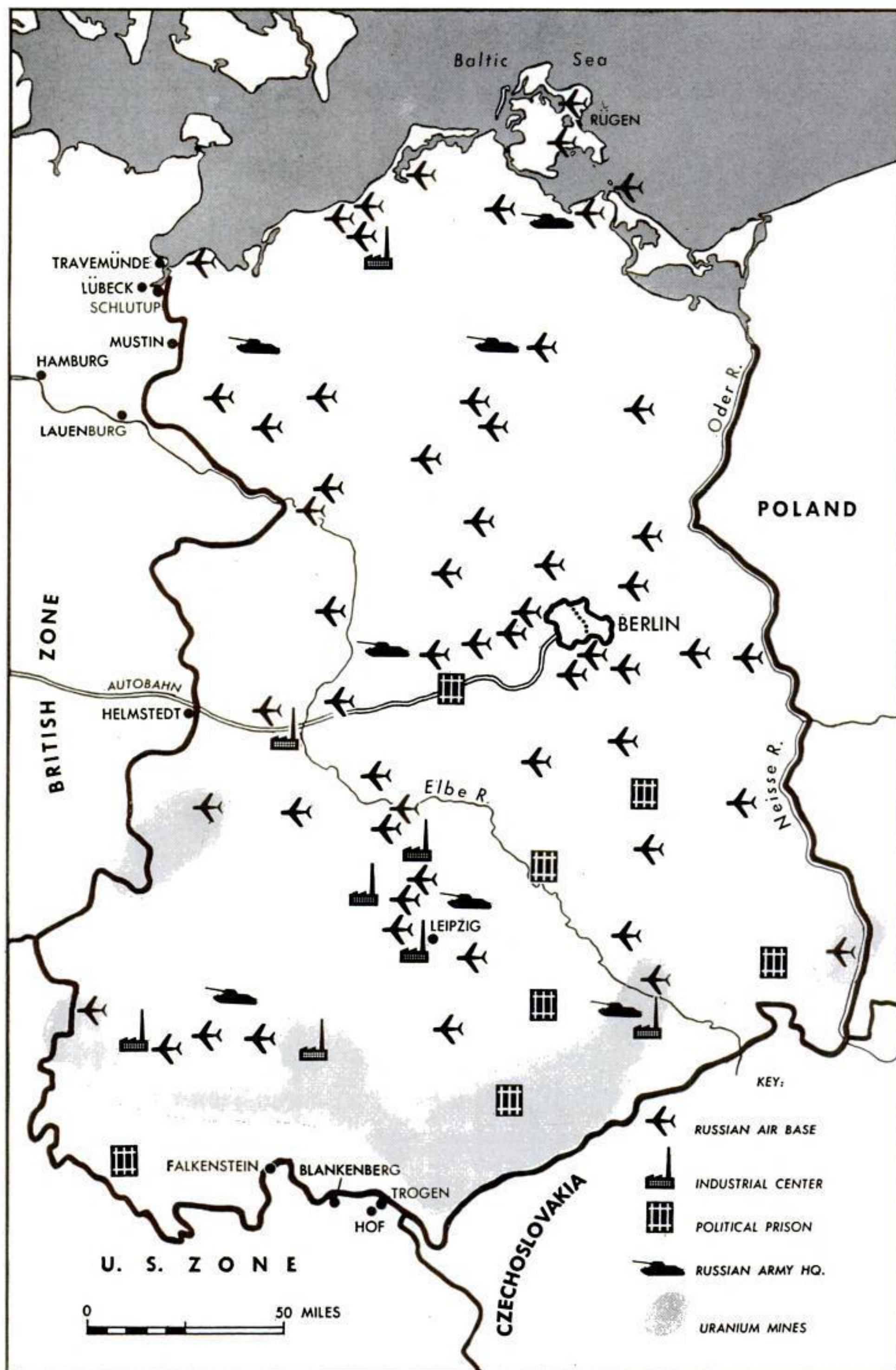
IRON CURTAIN TRIP GIVES LONG LOOK AT REDS' NEW GERMAN BARRICADE



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

Looking into East Germany, with Communist police (*left*) only a few feet away, a West German border guard grimly watches over an Iron Curtain which the Reds are now turning to steel. All along their side of the 730-mile frontier that splits Germany, the Soviets are building a three-mile-deep "security belt" bristling with barbed wire and Red police. The purpose is twofold: 1) to frighten the West, particularly West Germany, into halting its plans; 2) to keep

out Western eyes and ideas which might impede the military, industrial and ideological mobilization of East Germany. Intelligence reports and facts and pictures smuggled out by anti-Communists record alarming steps being taken behind the "zone of silence." The first good look at the zone is given in these photographs by LIFE's David Douglas Duncan, who traveled the border from the Baltic to Bavaria to record the frightening new Red facade.



SOVIET CONTROL of East Germany is shown by map and symbols above. Airfields have been built by German labor and at German taxpayers' expense. Political prisons, set up late in 1950, differ in name

only from previous concentration camps. Rich area east of Oder and Neisse rivers, formerly German, was "provisionally" turned over to Poland at Potsdam, but has been completely annexed by Poles.



BEATING THE BRUSH at border, a policeman looks for East Germans fleeing to Western zone.

REDS BUILD UP

Soviet masters and their German Communist henchmen form a tight, effective team. Together, in seven years of occupation, they have made Eastern Germany a powerful military rampart and have used it as workshop and granary for Russia. This has turned an area of 41,500 square miles into a stifling, heartbreaking prison for most of the 18 million East Germans, who get no rewards from Communism. The only free area in this captive region is West Berlin, 110 miles behind the Iron Curtain. The Reds' attempt to take this chief obstacle to complete Communist control was balked by the 1948-49 airlift. In the event of a new blockade, U.S. policymakers may try to push an armed convoy through to Berlin, even at the risk of war. But the 30 Soviet divisions in East Germany, nearly half of them armored, are a match for the entire Allied ground force strength in Western Europe. And at least 1,500 Soviet jets, including many of the famous MIGs, are based on more than 40 modern East German fields (see map).

In addition to the Soviet troops, there are 100,000 Germans of the *Bereitschaften* (ready squads), which are being expanded into a 24-division East German army. In the *Bereitschaften*, whose members are mostly disillusioned or unemployed young Germans, the Reds have laid more stress on "ideological purity" than on military proficiency. Now the Communists try to fill out cadres with fanatic newcomers



NOMINAL BOSSES of East Germany are Premier Grotewohl (left) and President Wilhelm Pieck.



REAL BOSS of East Germany is Soviet General V. I. Chuikov.



TOP GERMAN in actual power is Deputy Premier Ulbricht.



SECRET POLICE HEAD is former General Wilhelm Zaisser.



ARMED GIRLS, members of Free German Youth, march with Wehrmacht-type rifles at Leipzig rally.

SOLID BASTION

indoctrinated in the Free German Youth. Other recruits will come from the huge, omnipresent People's Police.

Moscow's economic mobilizers have ordered East German industry to specialize in machinery, electrical goods and precision tools. The big bottlenecks are coal and steel, because East Germany is cut off from its normal sources in Western Germany and in Silesia, now part of Poland. In spite of this, East Germany in 1951 increased its total industrial output 15% over 1950 (5% over 1936).

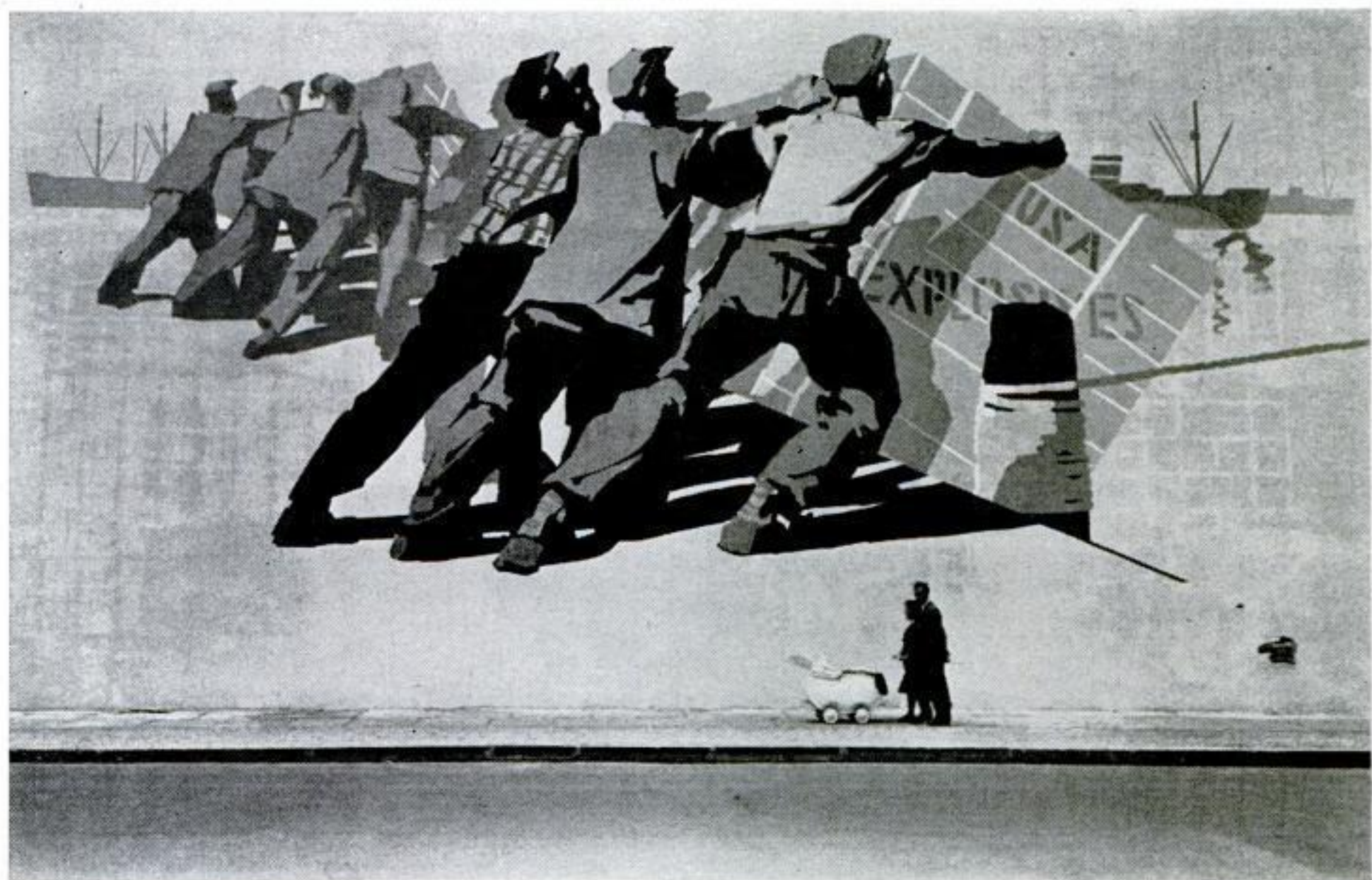
Of this, the Soviets take more than 25%. They exact reparations from current production. They "buy" from German factories at forced prices, far below cost. They operate 40 key plants as Soviet-owned corporations. They requisition billions in cash from the East German government. Their soldiers live off the land. Much of the Soviet take is war material: bombsights, plane parts, jet fuel, mine sweepers, gun barrels, etc. In Saxony, 200,000 Germans mine uranium for A-bombs.

By the time the Soviets and their German stooges have done with them, East Germany's people have no liberty and little livelihood left. They receive just enough food and clothing to keep alive—and working for Russia. And yet, despite their ordeal, or because of it, Eastern Germans still hope for liberation. They have learned, better than the more fortunate Western Germans, just what freedom can be worth.



LIGHT ARTILLERY is used in *Bereitschaften* training. The Russians have thus far issued only old equipment, including Russian T-34 tanks. A new glider corps exists, but no air force. *Seepolizei* (sea

police, presently a kind of coast guard) consists of more than 5,000 men. Several hundred higher German officers have received year's training in Soviet military schools, including vacation in Crimea.



HEAVY PROPAGANDA blasts at East German eyes and ears. Huge poster, dwarfing the baby carriage and couple, purports to show West European stevedores dumping U.S. military aid shipments to

NATO nations into the sea. Actually, Red campaign to prevent unloading of U.S. arms fizzled completely. U.S. radio broadcasts from Berlin have made East Germans immune to most of Red propaganda.



POLICE HEAD Karl Maron has lived for 11 years in Russia.



TOP GERMAN OFFICER is solemn General Heinz Hoffman.



"WAVE" LEADER Starrick is head of women in the sea police.



TOP PROPAGANDIST Gerhart Eisler (right), ex-spy in U.S., sits with the Soviet ambassador.



ON BALTIC BEACH at Travemünde at northern end of Iron Curtain on Continent, Photographer

Duncan began trek. Here barbed wire divides East and West. Germans quip that Reds even split sea.



BEHIND BARBED WIRE below Travemünde, Red propaganda sign protests West's rearmament

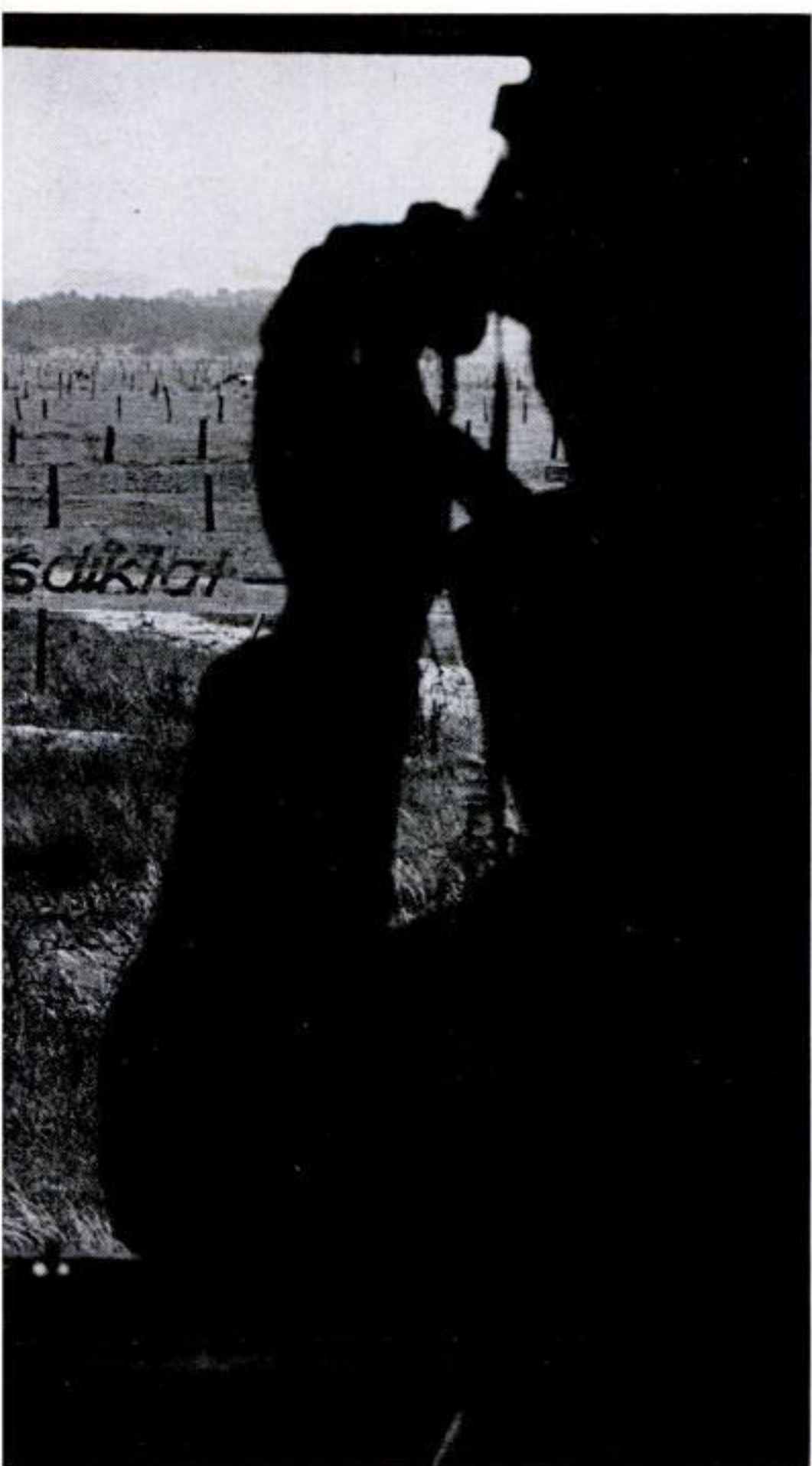


AT ROAD BARRIER near Schlutup, in British zone, West Germans watch East German workers

spreading sand on road that once ran directly to East Germany. Neither shovelers nor watchers spoke.



IN A FOREST south of Lübeck, Communist police clear a 10-yard swath. Four of the People's



with slogan: "No Eisenhower War-Decree." Picture was taken from inside West German border post.



Police in woods protecting the work detail pointedly aimed their rifles at LIFE's Photographer Duncan.



THROUGH A GRAIN FIELD near Mustin plows leave a straight strip. People's Police (*left*) watch

from shade as East German rakes ground smooth to show the footprints of any illicit border crosser.

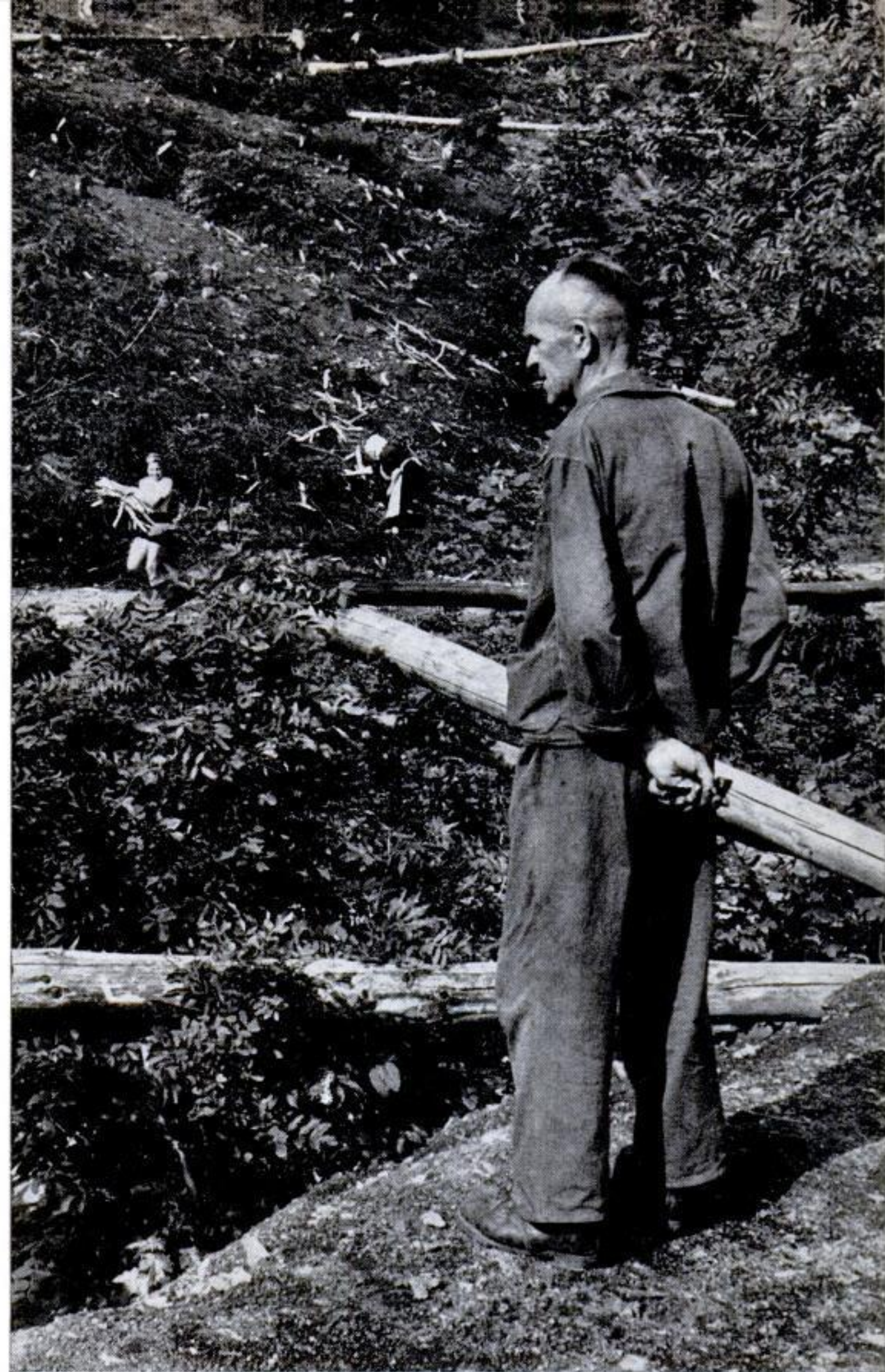


ON A RIVER, the Wakenitz, which forms East-West border near Lübeck, Western paddlers stick

to their side as People's Policemen stand guard on far bank. River excursion boats run almost empty.



RIPPED-UP RAILS near Blankenberg, in U.S. zone, cut off East-West traffic on a minor line. In East Germany, Soviets looted tracks and sent them to Russia.



DIVIDED FAMILY talks across border. Man was able to flee to West, but his mother and his daughter were left behind. Women were then put to work by Reds.

NEW BORDER EMPTIES VILLAGES AND DIVIDES FAMILIES

East Germany can now be "legally" entered with new papers issued by the Reds at only five road and six railroad crossing points; the People's Police shoot to kill at unauthorized border crossers. The three-mile-wide "security belt," designed to enforce the restrictions,

consists of three parallel bands of varying widths. In the first, the population has been mostly evacuated to the east. People still living there must have an identity card with three stamps, and must stay indoors from sunset to sunrise. Cafes and movie theaters have

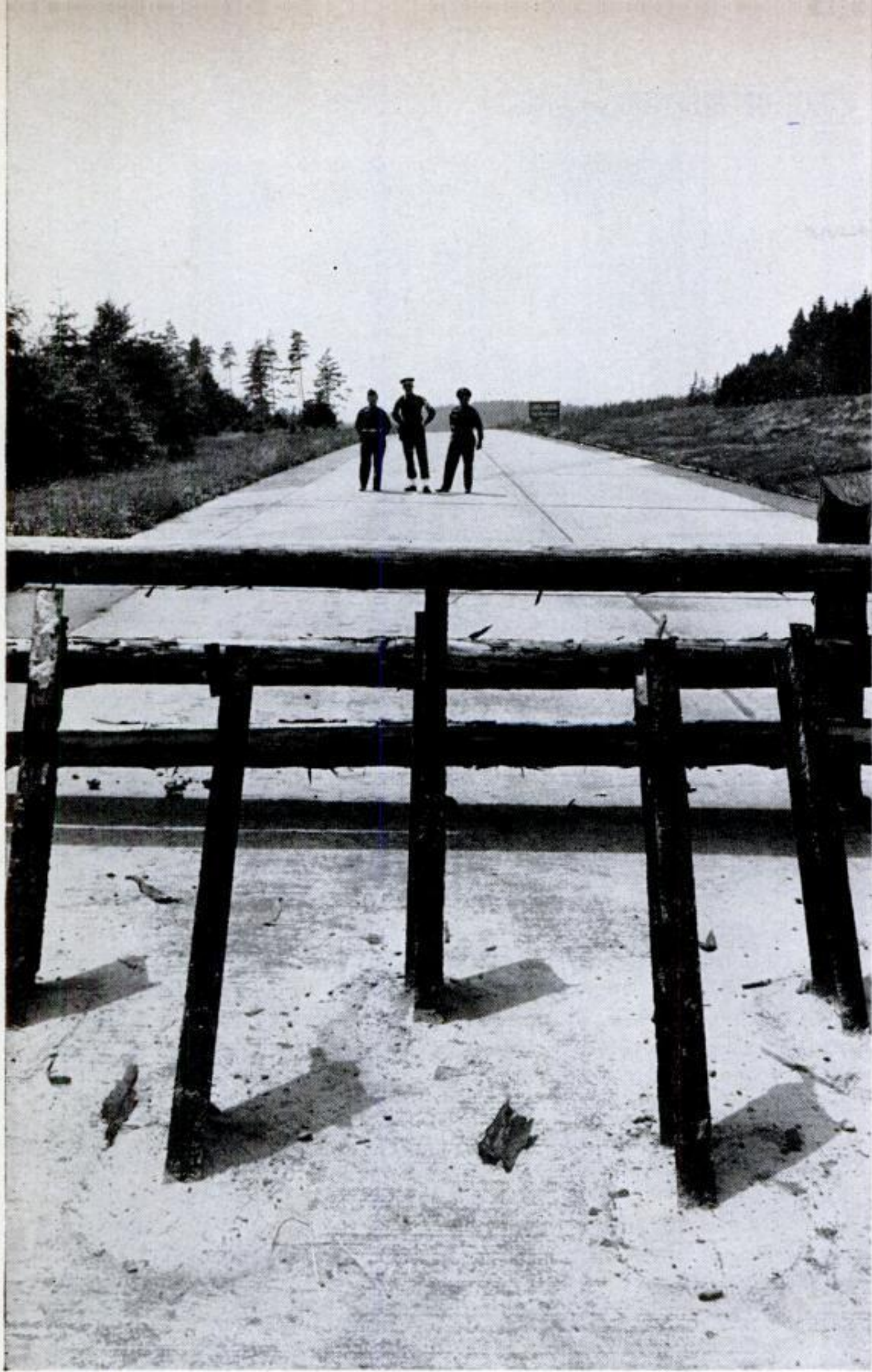
been closed. Residence in the next band requires two stamps, and in the third, one stamp. This, according to Red propaganda, is a step toward German "unity," but to Photographer Duncan it seemed that the stark and ominous silence of the tomb had descended on the land.



TORN-UP ROAD leaves a bumpy section on border near Lauenburg to slow up crossers. East and West guard boxes are several hundred yards to either side.



DESERTED VILLAGE of Fortkrug looks as if it had been visited by a plague. Most of Fortkrug's farm families have been forced to the east by the Communists.



AUTOBAHN BARRICADE near Trogen, at southern end of Russian zone, is made of I-beams and logs. U.S. MPs in road were photographed from East side.



STONE MARKER dated 1765 shows border between U.S. zone of Germany and Russian zone of Austria. American zone of Austria lies across the Danube River.



NONPOLITICAL DOG named Rolf, trained by People's Police, jumps the barricade at Falkenstein, near Wagner's Bayreuth not far from southern end of

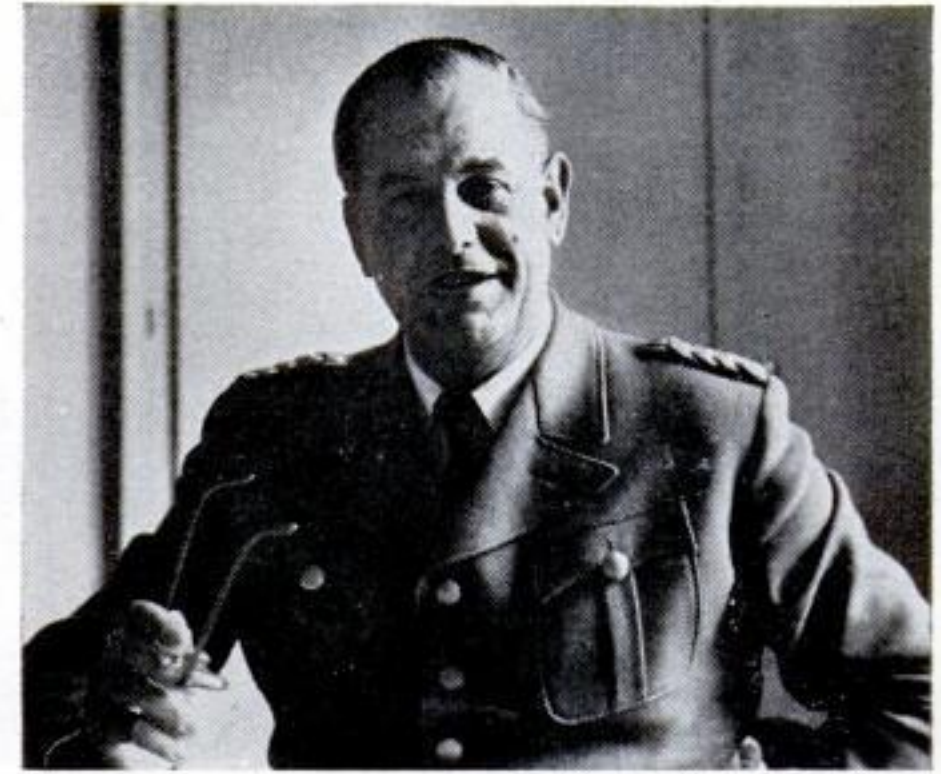
East-West border. Rolf then shook hands with U.S. MPs. Two Red cops and two Russian soldiers, lurking 200 yards away, did not quite know what to make of it.



WEST GERMAN BORDER GUARDS (above), lightly armed compared to the East German ready squads, march to Lübeck bivouac area. Below, two People's Policemen who fled East Germany stand in refugee camp. Still wearing uniforms, cops felt uncomfortable under suspicious stares of civilian refugees in camp.



ZONE OF SILENCE CONTINUED




EX-WEHRMACHT GENERAL Hans Bruhn is commander of border guard regiment near Lübeck.

WEST GERMAN REARMING LAGS FAR BEHIND EAST

In rearming the East Germans, Russia has gained at least a three-year jump on the West. Helplessly torn between their old fear of the Germans and their new fear of Communism, it took the Western European powers until this May to sign a treaty establishing a "European army," which would include 12 West German divisions. But the parliaments of all five nations and Germany stalled ratifications. There is little chance now that West German rearmament will begin before 1953. Meanwhile West Germany has organized a 10,000-man federal border guard which may someday form the core of West German divisions. *Kommandeur Bruhn* (above) finds that many of his recruits are magnificent physical specimens, but as the offspring of defeat and chaos "they have room for more heart and soul." The state of the "heart and soul" of other Germans was more encouraging. In June alone 13,000 East Germans, including scores of People's Police, escaped to the West. But that was before the Communists had finished hacking out their "zone of silence."



AGED REFUGEES, Charlotta Gallandi (left) and Johanna Muller, enjoy the sun at camp in U.S. zone. Frau Muller brought only dachshund Hexe with her, claims dog warned her of approach of People's Police during flight. Fellow refugees thought her foolish not to have brought along more practical possessions.



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1952 Report

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Q. How does a high-protein diet help make operations safer?

A. It builds up the patient's resistance, conditions his body against "surgical shock" and reduces danger of infections. Many doctors, where possible, now prescribe a high protein diet for a considerable period of time as a routine step in getting a patient ready for an operation.

Q. Isn't the high-protein hospital diet a rather new idea?

A. Yes, it represents an almost complete reversal of the old "minimum diet" theories. The high protein diet was brought to the fore of medical attention during the last war when wounded soldiers made dramatic recoveries on diets that often included meat three times a day.

Q. Why are protein needs so great during illness and convalescence?

A. During the course of most illnesses and after surgery there is a tremendous loss of protein substances from the patient's own body tissues. It is vitally important that this protein, plus the extra protein required for healing, be promptly replaced.

Q. How much can a protein-rich diet shorten convalescence time?

A. This, of course, varies with the type of illness, surgery involved, and the general physical state of the patient. Use of a high-protein diet in one of the country's leading teaching hospitals, however, indicated that convalescence time in certain similar cases could be shortened from a "normal" 21 days to as little as 10 days!

Q. How soon after an operation does a patient get meat?

A. He gets protein as soon as possible. If unable to take solid food at first, patients are given special liquid diets that contain all the essential protein building blocks (amino acids) found naturally in meat. They are encouraged to return to familiar natural foods as soon as these can be tolerated. Its appetizing flavor and high digestibility make ground meat one of the first solid foods that can be eaten.

Q. I'm sound and healthy. What can protein do for me?

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- the manufacture of the body's own glandular secretions (such as ACTH, cortisone, insulin and epinephrine).
- maintaining normal fluid balance between various compartments of the body.
- restoring strength to depleted muscle tissues.
- promoting a feeling of well-being important to convalescence.



HENRY GREEN, AUTHOR OF "DOTING," WHO DISLIKES HAVING HIS FACE PHOTOGRAPHED, IS PICTURED IN HALF HIDING AT HIS FAVORITE LONDON PUB

The Double Life of Henry Green

THE 'SECRET' VICE OF A TOP BRITISH INDUSTRIALIST IS WRITING SOME OF BRITAIN'S BEST NOVELS

by NIGEL DENNIS

H PONTIFEX & Sons Ltd., manufacturers of plant equipment for the food-and-drink trade, is the sort of business house that Britons like. First, its name shows that it was founded in days when a firm of its kind was not tempted to call itself Supersonic Evaporation Ltd. ("We Give You Your Dew"). Second, Pontifex & Sons has kept in the same line of business for nearly 200 years, and has been run on a father-to-son basis, by a family named Yorke, for over half a century. Third, its head office in London (the busy, crowded factory is in Birmingham) is what Britons feel a substantial head office should be—a respectable four-story building in a respectable West End street. The main entrance is a nondescript gap, the elevator a bony affair that ejects visitors into austere wooden passages flanked by cubbyhole offices. Only the managing director's office seems to concede that a hint of prosperity, like a pair of gold earrings, might lend charm to the House of Pontifex; so, here is a good-sized room containing two impressive flat-topped desks and deep armchairs upholstered in olive green hide. On the walls, among company charters of the time of George III stamped with huge seals, are engravings by

William Blake, but customers need have no fear that Pontifex & Sons has a secret weakness for 18th Century mysticism: it is just that the firm is proud of having supplied Mr. Blake with his copper plates.

The managing director, Mr. Henry Yorke, is a soberly dressed man of 46 who, like many businessmen in these days of British austerity, thinks that "sadly dressed" would better describe his appearance. He has breathed big business since the day he was born (his father still is chairman of the board of Messrs. Pontifex and was once chairman of the board of the Mexican Railway). Mr. Yorke knows his work quite literally from the bottom up. After going to Eton and Oxford (where he played for the university billiards championship), he went straight into the family foundries at Birmingham and worked his way through the shops like any other apprentice. Though, as he says, he "revered" his mates and was well liked by them, he could never convince them that he had descended to proletarian level by choice. "They preferred to believe," says Mr. Yorke, "that my father put me into the factory as a punishment for committing rape at Oxford."

Mr. York spends his mornings hard at work in the world of

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YORKE'S FACTORY, the Birmingham plant of H. Pontifex & Sons Ltd., which he now manages, is where the author started his career in business.

HENRY GREEN CONTINUED

distillation. Here, the essence of life is in heat balances, second-and-third-effect evaporators, stripping columns and reflux condensers; its gauges are those of "the Wheatstone bridge" and the "barkometer." Mr. Yorke knows this mysterious universe as well as Dante knew Hell, and for 20 years he has steered through it customers from all over the world, including Her Majesty's government, the Crown Colonies, and the government of India.

But when the lunch hour strikes, Mr. Yorke suddenly becomes a changed man. Much, he says, "as a Bluebeard reaches into a drawer for dark spectacles and a wig," he produces foolscap and a steel-nibbed pen wound round and round with surgical tape to make it easier to the grip (he suffers from writer's cramp). Then, doffing not only his directorship but his very identity, he transforms himself into a novelist named Henry Green, who sets himself a daily quota of 1,000 written words. It is lucky for Henry Green that Henry Yorke dislikes eating lunch: the latter's abstinence allows the former to distill quite a flow of fiction before afternoon business summons him back to his essential trade. When evening comes, Mr. Yorke goes home to Knightsbridge and visits the local pub for a few drinks (distilled, of course, with equipment supplied by the House of Pontifex). Then he has his dinner and afterwards becomes Green again until "I feel I have done as much as I can."

He has made a habit of this all his life, even in his days as a Birmingham apprentice. As Henry Yorke, he has become what the world calls a well-to-do, respected businessman, and what he himself calls "a man preoccupied by taxes." Almost none of his clients has heard of Henry Green, the novelist whose numerous admirers only recently heard of Henry Yorke. If there is a link between the two, it is visible only to the collector of internal revenue, who fully appreciates that Green and Yorke "speak the same tax language." Conservative in his attitude to business, he is the opposite in his approach to fiction: all his nine novels—of which the latest, *Doting*, has recently been published by Viking in the U.S.—are what he calls "an advanced attempt to break up the old-fashioned type of novel."

Some of this breaking up might be compared to experiments by a modern clockmaker who takes old timepieces apart to see what makes them tick and reassembles them according to a plan of his own, adding new parts here and there, rejecting bits and pieces that strike him as hopelessly cumbrous and out of date. Much as such a clockmaker might eliminate frills and ornaments which serve only to obscure the all-important dial, so Green has experimented with eliminating quotation marks and "a's" and "the's" in the hope of fixing the reader's attention on the essential subject and of not distracting the mind's eye with unnecessary black marks on the white page.

Not only has Green pruned the body of his work of "artistic" writing—he also has extended the process to his titles. His first novel, *Blindness*, was followed by *Living*, and then *Party-going*. After that came *Caught*, *Loving*, *Back*, *Concluding*, *Nothing*, and the current *Doting*. In the case of *Living* (1929), a story of Birmingham factory life, the conversational style was so new to most people that Evelyn Waugh called the book "the most neglected novel" of the decade. But since then critics have accepted the method and showered praise on its results. Elizabeth Bowen has

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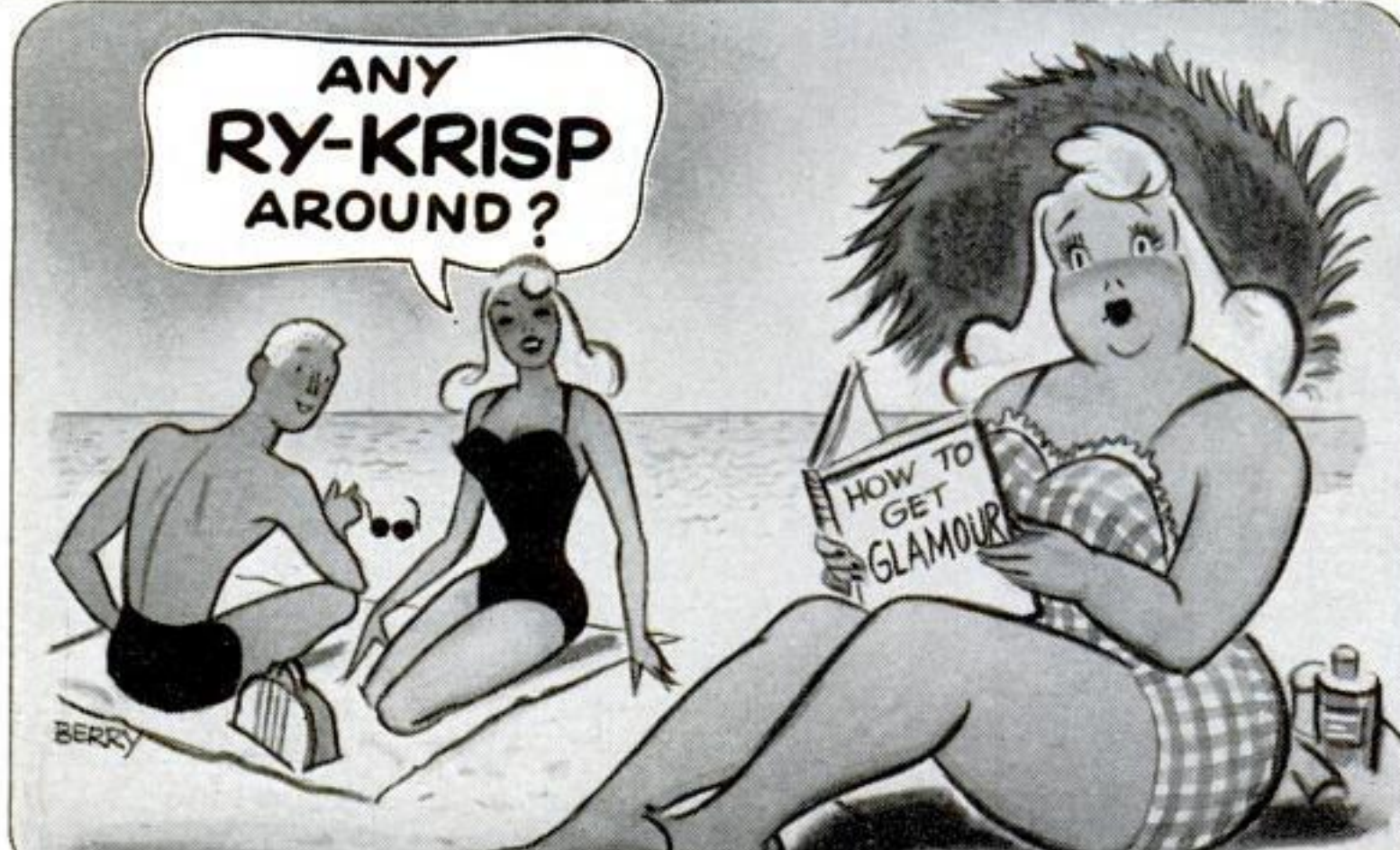
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AT YOUR GROCER'S

described Henry Green as "one of the novelists most to be reckoned with today." Poet W. H. Auden has declared him to be "the best English novelist alive."

Although this praise may be merited, it should not be thought that Green stands alone in his efforts to slim the novel form down to essentials. Many poets and novelists of the '20s and '30s have done as much and more to trim the bushy face of Victorian-type fiction. Where Henry Green stands alone is in his whole idea of what fiction should be. The French Flaubert, for example, a century ago revolutionized the novel by standing back from his characters and describing their behavior more with the exactness of a scientist than the personal interest of an artist. Green has tried to go a long step further; not only has he, like Hemingway in the early short stories, refused to describe his characters at all, he has made pioneer explorations of all the ways in which they can describe themselves, in their own words and with their own gestures. Unlike Flaubert and the early Hemingway, Green is a diehard romantic with a passion for strong colors and florid dreams, and it is this that has helped him and his method into their unique position in contemporary English fiction.

A Green novel is not just a platter of realistic bare bones; it is a rich dish of human flesh and blood, fit for the most exacting cannibal. Moreover, it is subtly designed in such a way that Green himself, the creator of the dish, seems to be the one personality who has had nothing to do with it. While other members of the tribe dance excitedly around the pot, the chef shyly looks the other way and pretends that he has never heard of missionaries. Those who meet him personally soon discover that he practices the same sort of nervous, temperamental detachment from art in his private life too: he is so unlike most other authors that he seems to be an experimental breed of his own contriving—an artist whose constitution is, "in spite of ulcers," specially constructed to meet the demands of modern life.

The man-in-the-street has always had very strong opinions about "the artist"—a term that once meant simply a painter but has long included almost anyone who is neither a keeper of regular hours nor a Communist agent. In the Middle Ages the artist was considered a sort of bastard cross between a rogue and a saint; and even in the Victorian era, when many artists became very rich, it was taken for granted that art was a romantic way of failing to make both ends meet.

The trouble with "artists"

THIS has had a bad effect on aspiring artists, who have done their best to live up to the character that has been suggested to them by their elders. They have flocked into garrets like mice and asserted their artistic integrity by becoming as personally dishonest, diseased and impecunious as possible. In a moment of irritation, Mr. Wyndham Lewis has described the majority of them as creatures who spend their lives "brooding over some midget talent, in some dirty little room, with some dirty little woman." Other students of the type have found a kinder, more flattering description: the artist, they suggest, is an aristocrat, i.e., one who performs the important double duty of giving society both an object lesson in moral depravity and a tantalizing glimpse into the joys of dissolute abandon.

The artist is very well pleased with this description of his function; but his opposite number, the businessman, is not. The businessman has never approved of aristocratic behavior, nor has it ever been his custom to applaud tantalizing depravity, except in nightclubs. Consequently the gap between him and the man of art has become so wide that the two regard each other, particularly in the U.S., as quite separate species of man.

The double life of Henry Yorke-Green is one of many indications that this gap is closing and that the old portrait of the artist is, as Henry Green says, "finding its way into the ash can." Economics is the principal reason for this change. Taxation has done away with the artist's patron and the private income. The pork barrel has swallowed his sinecures in government. Publishers and art dealers say that rising costs make it impossible for them to "carry" artists who are too unpopular to carry themselves.

Henry Green believes that the artist's old function as "a private hell-hound" has been swept away as well. Today, he explains, no artist can hope to compete, in publicized depravity, with the achievements of the Hollywood film star. Artists who lie in the gutter to look up at the stars are merely "removed by angry garbage collectors." The oldtime artist is on the spot; and if, before, he was short on money but long on glamour, he is now faced with the total disappearance of both. What is he to do?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Donna Corcoran

pert MGM starlet
tells why
she likes
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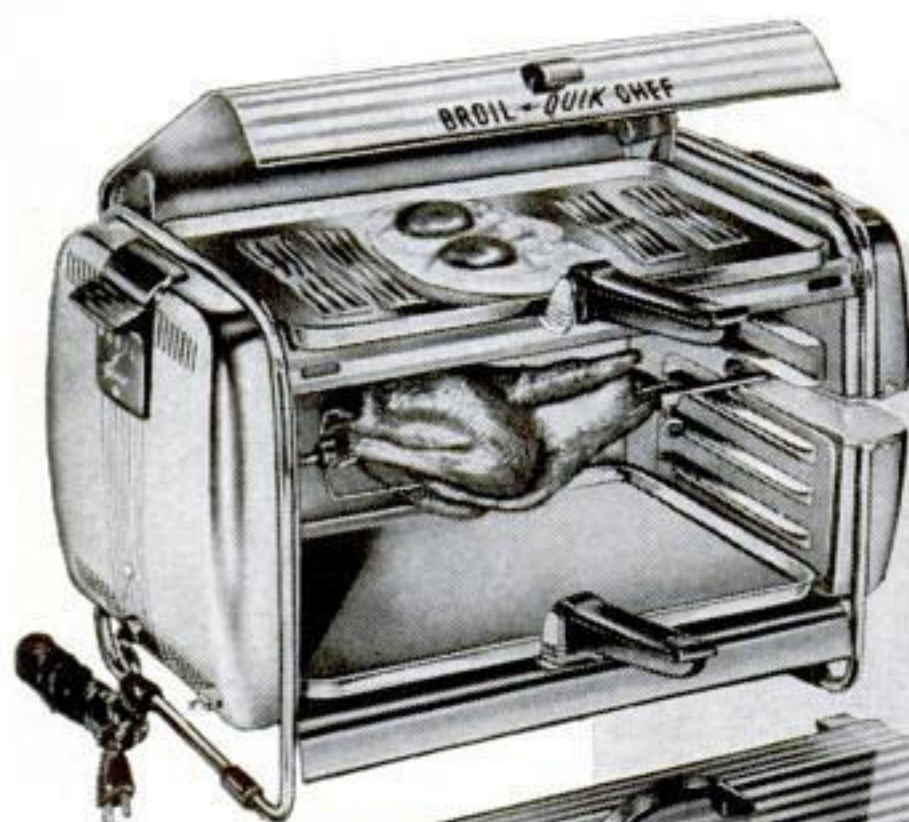
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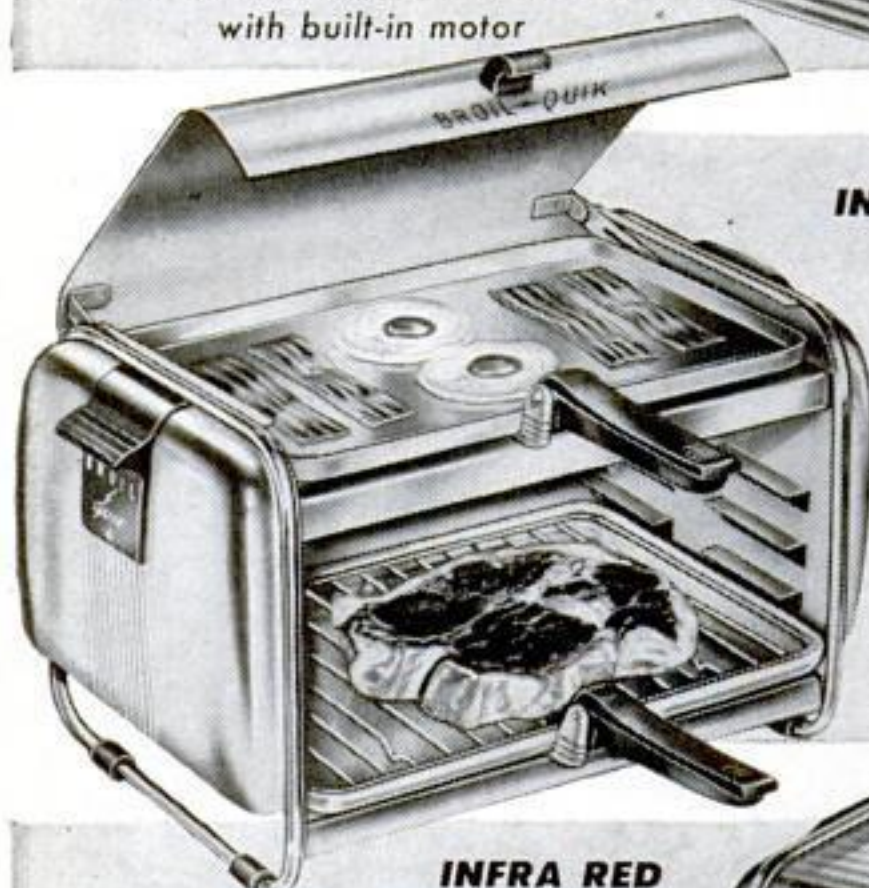
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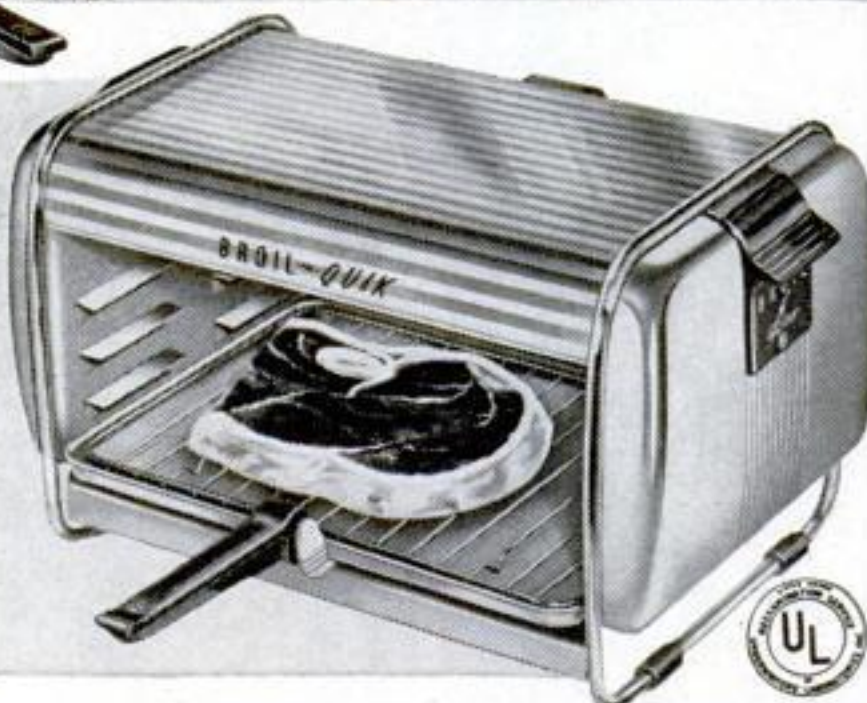
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SATIRIZING HIS OWN RELUCTANCE TO HAVE HIS FACE PHOTOGRAPHED

HENRY GREEN CONTINUED

The poets—"as befits the so-called spiritual leaders of any sect"—have, Green believes, shown the way out to some extent. Most of them have become schoolteachers and professors; a few are doctors. Some work in publishing houses and in radio; most of them have taken to journalism and other forms of popular fiction, such as whodunits, guidebooks and book reviews.

In Henry Green's new book, *Doting*, there is a poet named Campbell Anthony who, unlike his creator, thinks that it is romantic to be an artist. Like a ghost of the past, he appears occasionally to stir up nostalgic memories and arouse the mingled sympathy and irritation of the other characters. Campbell never speaks directly to the reader—because he no longer has anything to say—but the other characters speak for him. "Poor Campbell is here," the girls say, when they enter a bar and glimpse his dim shape ("like an old umbrella propped in a corner," says Green). "And he's so depressed, poor sweet!" Another girl says, "It's not that I don't love him. I do, I dote on him, but..."

To Henry Green, the "but" is what he calls "it." "Doting, to me, is not loving," explains one of his older characters. "Love must include adoration... Loving goes deeper." And the reason why no one can love "poor Campbell" is that he himself is a victim of doting—doting on a personality (his own) that Green believes has "no longer enough margin in which to operate."

Green's life has been a long search for a more profitable artistic margin. He has not gone out of his way to avoid literary circles; many of his friends are writers (including Evelyn Waugh, Christopher Isherwood, W. H. Auden, V. S. Pritchett). But he has always insisted that the so-called literary life is, in reality, "a classic form of dying." The writer's duty, he says, is "to meet as many pedestrian people as possible and to listen to the most pedestrian conversation." Such people and conversation may seem dull to those who don't write novels: but that, as Green says, is "only because nonwriters have no idea of the boredom that is involved in listening to people whose only topic of conversation is the prices they get for their literary work."

It was Birmingham that taught him the virtues of living conversation. "Unlike literary men," he says, "factory workers are interested, passionately interested, in one subject above all—the lives and habits of other people. Get into conversation with any group of workmen—and other people is what they talk about."

On this foundation Henry Green has built himself a working philosophy of life and literature. He believes, roughly, that the artist can survive only by becoming a businessman and that he can learn about art only from people who are not artists. He also believes that "conversation is the principal way of learning anything about life, and so it is absurd to waste good talk on topics, such as art, that come after life, not before it. It is ridiculous for people who talk mainly about the arts to call themselves 'intellectuals.' How can they be, when they haven't the smallest interest in the principal material of intellect—people? No, the real intellectual is the workingman."

This belief of Green's, that only people who discuss people are intellectuals, is resented by some of his literary friends. "If Henry's right," said one writer, "it simply means that my wife's the greatest intellectual of all time." Green's harshest critics are, "quite rightly" in his opinion, the "intellectuals," i.e., factory workers. "The men in our foundry subscribed a penny each to buy one of my novels. Only one of them mentioned that he had



HENRY GREEN PROFFERS SOME ALTERNATIVE POSES TO THE CAMERAMAN

read the book. I asked him if he had liked it. 'I didn't think much of it, Henry,' he replied."

Sometimes Green seems to burst the bonds of his theory of adjectival scarcity by breaking into rich passages of descriptive writing. But he does this only when the object concerned "won't speak for itself"—when it is a frosted windowpane, a bird, a sleeping man, a white fog lying upon a landscape, a group of dancing girls glimpsed at a distance. "Anything which has a voice is invited to use it—but the reader is left to supply the shapes and colors out of his own head." Green considers this one of the most important advances of his method. "There must be stage directions," he admits regretfully. "The novelist has at least to make plain who is speaking." But thereafter his duty is simply that of "setting the reader's imagination to work, of so ordering what he is putting down that, by evocation, by memory, by the mysterious things we all share, which is another set of words for the lone word 'life,' he may create life in the mind of the reader."

The downfall of ignorance

GREEN has created multiple forms of "life" in the minds of his readers. His way of life, as Henry Yorke, has taken him into all classes of English society, particularly during World War II, when he was a full-time London fireman throughout the Blitz. It has freed him from "the English novelist's worst restriction—ignorance of life on all social levels except his own." Some people consider *Living* the best proletarian novel ever written; many regard *Loving* as a masterpiece of life belowstairs, with butler, footmen and housemaids vying with each other to blend love and ambition into a comic paradox of soft hearts and hard intentions. But *Blindness*, *Back* and *Caught* are samples of Green at his saddest, using, as he says, "human conversation at yet another social level as a means of expressing despair and defeat."

Doting, his latest, is not quite in either category: each reader will decide for himself whether it is funny, gruesome, sad, despairing. "They will call it decadent," he thinks, "but it is not. In fact, in fifteen years' time it will be thought quite soppy." It is simply the story of a middle-aged, married businessman who loves his wife but dotes on a young girl. His efforts to have his cake (his wife) and eat it (his girl), and the horrific plots and counterplots which this provokes within and without his family circle, are likely to strike younger readers as hilariously funny—but may bring a blush of shamed self-recognition to the cheeks of their elders. For the middle-aged hero has no illusions about himself or the object of his dotage ("She's simply destroying me, the little tart!" he bellows to a friend). And the girl is well aware of what middle-aged family men expect in return for buying meals at expensive restaurants—"Why, bed, of course." "Do they get it?" asks her curious girl-friend, and the young lady, with a hideous giggle, answers flatly, "Strictly confidentially, no . . . not yet."

Doting is almost wholly conversation. One of its merits is that though no single character is described, each builds a lifelike portrait solely by speaking. To each of us certain ways of speech suggest certain shapes of flesh, which, as in a telephone conversation with a stranger, we automatically construct around the shapeless voice. Is it a baby-faced blonde with a button nose who coos to her middle-aged wooer, "All I can say is, I wish you were my parent!" Or are such crushing remarks typical of demure brunettes? Or are we hearing the signature-tune of the freckle-faced redhead? "Let each middle-aged gentleman with a roving eye,"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Stars in your Glass

FLAVOUR

QUALITY

UNIFORMITY

PRESTIGE

VALUE

don't be vague... say

FIVE STAR

Haig & Haig

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by
RENFIELD

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

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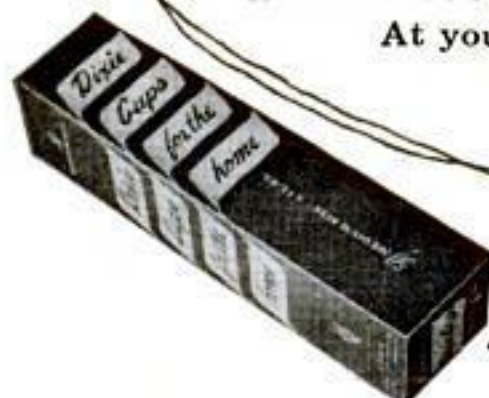
SAFE FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Won't Spread Germs
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HENRY GREEN CONTINUED

says Henry Green, "color and shape the creature out of the aching shallows of his own experience."

Some people dislike reading Henry Green because they are not used to supplying colors and shapes out of their own experience—and even protest that Green is handing them a job which he should do himself. Similarly, readers whose imagination is excited only by straight plot and action resent an author who offers them scenes and incidents which *imply* a great many excitements but remain veiled and mysterious if the reader cannot figure them out. In this respect Henry Green is more like a poet than a novelist.

Green's method belongs to the detective-story writer as well as to the poet, and those who find him hard to take will find him much easier if they imagine his characters to be actors in a fanciful whodunit. He meets all the requirements of the exacting crime reader, except that he does not provide a full explanation of his mysteries in the last chapter. Instead, he supplies all the clues the reader needs—and leaves him to draw his own conclusions. He also differs from the crime writer in that he never drops red herrings. All his clues are to the point. When the reader possesses a true detective spirit, his pages give an impression of steadily expanding illumination in which the characters present new facets of themselves and their relationships with every line they speak.

But the reader who masters this particular difficulty in reading Henry Green is often baffled by another, tougher one—his fondness for symbols. When the Great Detective enters a murdered lady's bedroom and finds in the wardrobe a pair of spurred high boots, a lariat and a ten-gallon hat, he entertains the suspicion that she was acquainted with a cowboy. But when the reader enters *Doting* and finds himself in a nightclub, watching a juggler form circles in the air with a dozen billiard balls, he may well dismiss the incident as just a bit of "color." When, however, on reaching the last pages he finds himself in another nightclub, watching the same juggler shaping the same circles, he may dimly suspect that he has "missed" something.

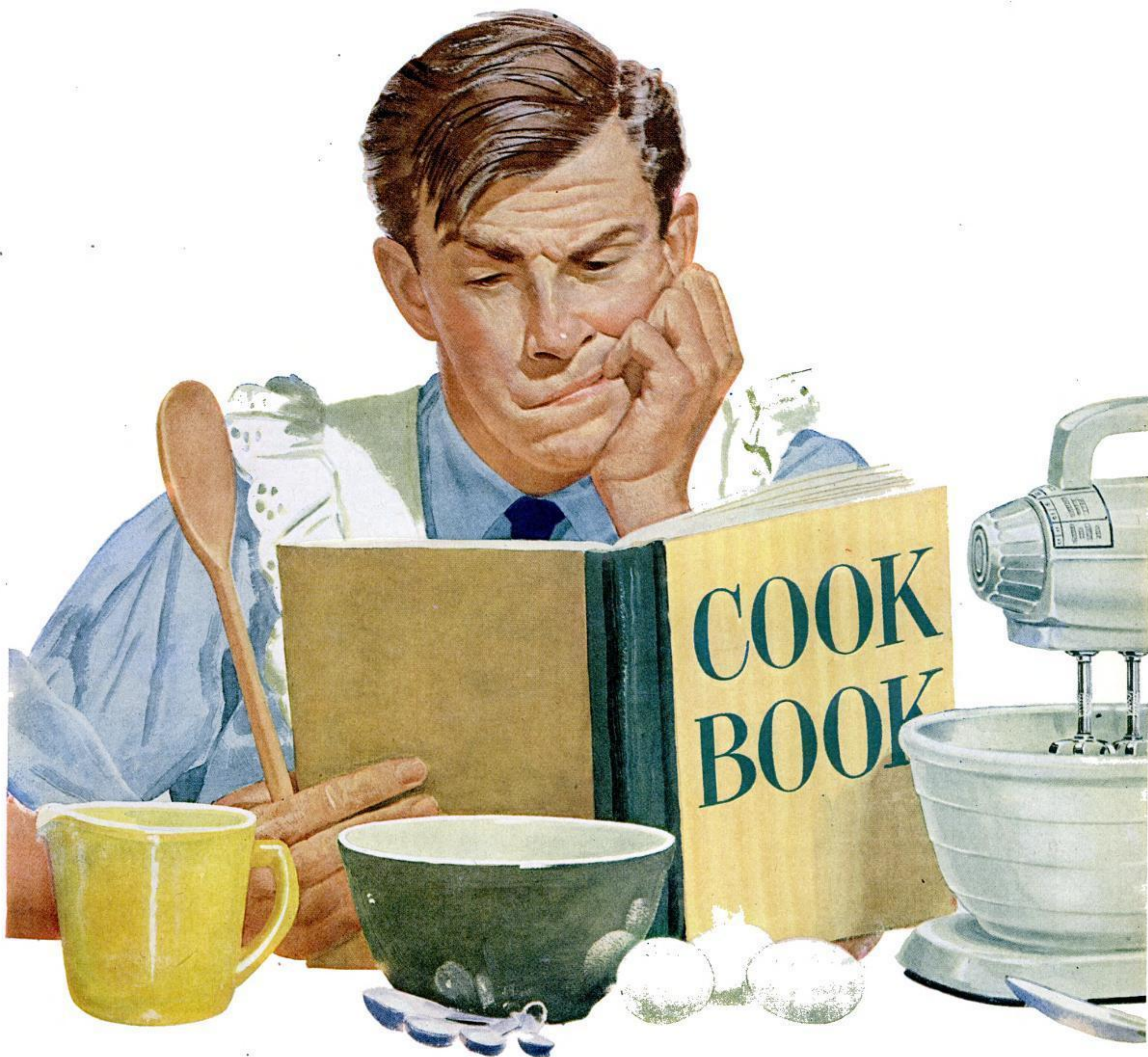
He has—because he has taken Green's juggler at face value and not inquired of his own imagination just what a juggler *suggests*. When he does inquire, his imagination may answer that jugglers represent a world in which optical illusion, smiling ease and enviable sleight-of-hand are the things which matter—enviable things, because they do not enter much into the world of the solid, slogging, average man. The juggler's first appearance with his wheel of balls is for the purpose of luring the reader (along with the characters) into a dream of romantic deception, and his second appearance, when the characters have played out their parts, is to indicate this dream is over—"that the wheel has turned full circle."

Bats and bluebottle flies

IN *Loving*, Green's symbols are numerous. Love's "prison" is an isolated Irish castle in World War II: screaming peacocks and amorous pigeons help to suggest a decaying, old-world lovenest which willfully rejects the rigors of modern battle. In *Concluding*, this social criticism is neatly projected into the future: the ancestral mansion is become a state-owned academy for young girls and is even more remote from reality in its barren institutionalism than it was in its period of aristocratic decadence. It is, in fact, such an official outrage that Nature herself attacks it with every malicious trick in her bag—strewing sordid bluebottle flies over the formal azalea flowers, concealing loving couples in the underbrush, loosing owls and bats, making every human cry echo three times, tormenting the spinster matrons with a gross old man. To these barren ladies-of-the-state, their academy is a Garden of Eden which it is their duty to keep free from vulgarity and serpents—and the total reply of Green's symbols is that such an attitude to life is, in effect, a baleful attempt to choke the very source of life. *Concluding* is Green's richest and finest novel. But it is also the most difficult to understand, because its setting is in the state-owned future while its myriad symbols are echoes of the Old Testament and mythology.

When Green puts his pen aside and turns back into the businessman named Henry Yorke, he tends to regard his Green self with pained surprise. It is as Henry Yorke that he lives life to what he calls "the small full"—a hard-working man who enjoys watching dancing and listening to jazz (particularly Mildred Bailey and Chick Webb) and likes "to do my own drinking." He never listens to the radio and never goes to a movie: his excellent health and robustness he attributes to "my love of outdoor sports—billiards, patience, and half a bottle of gin a day." Unlike Henry Green, he does not wish "to be ruled by intellectuals, and so I always vote for the Tories." He keeps a manservant at home, a son, Sebastian, his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91



Now's the time for

Having a little trouble, Mac? Buck up! You still can surprise the little woman and the kids with a swell Jell-O gelatin dessert! It's an absolute cinch to make . . . and we guarantee they'll love every bit of it!



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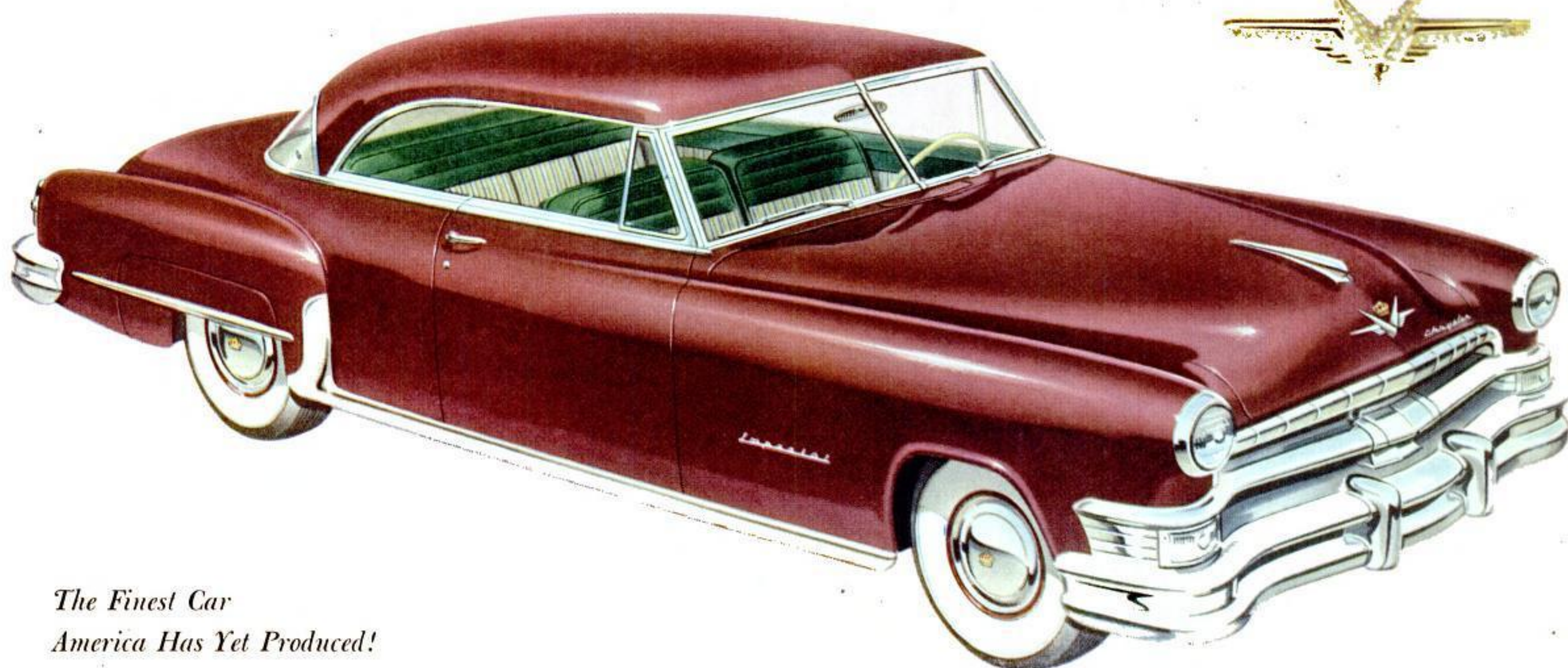
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Imperial

BY CHRYSLER



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*The Finest Car
America Has Yet Produced!*



A BRIDEGROOM in 1929 Yorke-Green unblushingly permitted full-face photograph as he and the former Mary Adelaide Biddulph left St. Margaret's.

HENRY GREEN CONTINUED

My child, at Eton. His ambition is to rise higher in the business world and train Sebastian to succeed him at Messrs. Pontifex. Like my doting father, he is deeply impressed by the fact that Sebastian, at 17, has already left him far behind as a connoisseur of jazz: "I am easily pleased; but he looks with horrifying scorn on my work that was composed later than 1927."

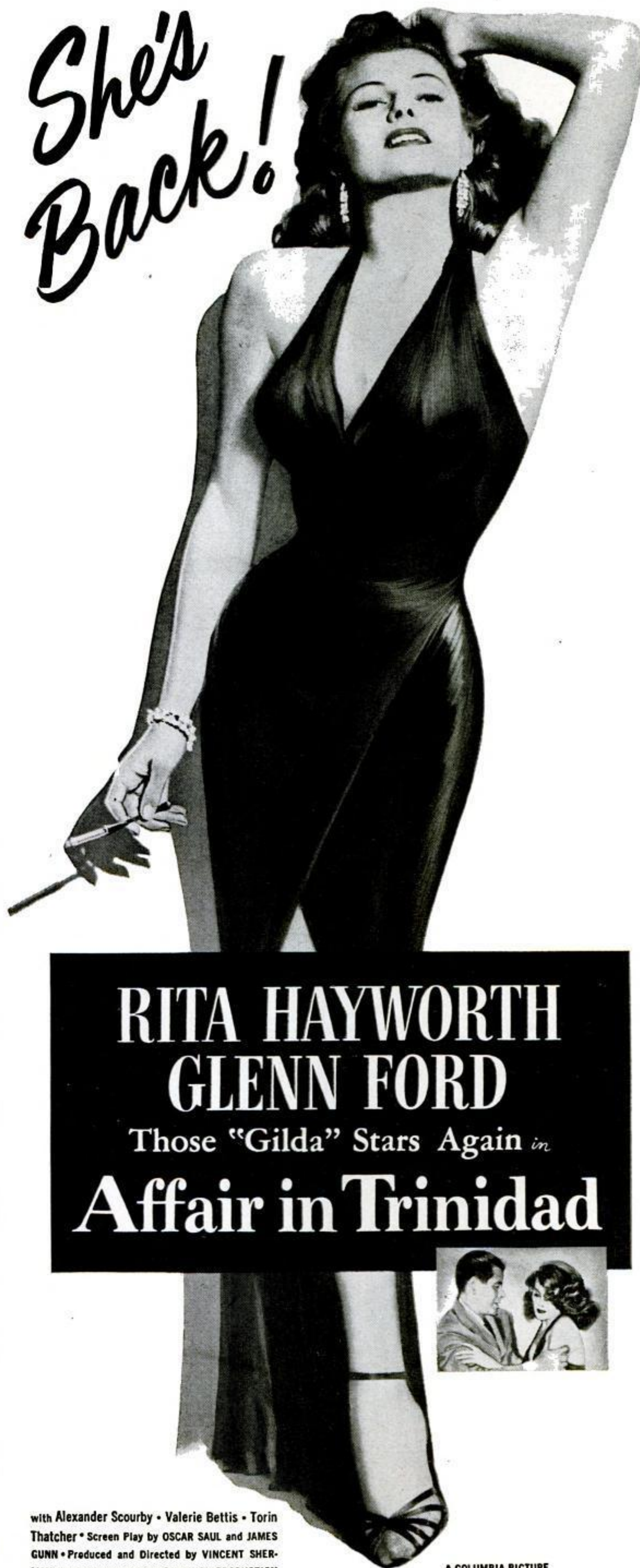
Such characteristics might well have been the sum total of what fate had decided to implant in him the strange, second personality of Henry Green. His whole childhood was spent in what he calls a "rich boy's background"—the handsome estate of Northampton Court in Gloucestershire, where his family has lived for more than a century. A cousin of the Earl of Hardwicke, a nephew of another peer, Lord Leconfield, he was also born into a spider's web of intermarried, cosmopolitan wealth ranging from tin mines to railroads, which has given him "rich relatives all over Europe." To this day, the "nature" he evokes in his novels is the world of lawns, terraces, artificial lakes and rhododendroned drives, rather than the simpler flowers of the field. He was so deeply brought up that when his father took him on a trip to Mexico and they stopped over in New Orleans, Henry declined with horror the offer of a friendly American to take him round Basin Street. When I think what I missed!" he groans today. "I might have heard Jelly Roll Morton; but in those days the word Basin Street only made me imagine a deep sink of iniquity."

Green's own story of these early years may be read in *Pack My Bags*, his only book of non-fiction. In 1938, with most of his novels still unwritten, he saw World War II looming up and was convinced that he would be killed in it. In a state of half-panic, he envisaged the raw material that he had intended to distill into fiction going to the grave with him, and reluctantly he set to work on the "pre-emptuous" and "boring" job of putting it directly onto paper. The result is an admirable piece of autobiography in which, though most of the personalities are shrouded in anonymity, the twin characters of Henry Yorke and Henry Green may be seen growing together side by side, thoroughly ill at ease in each other's company.

Eton brought out the worst in Green: he smarted under the

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She's
Back!



RITA HAYWORTH GLENN FORD

Those "Gilda" Stars Again in

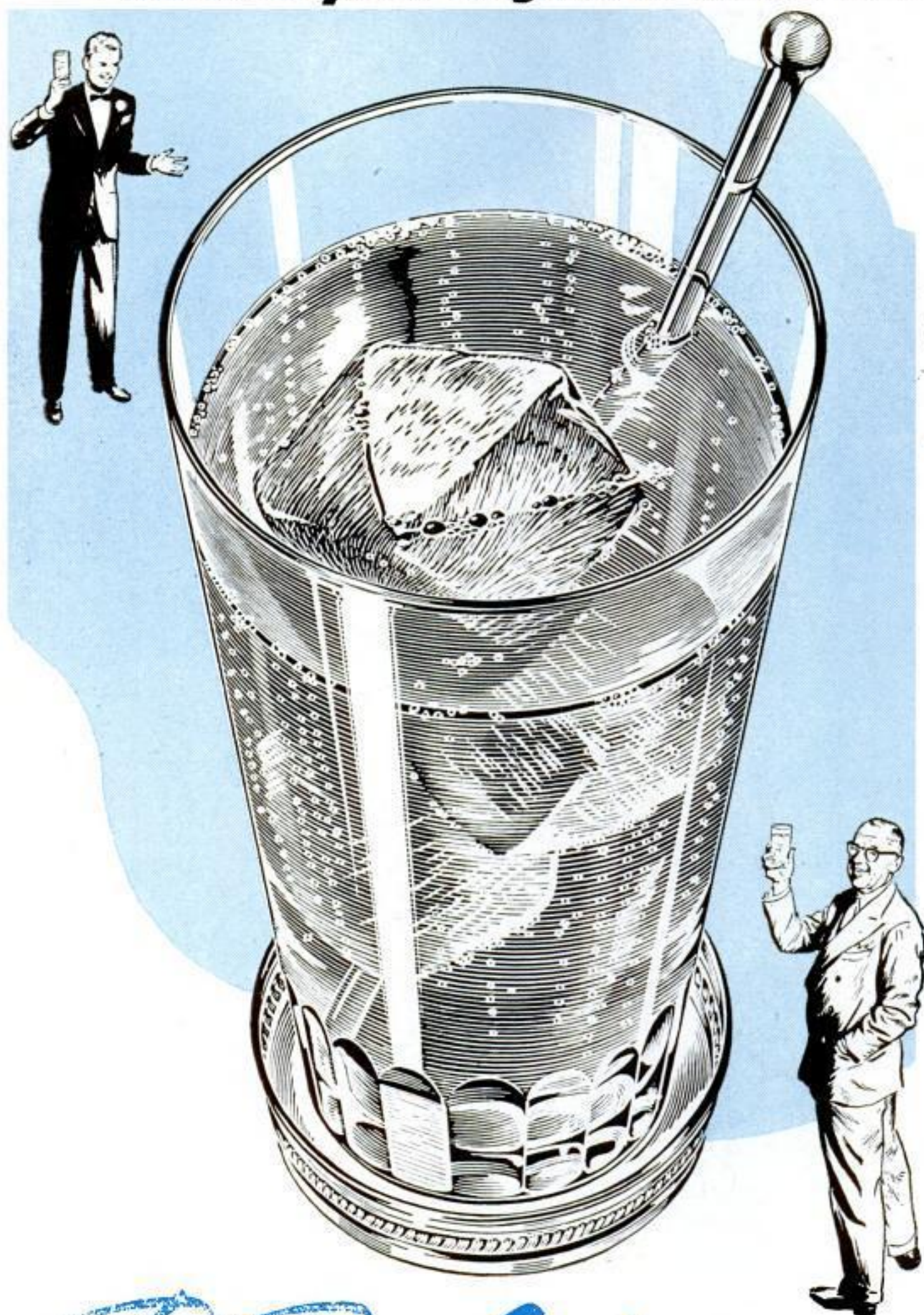
Affair in Trinidad

with Alexander Scourby • Valerie Bettis • Torin Thatcher • Screen Play by OSCAR SAUL and JAMES GUNN • Produced and Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN • A BECKWORTH CORPORATION PRODUCTION

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Only Sparkling Canada Dry Water gives you these two exclusives that make the most wonderful drink you've ever tasted. Ordinary soda water won't give them to you... neither will plain water. For the best highballs, use the best club soda—Sparkling Canada Dry Water.

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THE CLUB SODA WITH

Blend-ability

HENRY GREEN CONTINUED

whip of his own snobbery, dishonesty and hypocrisy. But, characteristically, he is grateful to his old school for having made his life so empty and meaningless that he was forced to develop qualities which he might otherwise have neglected. To be an esthete was considered "awful" at Eton—which was reason enough for Green to become "determined to be a writer." Sex was taboo, and, says Green, "I would not have it any other way." Forbidden fruit are sweetest, and by shutting sex out of a boy's life, "he gets the benefit of an exaggerated outlook on it." In short, *Pack My Bag* makes clear that Green received the kind of education he needed: i.e., the exact opposite of what Eton thought it was giving him.

Pack My Bag breaks off with Green leaving Oxford to enter the family factory, where he became a practiced iron molder, brass molder and coppersmith. He then joined the firm's head office in London, where he again became the junior who has to work hardest in order to impress his seniors. His marriage to Mary Adelaide (known to him and his friends as plain "Dig"), a sister of Lord Biddulph, made a brief splash in the society columns of 1927. He speaks warmly of those years because they were a sort of "proving period" both in business and in art. In writing *Blindness* and *Living* he had been able to draw on well-digested material, but when he now set to work on his third novel, *Party-going*, which was "about my own circle in London," he was faced for the first time with the problem of "creating an abstract situation out of real conditions." It took him seven years of dogged struggle to write *Party-going* and, in doing so, to cross the hazardous divide which separates "real" fiction from autobiographical. Many authors never cross it at all; very few have succeeded in doing so precisely during the period in which they are also crossing from bachelordom into marriage and from youthful zest into the rigors of big business.

The pub over the club

BUT it was not until World War II that he was struck by the fact that "proletarian inspiration" was essential to his artistic development. He made this discovery when he signed up as a fire fighter in a Mayfair unit, and found that most of his new mates were valets, butlers, footmen, waiters and hotel porters. In the long hours of waiting for a fire call, he listened to everything they said; and just as he had once noted, in the Birmingham factory, how business life looked from down under, so he now discovered what his own class, and its way of life, looked like to those who served them.

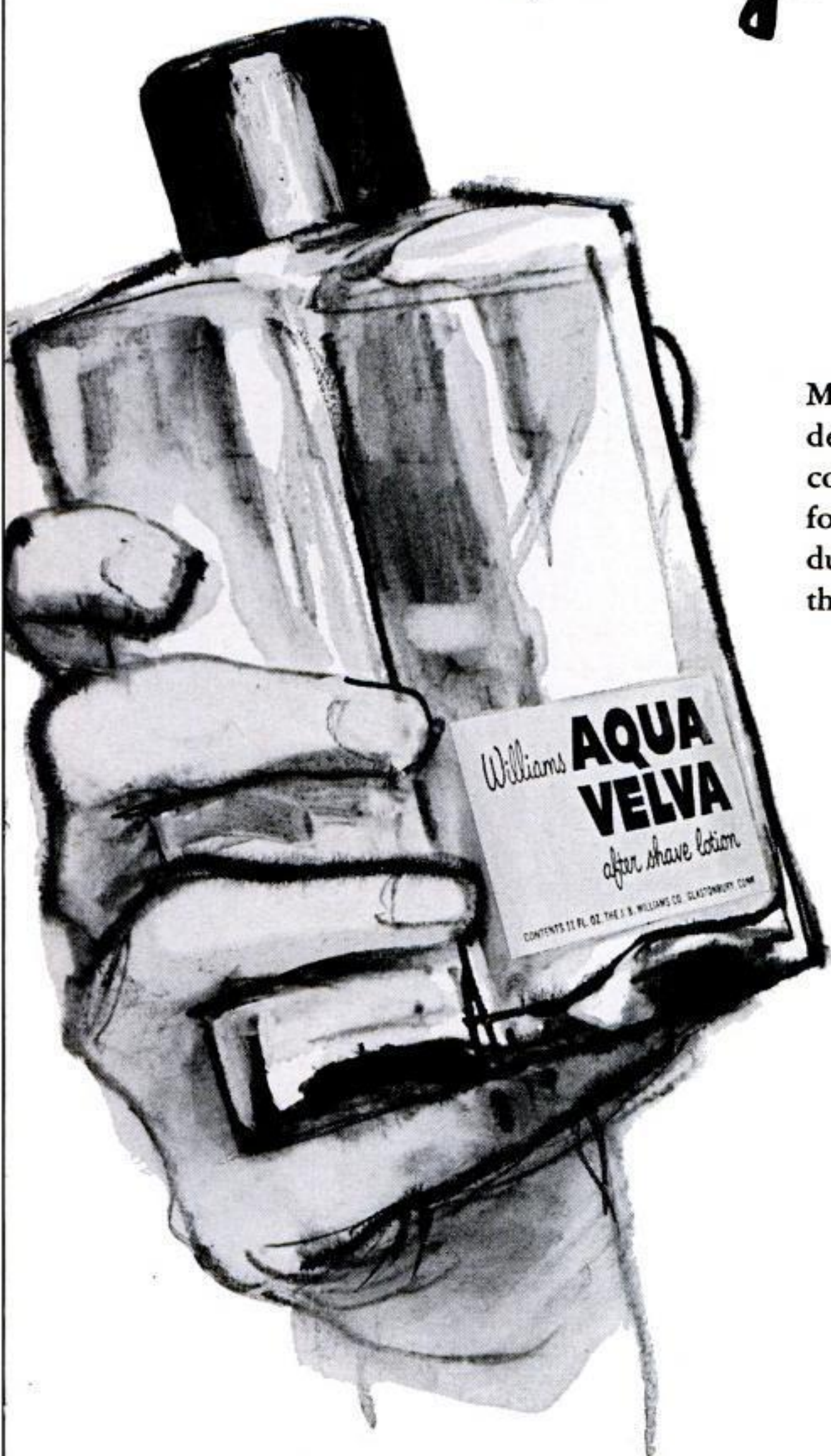
The result has been to widen still further the peculiar cleavage between his two ways of life. For example, although he was recently elected chairman of the British Chemical Plant Manufacturers' Association (an influential body in the production of atomic energy and bacteriological warfare equipment), he never entertains diners at his Knightsbridge home because he prefers the company and conversation of Cockneys in his local pubs. Indeed, his horror of social formality is so great that it arouses his worst suspicion. "I only became a member of a club once," he says, "and then resigned after three days. They had the impertinence to put a small boy behind a pillar, to watch me. They thought I wouldn't behave with the proper obsequiousness of a new member. And then they made me pay 15 pounds for the privilege of resigning! It's been a pub, not club, for me, since that."

Like many an artist who is determined not to appear "unusual," he often only succeeds in being very unusual indeed. He was, for example, impressed when M. R. James, author of supernatural stories, assured him that "letters always answer themselves." Now when letters come to his home, they are put beside his breakfast plate, where he regards them coldly until he leaves for the office. Then his wife takes them to the bathroom, still unopened, and puts them on the floor. When they have formed a large heap and are beginning to obstruct the bathroom traffic, she throws them out with the garbage. "Every one of those thousands of letters says Henry Green," "has managed to answer itself."

When his publisher asked him to come to New York in 1950, to celebrate the appearance of *Loving*, Yorke-Green found himself in a bit of a quandary. It would be most inapposite, he felt, to appear on the literary scene as Henry Yorke, but it would be most ostentatious to show up as Henry Green. He therefore registered at the Hotel Gotham as "Mr. Yonge." When approached at a cocktail party by an editor who cried, "Why, Henry Green, I never thought to see you here!" he answered coolly, "You haven't. You have seen a ghost." For two happy weeks "Mr. Yonge" roamed New York, looking up old friends and "playing Red Indians with

CONTINUED ON PAGE

A luxury
that actually
does you good



MORE MEN,
dermatologists say,
come to them for help
for skin infections
due to *shaving*
than for any other cause.

These infections spring from nicks and scratches, often from tiny nicks you can't even see. Often, these tiny cuts become more serious than major ones because you take care of major cuts but neglect little ones.

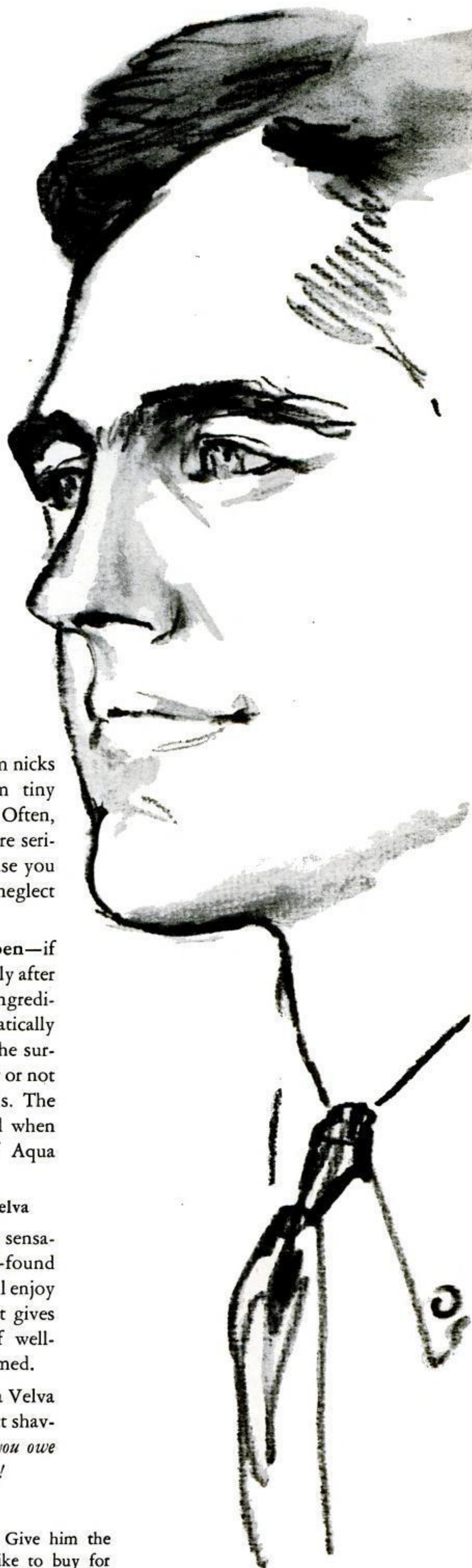
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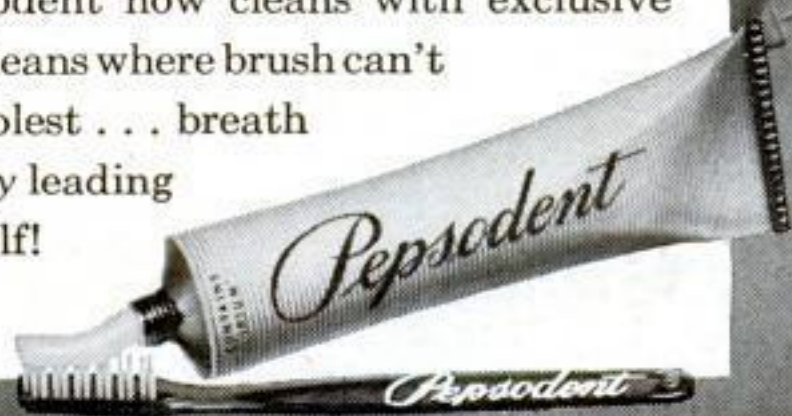


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CLEAN MOUTH TASTE FOR HOURS

Some tooth pastes clean with soap . . . some with chalk . . . but not Pepsodent! Because Pepsodent now cleans with exclusive **ORAL DETERGENT** . . . it even cleans where brush can't reach . . . your mouth stays coolest . . . breath freshest . . . teeth cleanest of any leading tooth paste. Prove it to yourself!

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HENRY GREEN CONTINUED

myself." He thinks it a sign of profound Yankee shrewdness that when he left the Gotham the manager said, "I hope you've enjoyed your stay with us—Mr. Green."

He is receptive, friendly, frank and very humorous on all topics save those relating to his Green self. Once this is touched upon he begins, like a startled Salome, to wrap himself up in veils. Despite a well-stocked library, he insists that he is "very badly read" (in fact, he just has a bad literary memory). His ambition is "to write better," but he declines to hold any literary opinions whatever or to pass judgment on any other author, dead or alive. Only by accident does he "drop a Bikini" and admit with a groan that such practitioners of descriptive writing as Tolstoy and Dickens are to his taste, "impossible—entirely impossible"; equally accidentally he suddenly blurts out, "William Faulkner is a great man." Above all, he refuses to cooperate in having his Green self photographed full face. This is his way of saying that if Henry Green has any existence at all, it is in the body of the novels that are published under that signature, not in the mere "agonized grimace" that is assumed in the lunch hour by Henry Yorke. Photographers are met, at worst, by a resolute back view; at best, by a guarded silhouette.

When Henry Yorke is asked why he became Henry Green at all, if he so resolutely plays down his literary self, he answers like a true distiller, "I write to get myself straight. Writing is like diarrhea; it pipes off the things that are in a ferment. That's all." As to why he is reluctant to let the public see the face of what many people consider his better half, he says, "There is in life nothing harder than trying to get past the face, i.e., the appearance. Once photographed, the face even ceases to exist as a living thing. Unfortunately, most authors, if people glance at them in the street think proudly, 'Ha! I am recognized from my photographs.' They become acutely self-conscious in public. How much better it is, continues Green with a sarcastic grin, "to be noticed in the street because you give the impression of being like something that is alive. How nice to know (and he begins to guffaw) that your natural beauty and attractions are quite irresistible! If artists realized this, they would never be photographed."

Green has turned his back on so many photographers that he is now in danger of becoming well known for it. ("I'd know that back anywhere," cried a wit, on spotting him at a cocktail party). In some minds, a few questions have arisen. Will his views on creative anonymity create a movement that will fill Western counting houses with a clique of self-effacing, self-denying artists? Is the old gap between art and business closing? Can we soon expect to hear painters complain that their financial genius is not getting the recognition it deserves, and businessmen, saddened by a succession of commercial blunders, burst into a storm of rage when their wives tactlessly try to console them by saying, "Never mind, darling. Nothing can touch your poetry"?



YORKE-GREEN'S FACE, in hiding for years, was photographed recently when author unwarily turned to get a drink while having cocktails with wife

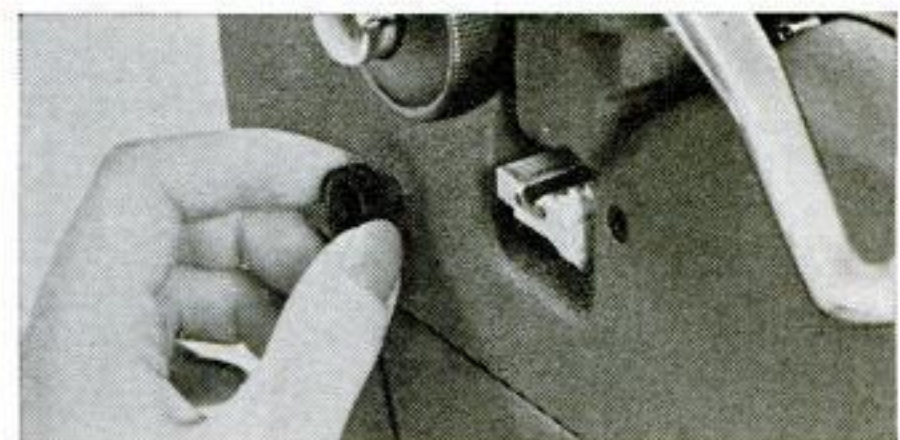


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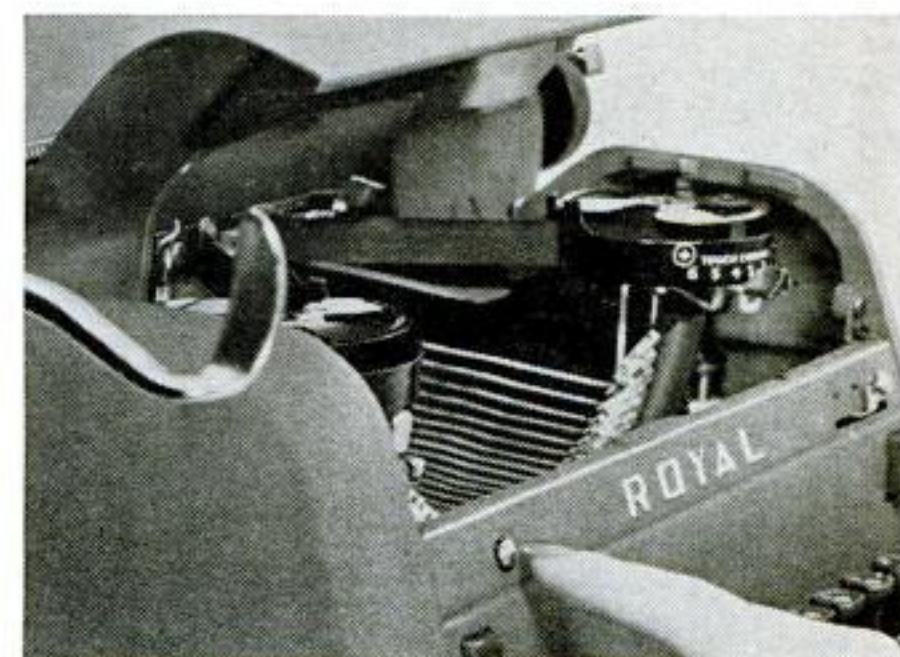
1 "Magic" Tabulator, a new, exclusive feature which allows the secretary to operate tab with either finger or palm *without* moving her hands from the guide-key positions.



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So, what are you waiting for? You can have a free office trial of the new Royal Standard Typewriter simply by calling your local Royal representative. Call him *now*!

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SECOND-YEAR BOY COCKILY INTRODUCES SELF

Life Visits Cub Campers

THEY TACKLE NEW LIFE LIKE TRUE TENDERFEET

Of the six boys assigned to Cabin No. 7 at Camp Wyanoke, four had never before been away from home. All were cubs or "midgets," between 6 and 7 years old. Wyanoke, on New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee, takes boys up to 15 years old, but of all the age groups the midgets take least readily to community life in the woods. One of the boys in Cabin No. 7 became homesick almost as soon as he arrived. Two others started to swat at each other with boards. Several disappeared up trees. By the end of the first week Edward Colby, who was serving his first year as counselor, was beginning to hope Cabin No. 7 was under control, although his midgets still kept him hopping.

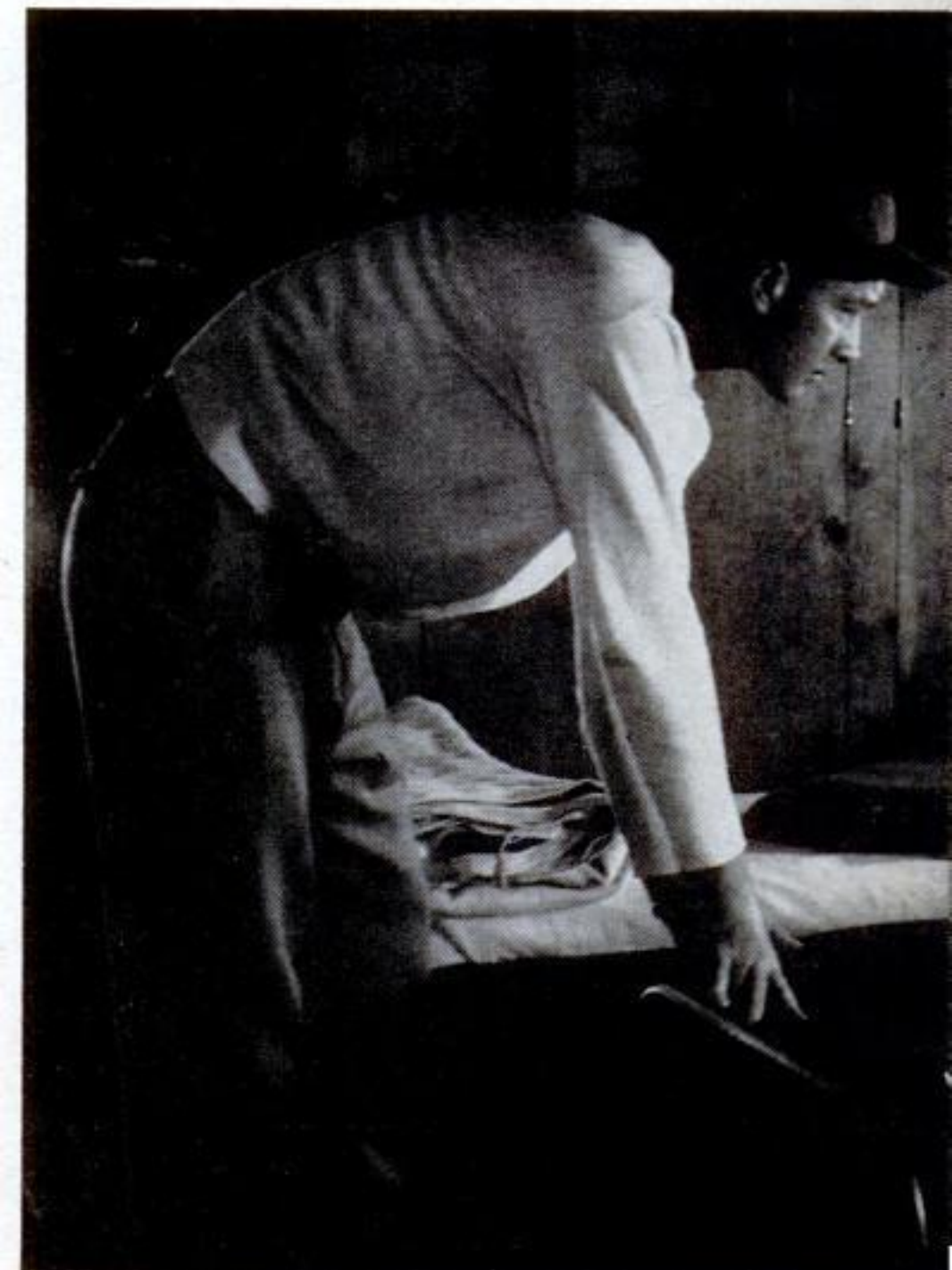


AT A MORNING DRILL COUNSELOR COLBY, A FORMER SERGEANT IN THE U.S. AIR FORCE, ASKS FOR



SMOKY CAMPFIRE chokes Todd Buxton who sat on the wrong side. Asked to help build the fire, the

midgets brought in mostly damp wood. But they were helpful putting out fire by dumping water on it.



BALKY BED, which would not get made up properly, gives Randy Huber trouble until Colby helps



A RIGHT-HAND SALUTE, GETS MIXED RESPONSE



him. More sophisticated on other lines, Randy went around camp humming Beethoven, Rachmaninoff.

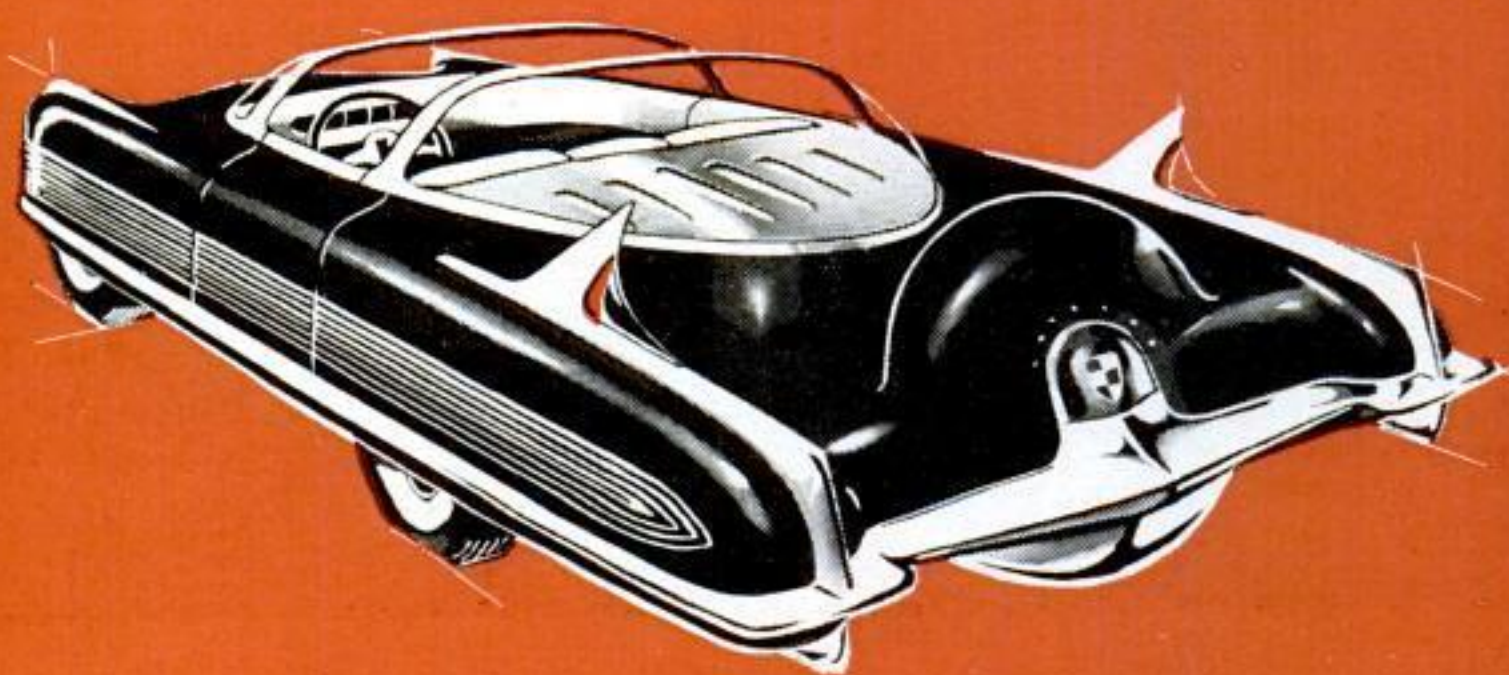


SMALL FRY SLUGFEST between Todd Buxton and Hasty Rathbone, who represented another cab-

in, saw more blows missed than landed. Counselors had to drag boys from each other after every round.

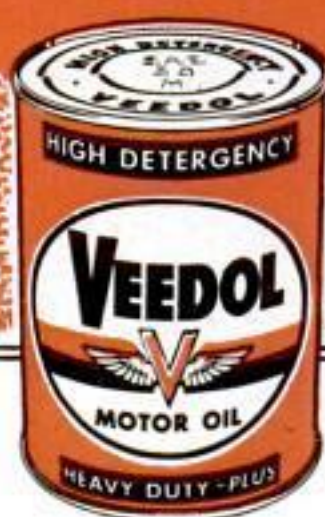
HOMESICK RICHIE COOPER FORGOT HIS HOMESICKNESS LONG ENOUGH TO WIN BROAD-JUMP CONTEST





Full Vision Coupe de Ville designed by Richard Arbib for the VEEDOL Dream Car Salon.
Equipped with new luxury Federal Flying-A Soft Ride Tires.

**FOUND WHEREVER
FINE CARS TRAVEL**



For All Cars...Old and New...

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HIGH-DETERGENCY MOTOR OIL

New VEEDOL High-Detergency Motor Oil is the great end product of years of painstaking scientific research and unparalleled field-testing. New VEEDOL High-Detergency is a heavy-duty type oil that meets car manufacturers' requirements. It stands alone in its class because it's *one* oil designed for top performance under *all* conditions. New VEEDOL High-Detergency, made from 100% Pennsylvania crude, plus the most effective scientific additives, assures better engine performance, guards against "sludge," lacquer and gummy contaminants. VEEDOL High-Detergency fights corrosion, suspends sludge material until crankcase change, drains CLEAN!



Cub Campers CONTINUED



GERRY AND TOMMY DEMAND RIDE; RICHEL (RIGHT) SAYS STOMACH HURTS

COUNSELOR FACES SOME

This was Ed Colby's first year as a camp counselor and, for a while, it was more than he bargained for. "I never realized," he said wearily, "that boys this age were such positive personalities." His midgets were distinctly nonconformist. All were "sink-easies"—could not swim well enough to pass the camp test—but when Colby took them for their first lesson in the lake, Todd Buxton refused to go in above his ankles while Randy Huber and Gerry Scudder preferred to make dams on the shore. In the dining room Colby was faced with Randy's complaint that



ENJOYING A BOAT RIDE, the six midgets of Cabin 7 skim over Lake Winnepesaukee, which in the Algonquian Indian language means "smile of the



TODD BUXTON CRIES WHEN HE FORGETS HOW TO PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK

'POSITIVE PERSONALITIES'

he did not like the noise. "Isn't there something we can do to make it quiet here?" demanded Randy. Colby had to reprimand Gerry Scudder for squirting water at his cabin mates through his brace-covered teeth. But he simply watched aghast when Larry MacGregor ended up eating marshmallows with his face smeared with them like cold cream. And he found the midgets skeptically refusing to believe that the water in a stream came from snow. "The snow," Larry MacGregor insisted, "would have melted a long time ago and run down the mountain."



Great Spirit." Todd Buxton pulls shirt over head to keep out spray. Richie Cooper (back seat, right) is drenched but, after week in camp, is smiling.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS

CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS



Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

"I drink all the
coffee I want..."



"I get all the
sleep I need!"



**DONT STOP DRINKING
COFFEE... JUST STOP
DRINKING CAFFEIN!**

WHY don't you enjoy wonderful coffee and wonderful sleep? You *can*—simply by switching to caffeine-free Sanka Coffee! Caffeine adds nothing to coffee's flavor—yet it's the caffeine in ordinary coffee that can jangle nerves and keep you awake.

Millions of wise people have switched to New Extra-Rich SANKA COFFEE! It's one of the most flavorful coffees you've ever tasted, and it's 97% caffeine-free! It gives you all the goodness of fine coffee, yet *can't* keep you awake. Get New Sanka Coffee today!

DELICIOUS IN
EITHER INSTANT OR
REGULAR FORM

Products of General Foods



**NEW EXTRA-RICH
SANKA COFFEE**

*It's delicious! It's 97% caffeine-free!
It lets you sleep!*



AT A WATERFALL during nature hike over the beautiful New Hampshire mountains, Colby lectures the midgets

about futility of trying to kill fish with rocks, but Larry MacGregor does not hear and takes aim at a trout anyway.

Diseases of the Skin ATHLETES FOOT (dermatophytosis)



A chronic fungus infection on the skin of the foot... especially between the toes and on the soles of the feet. Recurrence and reinfection often occur. Athletes Foot strikes 7 out of 10 people. The fungus that causes it thrives best in the presence of heat and perspiration. It is largely a warm weather disease.

SYMPTOMS

ITCHING, BURNING FEET
Often people who have itching, burning feet are not aware of the fact that they may well have Athletes Foot... and

thus neglect it. Action should be taken at once, for a mild case of Athletes Foot can turn serious suddenly.

CRACKS BETWEEN OR UNDER TOES

These openings in the skin can lead to serious infection and should be treated immediately.

PEELING BETWEEN TOES

One of the most common signs of Athletes Foot.

SCALING OF SKIN ON SOLES OF FEET

A very significant symptom of Athletes Foot.

At the first sign of these symptoms of **Athletes Foot** get **Quinsana** for *quick* relief!

Burning, itching feet . . . peeling skin on soles of feet . . . cracks between toes. These are signals for you to ACT: symptoms of nagging, miserable Athletes Foot. If you have any one of them . . . get Quinsana, *quick!* For Quinsana is a remarkable medicated powder that kills the fungi that *cause* Athletes Foot; that *fights* infection . . . and *soothes* irritated skin as well!

Quinsana *must* work wonders, for doctors, chiropodists and podiatrists use it on their patients! Shake Quinsana on your feet . . . between your toes. To keep your feet cool and comfortable, shake it in your shoes!

- Use Quinsana twice a day
- See your chiropodist-podiatrist regularly



91% of all foot specialists replying to a survey use Quinsana on their patients!

Follow the men who know so *much* about foot ailments. Among hundreds of foot specialists quizzed at the National Association of Chiropodists Convention, 91% of those who replied . . . said they used Quinsana on their patients.

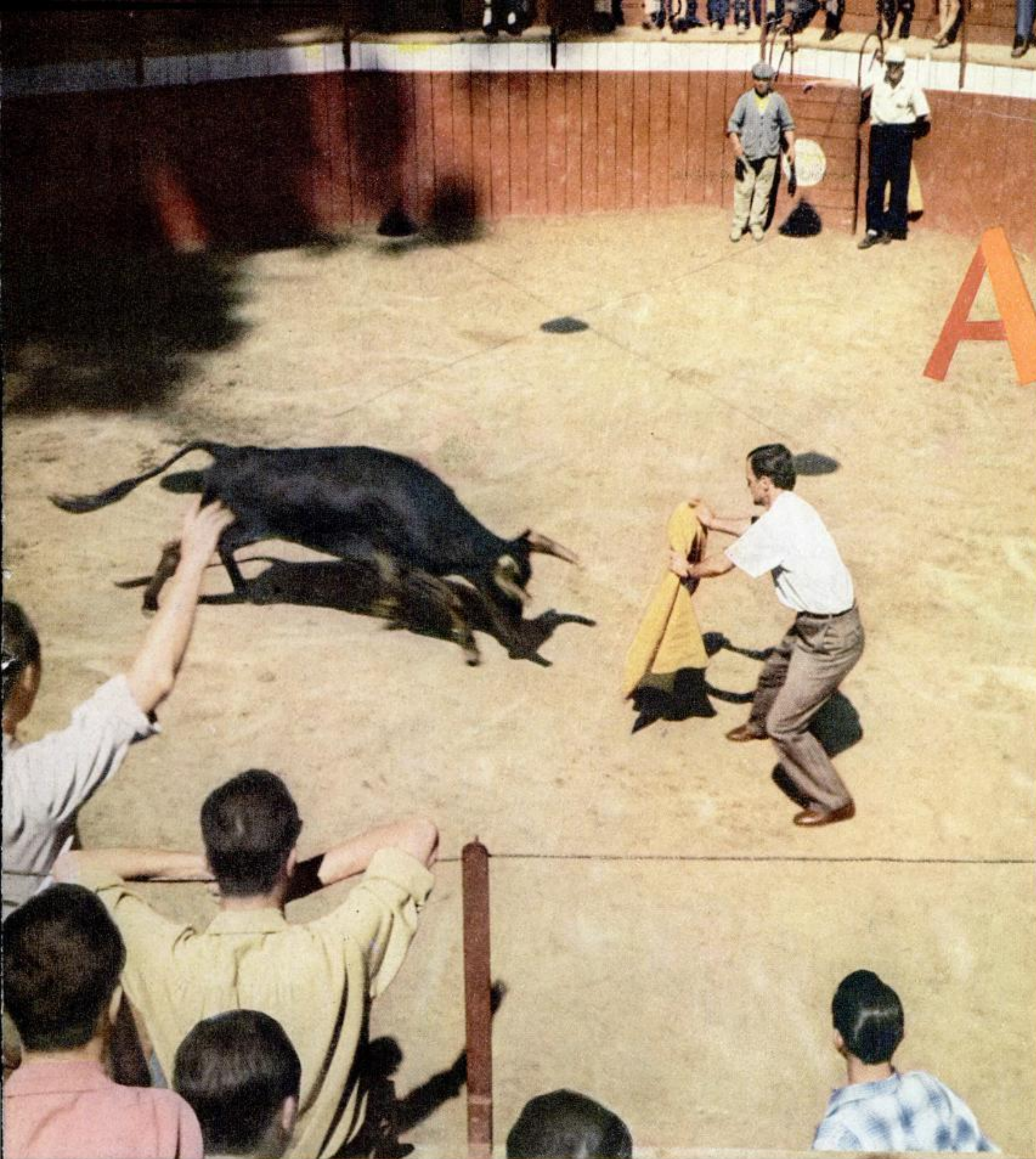


only **49¢** tax free



METERED MARE

Although it took a two-year fight in the city council to get parking meters installed on the streets of Covington, Ohio, most of the 2,500 inhabitants are now pleased with the innovation. They have found that it provides a steady source of revenue and have no patience with such scofflaws as the man who got a ticket last week when his wheelbarrow was found parked by a meter with the red flag up. It has proved a great boon to Mrs. Robert Burns who lives on a nearby farm. Like other members of her church, the Old German Baptist Brethren (Old Order Dunkers), Mrs. Burns has to wear a prescribed costume and is forbidden to drive an auto. When she comes to town now, she drives her buggy to the main street, drops her nickel in the meter and ties her mare up at this convenient spot instead of using the old hitching rack, a whole long block from the shopping center.



Bullfighting's Amateur Hour gave me some bad moments

1 "Any man can fight a bull in Lisbon's *Praca de Touros*—even an American tourist if he's got nerve. But all it took was a bout with a small bull to scare the daylights out of me," writes Joel Huber, a friend of Canadian Club. "Though his horns are padded with leather, a snorting Portuguese Ferdinand can discourage any beginner. There were six of us amateur *Toureiros* in the ring, but the bull singled me out for his first charge..."



2 "I took to my heels when the bull ignored my frantic cape-waving. Safe behind the *barreira*, I watched as my fellow green-horns eluded the bull with skillful *veronicas*... or full scale retreats like my own. Finally, only my host Jorge remained..."



3 "I forgot my fears when I saw Jorge close in for the *Moco Forcado*. Again and again he had drawn the bull past him with the cape, letting the beast brush tantalizingly close each time. Now he'd grabbed the bull's horns and was trying to throw him. But the bull had other ideas. I got there just in time..."



4 "Nice recovery," Jorge said afterward. "You saved me a real bruising." The bull defeated, we were celebrating at the Alvalade Terrace—with my favorite, Canadian Club!

5 "Lisbon is only 14 hours from New York by Pan American World Airways Clipper and here, as nearly everywhere I visit, the best in the house means Canadian Club." Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon.

Yet it has a distinctive flavor that is all its own. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long... in cocktails before dinner and tall ones afterward. There is one and only one Canadian Club, and no other whisky tastes quite like it in all the world.

IN 87 LANDS... THE BEST IN THE HOUSE

"Canadian Club"

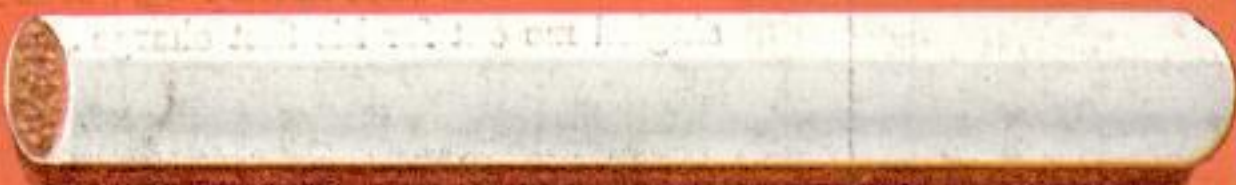
6 YEARS OLD
90.4 PROOF

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM WALKERVILLE, CANADA, BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



COMPARE FATIMA*

with any other KING-SIZE cigarette



1. FATIMA filters the smoke 85 millimeters for your protection.
2. FATIMA'S length cools the smoke for your protection.
3. FATIMA'S length gives you those extra puffs — 21% longer.

AND you get an *extra-mild* and soothing smoke...*plus* the added protection of

FATIMA
QUALITY



Best of All KING-SIZE Cigarettes

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